OEDIPIC

1944

IN a year that has emblazoned the history of man's sanguinary journey—there is yet another battle raging—an even greater struggle.

Occasionally faltering, not without great sacrifice of life; with brilliance of deduction, the incomparable thrill of discovery —the saga of the BATTLE FOR LIFE is recorded in the pages of . . .

For us, the

THE 1944

Medic

PUBLISHED BY

IRVING LESTER LICHTENSTEIN ..... *Editor-in-Chief*

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VITO JOHN KEMEZIS ..... *Managing Editor*

FOR HAHNEMANN MEDICAL COLLEGE AND HOSPITAL

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

privilege of saving lives . . .

from the dawn of history.

Foreword

The study of man has resolved itself into the infinite factors governing the smallest cell—yes—even the ultramicroscopic atom.

In days when men lose their lives for a belief and countries are obliterated for a cause—a Year Book is inconsequential.

But the earth is divided into countries and the countries into states. The city, composed of individuals, comprises the cell.

It is here we learn the principles of patience and understanding—which links compose the chain of world events.

If this record has served, though imperceptibly, to foster a mutual tolerance and respect for individual beliefs and convictions, even in this small but heterogenous group of varied races and religions—then it *has* accomplished a *fundamental* purpose.

Irving S. Lichtenstein

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Dedication

Grant Orante Favorite

Our association with Dr. Favorite has extended over both clinical and pre-clinical years, consequently we have grown to know him better than possibly any member of the faculty. The iron-grey hair, the white lab coat with cuffs folded back, the quick decisive step as he walked about the college or hospital, all became part of the pattern of medical school life. But through his tolerance and informality the usual student-professor pattern was changed for one of student-friend.

As lecturer, demonstrator and field-trip conductor extraordinary, Dr. Favorite has at all times maintained an attitude of willing, even enthusiastic availability. Be it to explain some complicated feature of the Rh factor or to help some student select a topic for a paper, he has always shown an eager and personalized interest.

More than any member of the faculty he perceives and has made clear to us through his lectures on Public Health, the inevitable effect present day governmental trends must have upon medicine. Perhaps through experience gained while working in South America, or perhaps through some rare, basic appreciation of the true purpose of a physician; he believes in and has taught us the scientific not the artistic approach to medicine, the social and not the economic approach to man.

A research investigator of national note, a scholar, humanitarian and friend, Dr. Favorite will remain a source of courage and inspiration to us all.

FAVORITE, GRANT ORANTE

1903	June 20th, born in Italy.
1911	Arrived in U. S. A.
1921	Entered Hahnemann School of Science
1925	B.S., Hahnemann Medical College.
1927	M.D., Hahnemann Medical College.
1927	Married Catherine Reed.
1928	Interne at Hahnemann Hospital. Assistant in Pathology at Hahnemann Medical College.
1929	Post-graduate work with Dr. Woglom, study tumors, Crocker Institute, Columbia University.
1930	Graduate School, University of Pennsylvania. Parasitology and tropical medicine with Dr. DeRivas.
1935	Fellow American College of Physicians.
1936	Associate Professor of Pathology.
1938	Harvard Medical School—With Dr. Dameshek—Hematology.
1939-40	Harvard Medical School—Guest worker and assistant to Dr. Zinsser and Dr. Mueller—Dept. of Bacteriology and Immunology.
1941	Professor of Bacteriology of the Department of Preventive Medicine and Public Health, Hahnemann Hospital and Medical College. Certified (Clinical pathology and anatomical pathology) assistant pathologist, Hahnemann Hospital; assistant Visitins pathologist, Philadelphia General Hospital; Pathologist, West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital, Camden, N. J.; A.M.A.—American Society Clinical Pathology.
1942	Major, Medical Corps, A.U.S.
1944	Master of Public Health—University of Pennsylvania.
1944	Professor and Head of Dept. of Bacteriology and Preventive Medicine.

AUDITORIUM

THE OATH

I SWEAR by Apollo the physician, and Æsculapius & Health & All-heal & all the gods & goddesses that according to my ability & judgement,

I WILL KEEP THIS OATH

& this stipulation - to reckon him who taught me this Art equally dear to me as my parents to share my substance with him & relieve his necessities if required; to look upon his offspring in the same footing as my own brothers, & to teach them this Art if they shall wish to learn it,

WITHOUT FEE OR STIPULATION

& that by precept lecture, & every other mode of instruction I will impart a knowledge of the Art to my own sons, & those of my teachers, & to disciples bound by a stipulation & oath

ACCORDING TO THE LAW OF MEDICINE

but to none others. I will follow the system of regimen which, according to my ability & judgement, I consider

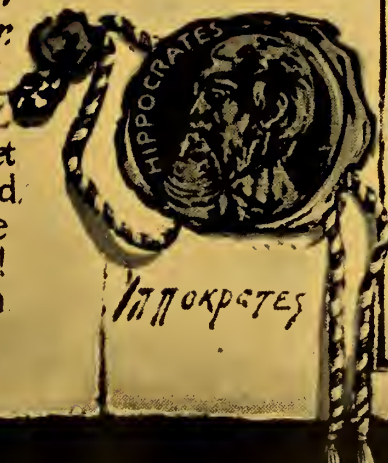
FOR THE BENEFIT OF MY PATIENTS

& abstain from whatever is deleterious & mischievous. I will give no deadly medicine to any one if asked, nor suggest any such counsel; & in like manner I will not give to a woman a pessary to produce abortion.

WITH PURITY & WITH HOLINESS I WILL PASS MY LIFE & PRACTICE MY ART

I will not cut persons laboring under the stone, but will leave this to be done by men who are practitioners of this work. Into whatever houses I enter, I will go into them for the benefit of the sick, & will abstain from every voluntary act of mischief & corruption; AND FURTHER from the seduction of females or males of freemen & slaves. Whatever in connection with my professional practice or not in connection with it, I see or hear, in the life of men, which ought not to be spoken of abroad, I WILL NOT DIVULGE

as reckoning that all such should be kept secret. While I continue to keep this Oath unviolated, may it be granted to me to enjoy life & the practice of the Art, respected by all men in all times! But should I trespass & violate this Oath may the reverse be my lot!



HARRY M. EBERHARD, M.A., M.D., L.L.D.

FREDERIC J. VON RAPP

Executive Leaders

JOSEPH S. CONWELL
President of the Board of Trustees

DR. PLUMMER

WILLIAM G. SCHMIDT – *Our Dean*

It is a privilege to address a valedictory sentence or two to the members of the September, 1944, graduating class of The Hahnemann Medical College.

First, you are to be congratulated on the completion of the initial phase of your medical studies. Medicine has extended to you an invitation to study continuously and deeply throughout life—and, soon, more serious problems will challenge your concentrated and sustained analytical efforts. Therefore, it is gratifying that everyone of you has acquired so early and so well the basic elements for discharging these more intensive professional obligations.

Secondly, I salute your courage and ability, manifested so frequently and convincingly during a period of distracting uncertainty and enervating illusion. Nothing is so demoralizing to an arduous regimen as the temporary and sporadic suppression of its incentive. The disciplines and the demands of your professional studies are such that your "drive" must waver and weaken when its objective disappears. But, despite the many setbacks, you have demonstrated your high purpose and resilient stamina by persistently holding to your goal and escaping the morass of frustration en route.

Medicine is and should be a noble profession. The multitudinous problems of health and life present so many variables as to defy a pattern for mass adjustment. It will, therefore, be your rare opportunity to draw upon your unique resources and responsibilities as independent agents for the purpose of alleviating the suffering and of healing the sick in an enterprising spirit of free thought and action. The medical man is and must be an individualist—not rugged, self-centered nor isolationist, but yielding his specific energy and skill to a resolution of the critical troubles of his fellow men.

I welcome you all to a profession of service, with the fervent hope that your aspirations and dreams will lift you to heights of security and happiness.

Alumni Association

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James M. Godfrey, '04 — Joseph W. Post, '09
E. Roland Snader, '21

To Our Newest Members:

Hahnemann Alumni are pleased and proud to welcome to their ranks another "war baby"—the Class of 1944.

Claims to distinction by your class include the fact that in spite of the accelerated program and the nine-months' scholastic year—you retain undisputed claim to the title of the Class of 1944.

Another bid to fame lies also in your distinction as the first class to succumb to the influence of co-education.

As with all the recent classes—a very large percentage of you will experience a period of military service before entering civilian practice. Your Alumni Association is fully aware of its obligation to do all in its power to help you through this transition period—and to be of every other possible service to you.

Wishing you the best of everything—now and in the future.

Most sincerely yours,

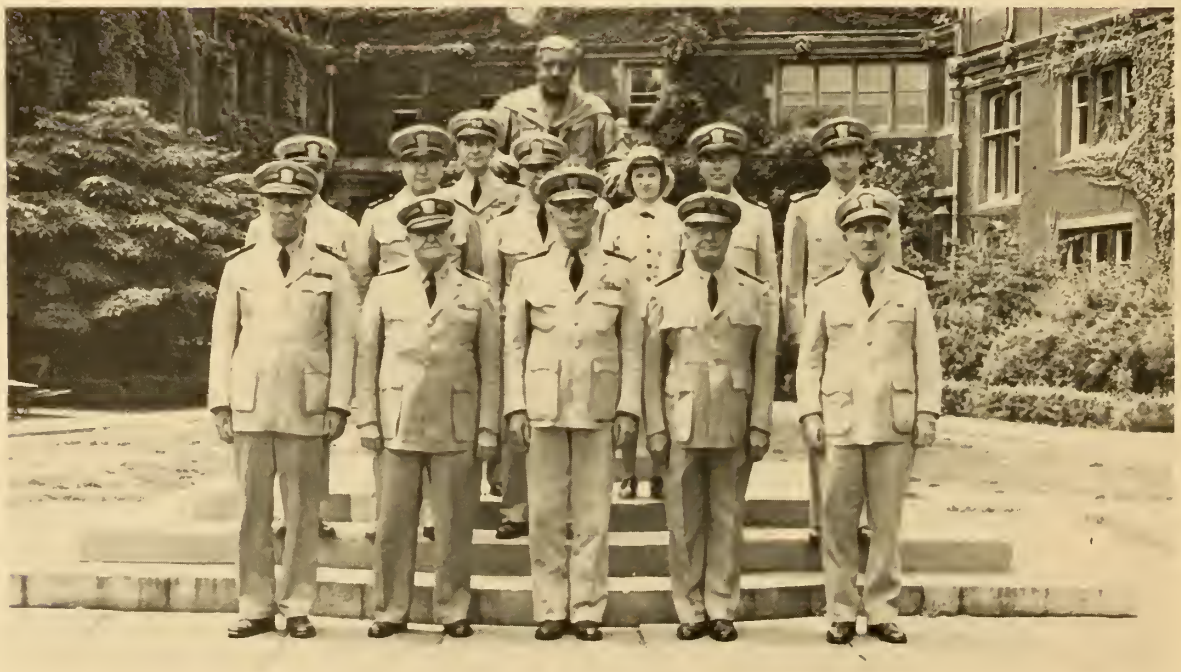
CARL C. FISCHER,
Executive Secretary

L. M. STEVENS,
Captain, U. S. Navy (Ret.),
Commanding Navy V-12 Unit,
Hahnemann Medical College

Headquarters

To the Navy Members of the Graduating Class of Hahnemann Medical College.

By dint of hard work, combined with native ability, you have become members of two of the most highly esteemed professions. You are Naval Medical Officers, both doctors and officers of the Navy. In addition to healing the sick, you will be responsible for many other things such as the discipline of your Navy Medical Unit, the cleanliness, upkeep, and supply of your sick bay, for Navy paper work, and last but not least for medical advice and care to units so small that they possess no Medical Officers of their own. I have seen a Navy Medical Officer called at 0200 on a stormy night at sea, with all lights out, to go in a small, wet, pitching whaleboat to minister to a sick man on a destroyer. You will love it. I congratulate you most heartily.



Personnel

The 3315 Service Unit has now been in existence for a year. During this year you have passed through a period of transition from the status of a civilian to that of a soldier in one of the world's finest Armies. In this same year you have gained some insight into the ways of the Army and its many duties, the least of which is essential to the winning of victory.

It is hoped that the knowledge obtained during your training here will be of considerable value to you, the members of the graduating class, as a background for further training and future military duties.

On behalf of the Staff, I wish you success in your endeavors to alleviate the sufferings of humanity.

JAMES C. WARE
Captain, Sig C
Commandant

THOMAS W. PHILLIPS, M.D.

Professor and Head of Department of Anatomy

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1916; University of Pennsylvania, 1923; St. Marks, London, 1923; Pi Upsilon Rho; American Institute of Homeopathy; American Association for the Advancement of Science

DEPARTMENT STAFF: T. M. Snyder; C. L. Shollenberger; R. Ricketts; M. F. Ashley-Montagu; H. P. Landis; H. Wastl; H. S. Warren; W. Y. Lee; L. Chunn; L. A. Frankel; N. A. Karakashian; P. D. Li Volsi; A. E. Pearce; S. S. Romagosa; L. Kirchofer; J. R. Noon.

Anatomy

Dr. Phillips, the gentle-voiced professor of Anatomy, has endeared himself to us for his deep understanding of problems that confronted us as freshman, and his readiness to help solve them at all times. The pleasant manner in which he answered the innumerable questions put to him on his daily walks through the laboratory, and his genuine interest in our progress were characteristic of him.

But the time came when it was his turn to ask questions; and no one who was ever the target of a rapid "Where's it come from? Where's it go? and What's it do when it gets there?" will forget it.

Thankful for the introduction we had received in the lectures given during the first semester, we set about dissection with a confidence born of a speaking acquaintance with at least the terminology involved. Armed with a Gray's anatomy and a Cunningham dissector to direct the paths of our scalpels, we went at our tasks—some of us more energetically than others—only to discover that skin wasn't as thick as we thought it was, and that in our zeal we had missed a good many structures of importance.

It took us several months to straighten out the confusion of nerves, arteries, and veins so that we weren't totally lost. Soon enough, however, we advanced to the stage where we could not only recognize the normal, but also the anomalies of structures which Dr. Warren so ardently photographed.

Earlier in the year we had been instructed in the micro-anatomy and embryology of these structures under the guidance of the Histology Department. We had fond memories of lectures interspersed with amusing interludes in response to the cry of "Joke"; and of gorging ourselves on cheeses of all varieties and playing with the electric trains at the Xmas party.

During the second semester Dr. Sylvis blasted the facts of neuroanatomy into our heads, emphasizing his points by intricate drawings on the blackboard.

We came through the year well grounded in the practical application of anatomy in medicine, and are sure this will be of inestimable value in the future.

Dr. Chandler accented the importance of blood chemistry in a New England twang, and laid down the law as to the exacting standards to be maintained when doing blood work.

In the laboratory, if the sink test held sway and waterbaths boiled merrily while the chemicos were away attending a "Freshman Surgery Clinic," we lived to rue the day when our unknowns had to be turned in. Then came the rush and the bustle and we tried to do 3 Kjeldahls and N.P.N.'s all at the same time. How our food analyses plagued us. Our little lab. books had a persistent way of getting lost just before they were inspected. And we almost broke enough pipettes and burettes to take care of the breakage fee.

Despite the sink tests, despite the waterbaths, and freshman surgery, we at Hahnemann feel that we have received an education in medical chemistry par excellence.

WILLIAM A. PEARSON, Ph.D., M.D., Sc.D., LL.D.

Professor and Head of Department of Chemistry

Ph.C., University of Michigan, 1900; Ph.D., University of Michigan, 1902; Sc.D., LaSalle College, 1926; M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1916; American Chemistry Society; American Pharmaceutical Association; American Association of Clinical Research; American Institute of Homeopathy; Pennsylvania State Homeopathic Medical Society; Union League; Merion Cricket Club; Rotary Club; Penn Club; Director of International Students' House; Philadelphia Consistory; Trustee, Allentown State Homeopathic Hospital

DEPARTMENT STAFF: J. S. Hepburn; J. Chandler; N. Griffith; W. G. Schmidt; E. Hicks; P. Maas.

Chemistry

Obviously, no one in the class will ever forget the events that transpired in lecture room D during our freshman year. The overflowing energy of Dr. Pearson as he lectured was a source of constant amazement to us, to the extent that one of our classmates clocked the number of times he walked back and forth on the platform, and computed the distance covered—three miles! He always had a story to illustrate some point in the lecture, or to waken a nodding embryo medic. One day he surprised us by drawing on the board a caricature of a yawning student—and the embarrassment effectively stifled all future yawns. His quick smile and the twinkle in his eye on such occasions attested to his fine sense of humor.

The boards were bedecked with long chains of carbons, hydrogens and oxygens whenever Dr. Hepburn lectured to us. And the window pole had an amazing habit of disappearing whenever the blackboards were out of reach —a mystery that was never solved. No one was ever absent for his ten-minute quizzes— some people even turned in more than one paper in their zeal.

HARRY M. EBERHARD, M.A., M.D., LL.D., D.Sc.

Professor and Head of Department of Gastro-Enterology

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1898; Pi Upsilon Rho; American College of Physicians, Associate; National Gastroenterological Association, Vice-President; American Institute of Homeopathy; Vice-President of Medical Affairs; American Medical Association, Fellow; American Therapeutic Association; Association for the Advancement of Science; Union League; Philadelphia Country Club; Germantown Medical Club; American Board of Internal Medicine, Diplomate

DEPARTMENT STAFF: G. Lorenz; R. Ricketts; L. L. Bower; D. De Rivas; J. F. Tompkins; J. S. Hepburn; I. J. Wessel; I. Gratch; S. A. Dingee; W. S. Silverman; J. B. Conwell; A. L. Pierro; W. J. Walker; W. C. Gerhart.

Gastro-Enterology

Through the enlightening lectures of our popular Dr. Eberhard we have begun to realize the medical importance of "habitus." This and many other points, which to the ordinary practitioner might be classified as unimportant or possibly even unobserved, have been duly explained to us with their true significance. The Hering Foundation has contributed to our course by sponsoring the printing of copies of our didactic sessions. For this we are truly appreciative.

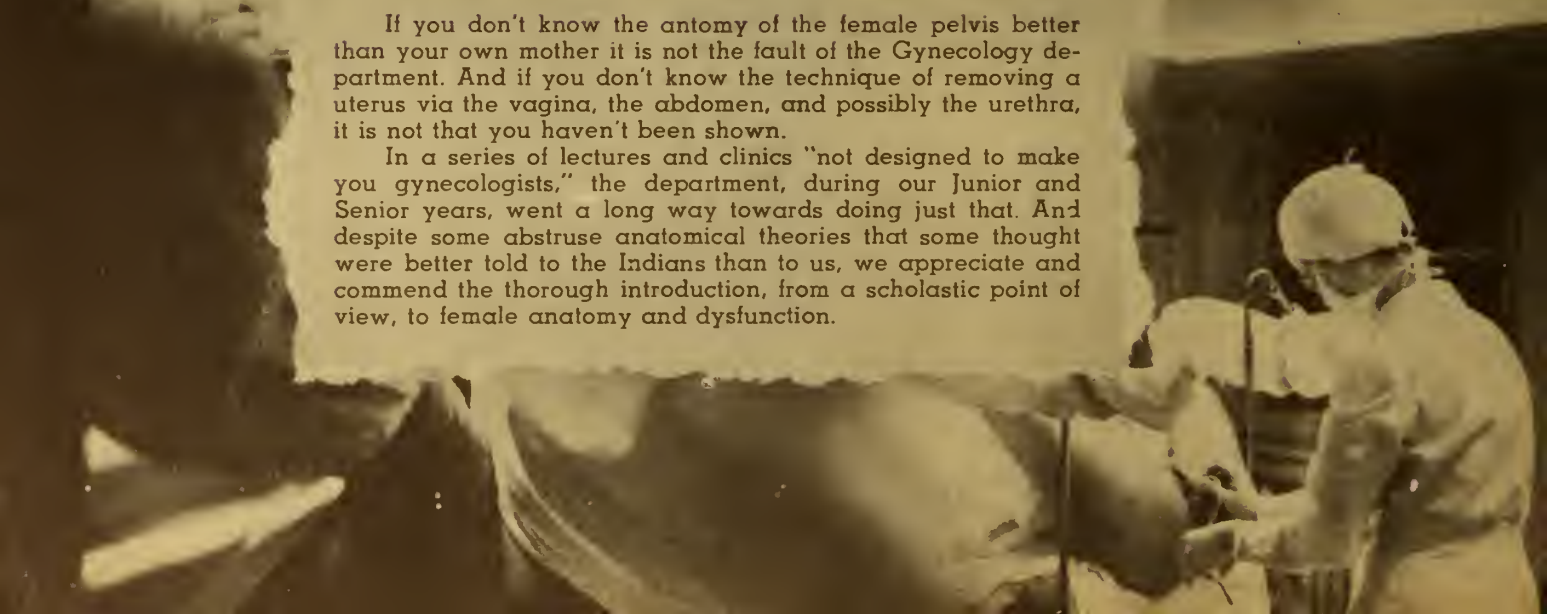
Dr. Bower presented a series of introductory lectures in our junior year which were well received. In fact, our introduction into this field actually dates back to our days in Room D with Dr. Hepburn. Besides acidity curves, pH's, antacids, etc., we have acquired first hand information on the ABC's of bile.

We must not fail to commend this department as being one of the few who have endeavored to bring prominent men into our classroom to lecture to us in their special fields. Dr. Anthony Bassler is a striking example. Whether we will remember many of the minor details of Gastroenterology only time can tell, but the retention of the important points, thanks to Dr. Eberhard, is a certainty.

Without the stomach tube the science of Gastroenterology would still be in the Dark Ages, and probably is, anyway, for all we know. Dr. Lester L. Bower started it all our Junior year. During the first semester we were at classes, but he wasn't. During the second semester he was and we weren't, or vice versa. Dr. Ricketts during our Senior years showed us the technique of looking into places we never dreamed we'd see. And Dr. Pierro vainly tried to lure Dr. Boericke's Therapeutic section over to room C on Tuesday afternoons? Or was it Thursday? Those who got past Max's report it was well worth the effort.

If you don't know the antomy of the female pelvis better than your own mother it is not the fault of the Gynecology department. And if you don't know the technique of removing a uterus via the vagina, the abdomen, and possibly the urethra, it is not that you haven't been shown.

In a series of lectures and clinics "not designed to make you gynecologists," the department, during our Junior and Senior years, went a long way towards doing just that. And despite some abstruse anatomical theories that some thought were better told to the Indians than to us, we appreciate and commend the thorough introduction, from a scholastic point of view, to female anatomy and dysfunction.



EARL B. CRAIG, M.D., F.A.C.S., F.I.C.S.

Professor and Head of Department of Gynecology

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1906; M.D., Jefferson Medical College, 1908; Alpha Sigma; American College of Surgeons; American Board of Obstetrics and Gynecology; M.A. in Medicine

DEPARTMENT STAFF: E. C. Hessert; B. V. MacFadyen; D. A. Roman; A. R. Seraphin; A. W. Waddington; A. A. Hartley; F. B. Smyth; J. W. Smith.

Gynecology

Cicero, thou shouldst be living at this hour. The gentle art of forensics culminates in Dr. Craig. His Shakespearean voice, his ministerial gestures, his pregnant pauses during which some transcendental point of Gynecology sank into our belabored brains, all helped make Tuesday morning at nine one of the best hours of the week.

In spite of his complete command of the latest trends in Gynecology, Dr. Craig is nevertheless a physician and scholar of the old school. With much of his training obtained abroad, he has made available to us concepts of Anatomy and Physiology which are not yet being taught in this country. His qualities as a teacher and his enthusiasm for Gynecology have attracted many members of this class to his field.

G. HARLAN WELLS, B.S., M.D., F.A.C.P., LL.D.

Professor and Head of Department of Medicine

B.S., University of Delaware, 1899; M. D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1902; Sc.D., University of Delaware, 1934; Physician in Chief to Hahnemann Hospital; Pi Upsilon Rho; American College of Physicians, Fellow; American Institute of Homeopathy; Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society; Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society; Philadelphia County Medical Society

DEPARTMENT STAFF: R. Bernstein; J. McEldowney; D. R. Ferguson; E. R. Snader; P. C. Wittman; M. A. Goldsmith; G. D. Geckeler; J. A. Crellin; L. L. Lane; H. E. Twining; G. P. Fincke; R. W. Lorer; D. W. Kirby; M. Fiterman; T. J. Vischer; M. Viglione; C. E. Lawson; W. Klinman; W. S. Hoenstine; H. M. Sharkis; R. S. Magee; P. J. Warter; J. H. Davie; J. R. Ginther; H. Kline; C. J. Kleinguenther; J. P. Burkett; A. Doering; T. F. Pugh; W. F. Basinger; H. A. Taggart; F. G. Stubbs; C. H. Baldwin.

Medicine

"Some day in the future you will be left with no one to turn to for advice." Thus spoke Dr. Harlan Wells trying to impress us with the necessity of recognizing and treating medical problems without constant reference to books.

Though almost daily we have been exposed to medicine in some form or other, the subject matter is so vast that no student could grasp more than an idea. We were forced into numerous repetitions, but once the material had become familiar, we felt that at last we had learned it.

For a sound training in the fundamentals of medicine we have Dr. Wells to thank.

It is impossible to distribute enough bouquets to the members of this department.

It all started in our Junior clinics, which were fun. We could sleep. We could take notes. Or we could just sit and listen to the lecturer disagree with the X-ray department. And we were told about rheumatic fever.

In the Junior ten-week section we saw patients a little more closely than in the afternoon clinics, but not yet close enough to touch. Oh, no. And we received some very good lectures on rheumatic fever.

In the Senior section we actually had some patients of our own, and we could go in and look at them every day, and follow the case up to surgery or autopsy or to your neighborhood theatre, judging from the members of the section after ten o'clock. And then somebody thought he ought to give us a lecture or two on rheumatic fever.

Nevertheless, the course was well organized and taught, and our experience has been much enriched by contact with the men of this department.

The way to success in Neurology was to take very good lecture notes, tear them up and outline Wechsler. Not that the lectures weren't good. But you had just damn well better do collateral reading.

After a somewhat stern, don't-tread-on-me manner during our Junior year, Dr. Steinhilber's genuine sense of humor as displayed in our Friday Clinics came as a breath of sea air. A member of the American Board, of the staff at P.G.H., he brought wide clinical experience to us in his course. And his harrowing tales of encounters with courts of law and shyster lawyers will go down into time.

Then there was the dispensary, whose only function seemed to be to collect the students into a convenient spot where the staff could quiz them purple.

Aurum for depression, Salicia for neurasthenia, and a short beer for Neurology.

EDWARD A. STEINHILBER, M.D.
Professor and Head of Department of Neurology and Psychiatry
M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1909; Phi Alpha Gamma; Diplomate of American Board of Neurology and Psychiatry; Clinical Chief of Psychopathic Dept. of Phila. General Hospital

DEPARTMENT STAFF: H. F. Hoffman; J. H. Closson; G. R. Neff; P. A. Metzger; L. T. Sooy; B. M. Hand; C. S. Fox; F. J. Robertson; N. G. Frignito.

Neurology and Psychiatry

War hysteria, battle neurosis, are two new terms thrown onto the public as a direct result of the war. But to Dr. Steinhilber these are clinical entities which he in turn has imparted to us. Through lively and interesting clinics, through colorful lectures and an interesting trip to Allentown, we had at our disposal a very complete course in nervous and mental diseases.

We owe many thanks to Drs. Steinhilber and Hoffman for making possible such an interesting and informative week at the hospital and the Circlon.

How we crowded the bulletin board when re-exams were posted, fearing one and all that we would make the Neurology Team. As Seniors how we were greeted and dropped from our lofty pinnacle by the answers we gave in previous final exams. (Lord help the poor fellow who was too excited about getting married to concentrate upon his Neurology.) These are the events that long will remain with us, and may we now, Dr. Steinhilber, extend the applause long denied for a difficult subject well presented by a man we all admire.

NEWLIN F. PAXSON, B.S., M.D., F.A.C.S., F.I.C.S.

Professor and Head of Department of Obstetrics

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1919; Alpha Sigma; Fellow American College of Surgeons; Diplomate American Board Obstetrics and Gynecology; American Institute of Homeopathy; American Medical Association; Fellow International College of Surgeons; Philadelphia Obstetric Society; Philadelphia County Medical Society; Pennsylvania Medical Society; Broad Street Hospital, Chief of Gynecology; Consultant to West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital, Grandview Hospital; Union League; Haverford Club

DEPARTMENT STAFF: A. Mutch; H. L. Crowther; H. D. Lafferty; D. A. Roman; R. R. Gates; P. C. Moock; W. G. Wosnack; R. M. Hunter; F. M. James; R. J. McNeill; H. D. Evans; D. Griggs; P. M. James; A. S. Damiani; N. Lepper; L. M. Stetser; M. F. Hayes; B. A. Hall.

Obstetrics

Dr. Paxson and his colleagues have endeavored and succeeded in their lectures on Obstetrics to provide us with a thorough and practical working knowledge of this subject. Fortunately, this department is well staffed with competent men and through their untiring efforts an excellent background has been established. The obstetrical clinics have been very well organized and have well exemplified the problems which are handled by the general practitioner, as well as those of the specialist.

Through the obstetrical dispensary we have had the opportunity of directing the pre- and post-natal care of many pathological and non-pathological cases. The obstetrical services at the West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital and at our own Hahnemann Hospital have given to every student a week of instruction and observation in the junior and senior year in the delivering of maternity cases. Our obstetrical armamentarium has been well selected; our instruction has been second to none.

Dr. Crowthers was the first to break the news that babies were not brought by storks. And with the aid of geometry and a cast iron pelvis proceeded to tell us what normally occurred. Dr. Lafferty showed us what occurred if you were unfortunate enough not to know the nervous system of the Oogonium, and if you did know, it was soon brought out that you had no business being such a smart-alec. Coming or going you lost.

Whether it was his mellifluous voice or his ubiquitous roll sheet, Dr. Paxon's lectures were almost 100% attended. Those who missed frequently got quizzed. Simple, eh?

The weeks spent at West Jersey and Hahnemann as spectators were instructive and fun. Well, anyway, fun. And the hours up in the firehouse with Drs. Evans and Hunter with their plaster-of-paris mothers will be favorably recalled. The obstetrical dispensary taught us, if nothing else, how long our middle fingers were and how to wear a fetoscope without putting your eye out.

Obstetrics is unquestionably one of the best taught courses at Hahnemann.

A course unique at Hahnemann, we wonder why Oncology has not long since been made part of the curricula of other medical schools. The subject was first brought to our attention during our Junior year by Dr. Ludwig, who sent up many an unlucky tumor in a cloud of smoke. When things got dull in the section, a sly reference to melanoma would bring forward a large percent of the students with warts and moles of their own to be removed for demonstration.

The Tuesday afternoon tumor clinics on the sixth floor were shades of the clinico-pathological conferences of the New England Medical Journal. There the Surgeons, Pathologists and Oncologists fought it out with the lumpy breast of some unfortunate female for the battleground. These clinics were truly one of the most fascinating and instructive features of the Senior year. The other departments might well heed this exemplary method of teaching.

STANLEY P. REIMANN, A.B., M.D., Sc.D., F.A.C.P.

Professor and Head of Department of Oncology

M.D., University of Pennsylvania, 1913; Federation of Biological Societies; American Society of Clinical Pathologists; American Association for Cancer Research; American Association of Bacteriologists and Pathologists; Society of Experimental Biology and Medicine; International Association of Medical Museums; Chairman, Cancer Commission, Medical Society State of Pennsylvania

DEPARTMENT STAFF: N. V. Ludwick; H. R. Fisher; J. S. Lehman.

Oncology

One of the most distinguished members of the faculty, Dr. Reimann is also one of its best lecturers. To a class long used to lists of this and classifications of that, Dr. Reimann's lectures came as a distinct pleasure. Though ostensibly there is no connection between a tumor cell, Aristotle and the Darwinian Theory, Dr. Reimann discussed them all with equal eloquence, and led those minds that could follow into wonderful regions of philosophy and pure science.

A pioneer in the study of cancer, Dr. Reimann has made available to us the best knowledge in this field. Certainly contact with him has proved one of the most fruitful experiences of our medical education.

FRANK O. NAGLE, A.M., M.D.
Professor and Head of Department of Ophthalmology
University of Pennsylvania; M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1907; University of Breslau; Alpha Sigma; American Institute of Homeopathy; Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society

DEPARTMENT STAFF: T. M. Snyder; C. J. V. Fries; H. S. Weaver; W. S. Sutherland; W. J. Ryan; M. W. Benjamin; H. F. Flanagan; J. S. Miller; J. K. Finley; J. Cossa; J. B. Conwell; G. P. Glenn; N. A. Karakashian; K. W. Benjamin.

Ophthalmology

The general practitioner throughout the medical profession is probably less versed in his knowledge of ophthalmology than in any of the other particular phases of medicine. This is fully realized by the Ophthalmology department and they have attempted in a very active manner to prevent such a condition from stigmatizing the graduates of this institution. Through the elctures and demonstrations of Drs. Snyder, Sutherland, Nagle, Miller, Cossa, and Fries we have been exposed to many of the ophthalmological pathologies. The cooperation and spirit of enthusiasm of each of the staff men has been very impressive to the students.

The proper use of the ophthalmoscope is a great asset in the hands of the practicing physician. Realizing this they have devoted many hours in training us to use it skillfully.

When in the future we reminisce of our medical school days we will always recall the professor with the G.I. haircut who spoke to us about lenses, the tall gentleman who constantly grabbed for the string that hung from the overhead lighting system, and the instructor who crouched like an acrobat as he looked through his 'scope. To each and every one of them there is a deep and personal feeling of appreciation from each and every one of us. The Ophthalmology department has done a grand job; we thank you.

Our class, which henceforth will be known as the last class which did not have an ophthalmoscope provided by the government, cracked open the piggy banks, slit the straw mattresses, bought ophthalmoscopes, and started out on the subject of Ophthalmology during our Junior year with clinics in the old Histology Lab. Dr. Snyder flashed on the slides of so many fundi in such rapid succession that, when he was finished, most of us felt we needed an Ophthalmologist ourselves. Then there was that final exam, a copy of which everyone seemed to have obtained beforehand.

Dr. Fries and Dr. Flanagan favored us with some excellent dissertations on the salient points of glaucoma, conjunctivitis et al. And Dr. Cossa, during our Senior year, gave valuable lectures on the ophthalmological aspect of neurological diseases.

We enter our internships with a song in our hearts and our scopes at +20.

STUDENT: But, doctor, your book is at least ten years old.
DR. CLAY: That's all right, son, so am I.

This retort is both witty and final and epitomizes the course in Otolaryngology. Dr. Clay in 20 lectures discussed the ear, its attributes and aspects, pausing every now and then along the way to give an aural quiz. During the second half year, Dr. McGrath, a fugitive from the Society of Tobacco Auctioneers, talked about the anatomy and diseases of the nose and throat.

The Senior dispensary had the reputation of being the best afternoon section of the entire year. During the first hour, practical points of diagnosis and treatment were brought out in lectures, and, during the second hour, patients were examined and treated by the students themselves.

Dr. Haines introduced us to the high potency method of prescribing. We can't help wondering when only half a molecule of the drug is given in each dose what happens until the patient takes the second dose.

JOSEPH V. F. CLAY, M.D., Sc.D., F.A.C.S.

Professor and Head of Department of Otolaryngology

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1906; Alpha Sigma; American Board of Otolaryngology; Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society; Pennsylvania State Medical Society; Philadelphia Laryngolical Society; A.M.A.

DEPARTMENT STAFF: L. E. Marter; J. R. Criswell; C. F. Haines; R. D. Geary; A. V. Hallowell; J. H. McCutcheon; R. McGrath; H. J. Kohler; W. A. Weaver; W. V. Hostelley; H. P. Harkins; R. M. Rapp; G. N. A. Wescoat; J. V. F. Clay, Jr.; S. Burtoff.

Otolaryngology

The Otolaryngology department can probably be classified as the most enthusiastic and energetic department in the College. The preclinical lectures are excellent and well prepare the student for his practical work in the dispensary. The zealous desire to teach and to demonstrate to the student the pathological conditions and their treatment in this field have been very much appreciated by the students. The indications and applications of various instruments are stressed by this department and their true importance made known.

The general practitioner will find that a large percentage of his work will concern the ear, nose, and throat. The Hahnemann graduate will not find this field to be a too perplexing one, for in this branch of medicine he has been especially well trained.

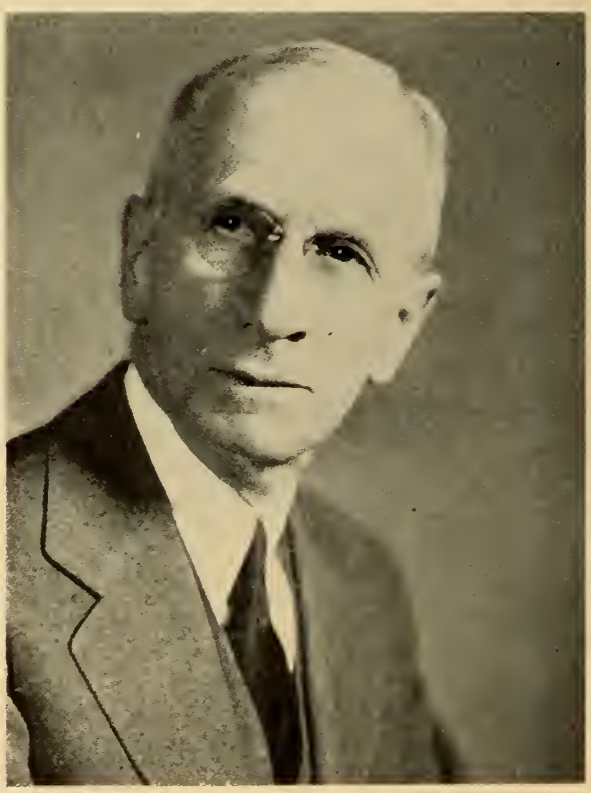
SAMUEL W. SAPPINGTON, M.D., Sc.D., F.A.C.P.

Professor and Head of Department of Pathology and Bacteriology

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1897; Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society; Philadelphia Pathological Society; Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society; American Institute of Homeopathy; American Association of Immunologists; American Society of Clinical Pathologists; Society of American Bacteriologists

DEPARTMENT STAFF: G. O. Favorite; H. R. Fisher; O. F. Barthmaier; H. S. Cook; J. A. Horneff; T. M. Snyder; H. D. Lafferty; E. H. Dickinson; H. S. Ivory; E. D. Sharpless; J. W. Smith.

Pathology and Bacteriology



To our dying day we will remember the interlude with Dr. Sappington and his staff. We will never forget the lectures overfilled with nuggets, gross specimens reeking with formaldehyde and drawings done on the spur of ambition, and those Orson Wellsian orals and slides—hundreds of them—holding the knowledge men are supposed to be seeking. Dr. Sappington, whose life spans over three generations of medicine, had a very important course to put over, a laborious but adjuvant study necessary to the better understanding of medical problems, and a sensible course of therapeutics. Dr. Sappington will not be forgotten, nor will his pathology.

The Judgment Lord will probably look and act a good deal like Dr Sappington, and we cannot but wonder what will happen when the Omniscient and the Omnipotent meet. Despite acerb wit and mordant tongue one nevertheless gets the impression that Dr. Sappington is a kindly old man at heart, and that if anything happened to you he, himself, would do the post.

Dr. Fisher, who probably knows more than any ouija board, will long be remembered as the best lecturer at Hahnemann.

Dr. Barthmaier took time off from his duties as chief pathologist at St. Luke's and as captain of the Pinafore, to take one of the morning sections. Dr. Froio, the scintillating resident, took another. Those who had Froio wished they had Barthmaier and those who had Barthmaier wished they had Froio. But who could be perfectly happy when he is drawing in full color his 555th slide or wiping the formaldehyde off his hands from some pusy pickled prostate?

In any event, we couldn't have been given a better course in Pathology.

For some of us, the first introduction to real live patients came in the Pediatrics section in our Junior year up on the seventh floor. It wasn't three days before we decided that, like flight without wings, percussion and auscultation of the infant chest was impossible. If you *could* manage to get the stethescope near to the chest wall without the child biting you, such a wheezing and coughing and spitting ensued as to defy interpretation anyway.

Drs. Noon and Agerty taught us on the wards, while Dr. Redman on Wednesday afternoons gave the first year lectures. During our Senior year, Dr. Fisher gave some excellent talks on which we really should have taken notes, and Dr. Raue, the nominal head of the department, lectured a few times and was actually reported being seen one afternoon in the Pediatrics dispensary.

CHARLES S. RAUE, A.M., M.D.

Professor and Head of Department of Pediatrics

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1895; Philadelphia Pediatric Society; Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society; Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society; Consulting Physician to St. Luke's and Children's Homeopathic Hospitals

DEPARTMENT STAFF: B. K. Fletcher; J. L. Redman; C. C. Fischer; J. H. Reading; R. A. Hibbs; W. P. Gregg; H. A. Agerty; H. B. Mark; P. M. Kistler; F. W. Jarvis; P. J. C. Gamblescia; J. R. Noon; A. C. Service.

Pediatrics

Pediatrics is a subject which has been well presented in both the Junior and Senior years. The lectures of Dr. Redman are regarded by each and every student as ideal guides in the practice of pediatrics. Despite the selection of a poor hour for lecturing, plus the additional burden of a very humid classroom, the Pediatrics department has stimulated and maintained a high level of interest in this course.

The hours spent with Dr. Noon have been humorous as well as educational. His presentation, honesty, and knowledge of Pediatrics have won for him the acclaim of the entire class.

The Pediatrics clinic is one of the highlights in the Seniors' excursions through the afternoon clinics. An excellent opportunity is afforded to the student to learn the practical side in the treatment of children.

The lectures by Dr. Fischer can be summed up in the word "excellent." In short, Dr. Raue has accumulated an excellent staff, a staff of whom we are very proud.

REINHARD BEUTNER, Ph.D., M.D.

Professor and Head of Department of Pharmacology

University of Berlin; International Research Anesthesia Society; American Society for Pharmacology and Experimental Therapeutics; Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; American Physiological Society; Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine; American Chemical Society; International College of Anesthetists; Associate Member of N. Y. Academy of Science

DEPARTMENT STAFF: J. A. Borneman; G. P. Miley; J. W. Messey; R. E. Seidel; J. C. Munch; W. C. Dietrich.

Pharmacology

Dr. Beutner has presented briefly as seems consistent with thoroughness, information concerning the more essential drugs for the general practitioner. He had in mind two guiding principles. The first that Pharmacology is an integral part of medicine. Theoretical study of drugs should not be parted from practical application. Secondly, that there should be a wise limitation of subject matter consonant with its importance in the field of medicine.

He selected for discussion those drugs with established effectiveness, eliminating superfluous material. He emphasized that newer drugs supplement rather than replace older drugs proven through clinical experience.

A true scientist and original investigator, his extensive background in Chemistry proved an exact organized basis for his excellent notes and lectures.

After the unrelieved austerity of Dr. Sappington, it was a treat during our Sophomore year to encounter someone as genial and benign as Dr. Beutner. His lectures, while delivered in something verging on double talk, were well worth translating and, for those who couldn't, an excellent set of notes was provided. A research scientist of eminence, Dr. Beutner was sufficiently human to shout his classic, "Dammitol," and throw some miscreant out of the room.

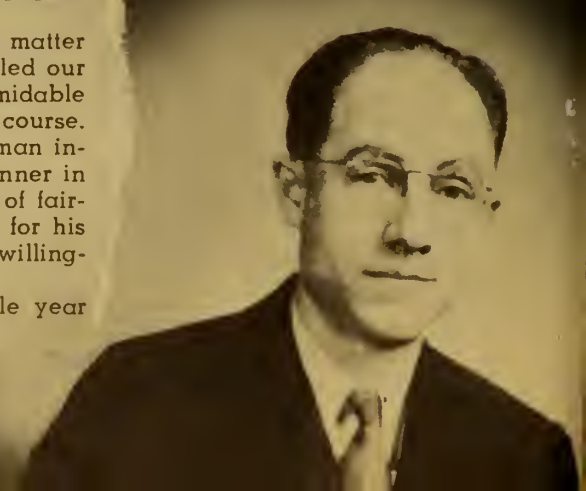
Dr. Dietrich, now with our class from Temple, took charge of the lab and gave us too few lectures.

P.W., Prescription Writing, was just one of those courses we never got around to mastering. Dr. Seidel gave a few vain lectures, but about all most of us could put on a prescription now is our names.

Burdened as we were with a mass of facts to memorize in our other studies, we were indeed grateful to the department for not only allowing us, but also encouraging us, to think. We didn't always achieve brilliant results, as our exam papers testified, but at least we tried.

By the clear and concise presentation of the subject matter of his morning lectures, Dr. Scott understandingly quelled our initial dismay on envisioning the ten pounds of formidable facts and figures that made up the official text for the course. As we came to know him better, our respect for this man increased; not only for the efficient and intelligible manner in which he conducted his course, but also for his sense of fairness in dealing with his students. We admired him for his knowledge, but, more than this, we liked him for his willingness to help us at all times.

None of us will forget the pleasant and profitable year spent with the Physiology Department.



JOHN C. SCOTT, A.B., Ph.D.
Professor and Head of Department of Physiology

A.B., University of Montana, 1923; Ph.D., University of Pennsylvania, 1929; American Psychological Society; Physiological Society of Philadelphia; American Physiological Society; Sigma Xi

DEPARTMENT STAFF: J. F. McClendon; J. S. Hepburn; G. D. Geckeler; L. V. Beck; H. Shapiro; N. C. Wheeler; T. C. Barnes.

Physiology

We were the first freshman class to be permitted to delve into the mysteries of physiology. Somewhat bewildered, we checked in batteries, circuit breakers, electrical wires, clay boots, and peculiar non-medical looking gadgets on our first day in the lab., wondering whether we hadn't gotten into an engineering course by mistake.

But soon under the able tutelage of Dr. Scott and his fine corps of associates even the least mechanically-minded of us set up "Rube Goldberg" apparatus without the slightest hesitancy. We learned to corner and pick frogs deftly and swiftly—without first chasing them all over the lab. Even the girls did!

The embryo surgeons among us owe a monument to the dogs and cats on which they wielded their first scalpels. The kymograph records were always completed—one way or the other—in time to get the official O.K. At last, we realized that as a result of the fine manner in which the course was planned, and the kindly aid of the members of the Physiology Department, we were learning a key to the answer of the "why" and "how" of medicine. Physiology, though our toughest freshman course, was our most fascinating.

GRANT O. FAVORITE, B.S., M.D., F.A.C.P., M.P.H.

Professor of Bacteriology and Head of Department of Preventive Medicine and Public Health

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1927; American Public Health Association; American Society of Clinical Pathologists; American Society of Bacteriologists; Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine; Diplomate American Board of Pathology; Major M.C., A.U.S. (Retired); M.P.H., University of Pennsylvania, 1944; American Association of Immunologists

DEPARTMENT STAFF: I. Gratch; D. de Rivas.

Preventive Medicine

One of our "favorite" professors gently impressed on us the wide scope of preventive medicine and the great strides already made in this field. We have now advanced to the point where we can practice disease control in two ways—the civilian way and the Army way.

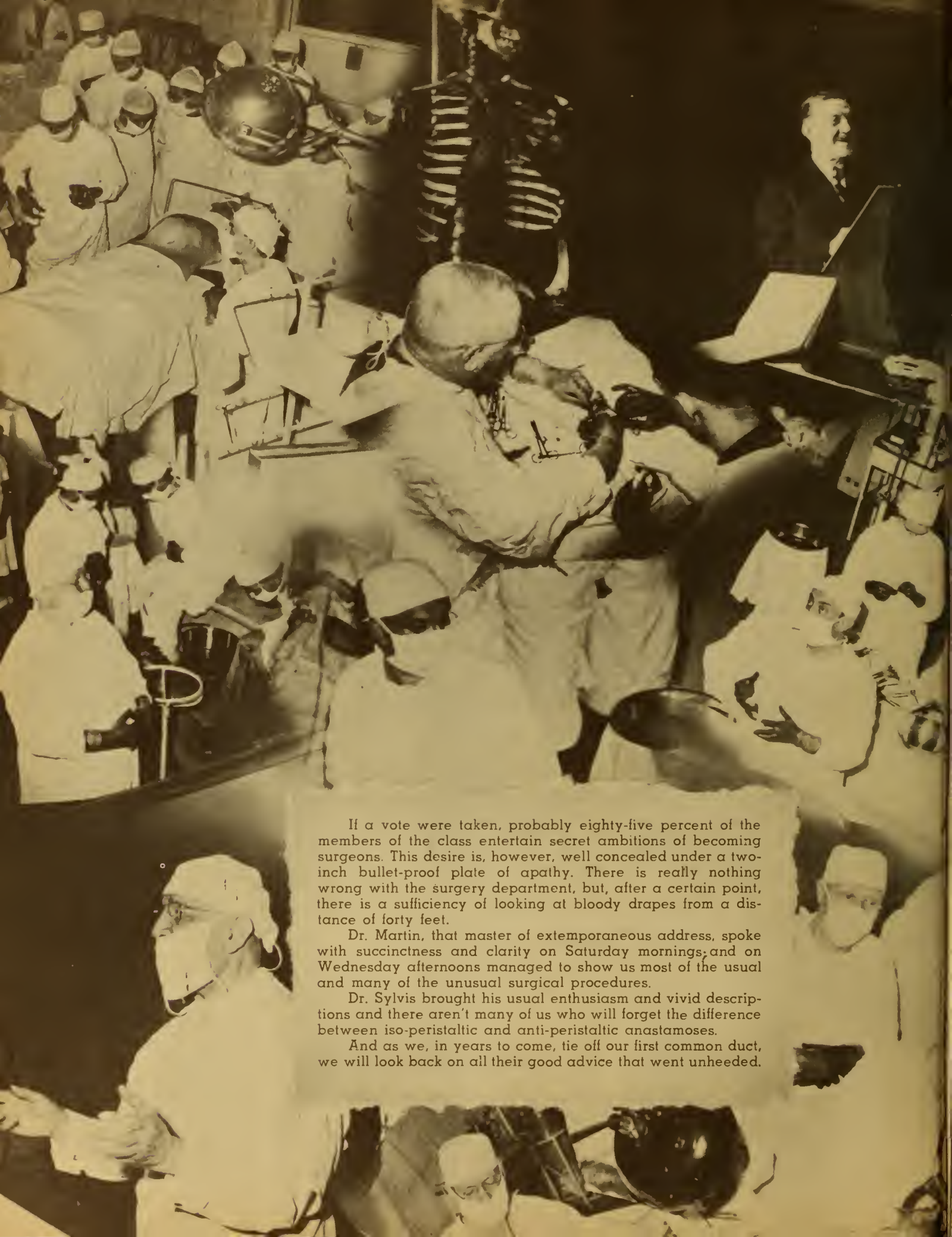
He saw to it that we took the opportunity to gain first-hand knowledge of sanitation control of public utilities on Friday mornings—that weekly roll call!—and that we had the advantage of testing the end products of such control, for which there was no lack of volunteers at Esslinger's.

We were introduced to the whys and wherefores of the sex-life of the louse and the stamping grounds of the Anopheles by the inimitable Dr. Gratch while our well-liked professor of preventive medicine was on leave of absence in the tropics. As a result of the untiring efforts of this newly-appointed professor, we are well-versed in what "Ros-en-ow says." Proof that he is a true friend of the student lies in his tolerance of us even after his "would you please write more legibly?"

A much tanned Dr. Favorite returned from Costa Rica to give us not only excellent verbal description, but also a color-blazened pictorial catalogue of his experiences and studies of tropical medicine, and the natural beauties of our Central American neighbor.

Our fine background in immunology was brought up to date with lectures in the practical application of the principles taught us in the Sophomore year. The mysteries of cold agglutinins, the treachery of the Rh factor, the possibilities of penicillin, the menace of victory girls, and the true value of the "five-and-ten" day treatment for lues have all become facts at our fingertips. That badge of our seniority, the "little yellowbook," has given us a working acquaintance with the general and specific measures of disease control.

We take our leave firmly ingrained in the knowledge that the battle medicine is waging against disease is only won when we can prevent it.



If a vote were taken, probably eighty-five percent of the members of the class entertain secret ambitions of becoming surgeons. This desire is, however, well concealed under a two-inch bullet-proof plate of apathy. There is really nothing wrong with the surgery department, but, after a certain point, there is a sufficiency of looking at bloody drapes from a distance of forty feet.

Dr. Martin, that master of extemporaneous address, spoke with succinctness and clarity on Saturday mornings; and on Wednesday afternoons managed to show us most of the usual and many of the unusual surgical procedures.

Dr. Sylvis brought his usual enthusiasm and vivid descriptions and there aren't many of us who will forget the difference between iso-peristaltic and anti-peristaltic anastamoses.

And as we, in years to come, tie off our first common duct, we will look back on all their good advice that went unheeded.

WILLIAM L. MARTIN, A.B., M.D., F.A.C.S.

Professor and Head of Department of Surgery

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1915; Diplomate American Board of Surgery; Phi Alpha Gamma; Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society; Pennsylvania State Medical Society; Union League; Philadelphia Country Club; Commander M.C.O., U.S.N.R.

DEPARTMENT STAFF: J. A. Brooke; W. M. Sylvis; H. S. Ruth; E. A. Tyler; D. Roman; J. D. Schofield; T. L. Doyle; D. Steinmetz; E. H. Dickinson; E. D. Geckeler; F. E. Bristol; E. F. Carpenter; T. C. Geary; C. L. Shollenberger; D. T. Jones; C. D. Bailey; W. Y. Lee; D. D. Northrop; E. D. Sharpless; N. F. Hoffman; S. J. Rilling; J. A. Seligman; C. C. Thompson; E. P. Van Tine; M. P. White; J. F. Rowland; E. L. Rosato; F. H. Murray; W. A. Buck; R. C. Moyer; M. F. Ondovchak; J. J. Domanski; L. S. Lipsitz; R. C. Smith; H. J. Lubowitz; W. C. Thoroughgood; A. E. Pearce; J. H. Smith; M. J. Fischer; A. J. Catenacci; E. J. Benko; W. G. Kirkland.

Surgery

Mindful of the aphorism: "What you're not up on you're down on," the surgical staff at Hahnemann, under the inspiring leadership of Dr. Martin, keeps up to date with recent trends in surgery, and, in its teaching, incorporates the newest advances with the accepted techniques of bygone years, making revisions whenever necessary. In this era of ultra-specialization, surgery naturally has not remained unscathed, thus adding to the problems of the general practitioner. Sensing this fact, Dr. Martin and the staff are careful to emphasize the most important and practical aspects of surgical emergencies—situations which will most often confront the general practitioner and challenge his diagnostic acumen. For this we are truly appreciative and hold invaluable the clear, concise lectures and demonstrations given to us by the members of the surgical staff. Very few in the class may have been converted into embryonic Cushings, but all of us have been imbued with a working knowledge of the principles of the diagnosis and treatment of surgical emergencies, thanks to a department which does not hesitate to practice what it preaches, namely:

"Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

GARTH W. BOERICKE, M.D.

Professor and Head of Department of Therapeutics

M.D., University of Michigan, 1918; Alpha Sigma; Past President American Institute of Homeopathy; Director of Constantine Hering Laboratory; Past President Pennsylvania State Homeopathic Society; Hahnemann Club; Beta Theta Pi; *Hahnemannian Monthly*, Consulting Editor; Consultant to Food and Drug Administration, Washington, D. C.; Philadelphia County Medical Society; Pennsylvania State Homeopathic Medical Society

DEPARTMENT STAFF: J. V. Allen; J. W. Frank; F. Kepler; J. A. Borneman; ? ? Scholl; N. V. Ludwick; W. B. Griggs; J. J. McKenna; A. E. Krick; R. K. Mattern; R. S. Magee; J. J. Klain; H. D. Evans; W. E. Kepler; W. M. Snowden; J. S. Lehman; E. M. Almes; L. M. Diemer; I. R. Bishow.

Therapeutics

Rational treatment of disease at the present day does not consist of the knowledge of doses and the materia medica, but exists as a complex art in which knowledge and its proper application based on common sense principles go hand in hand. No one can think that Dr. Boericke will ever deny the value of original research or bedside experience, but he does desire to weave science and practice into so close a network that the foundations of experience may be cemented by the mortar of exact knowledge. In many instances science and practice seem to be absolutely opposed and only future research can explain the apparent contradiction.

This course started when Dr. Boericke first came down the steps of Room A that Saturday morning our Freshman year. During our Sophomore, Junior and Senior years we received so many lectures on Homeopathic drugs that if they were laid end to end they would reach from here to Samuel Hahnemann.

Dr. Mattern, whose enthusiasm is unquestioned, started our second year on the basic drugs whose names, at least, may be remembered: Belladonna, Nux, China, Aconite (this last drug in the 30th potency being an excellent remedy for insomnia—a nugget we pass along for what it is worth).

Dr. Boericke during our Junior and Senior year went over these drugs again and then took off into the unpronouncable flora and fauna of Homeopathic plants. Our Senior section in Therapeutics was memorable for the animated discussions between Dr. Frank and the class on points of X-ray, and for extra-renal azotemia.

If, after this extensive and well planned course, you don't know your drugs, you should have lots of company but no sympathy.

For the boys, the opportunity to practice the technique presented by Dr. Tori occurred during dispensary hours. Never to be forgotten is the subtle manner in which "the ladies" were "excused," after first reporting for roll call; the constant battle over who was to irrigate Phillippe; the giant score card which was an effective means of quelling the over-ambitious, those who hogged too many patients, or the Wednesday afternoons on which we were trained by Drs. Leonard and Walker in the fine art of finding veins.

In our Senior clinics Dr. Hunsicker concluded our training in "the science of professional plumbing."

LEON T. ASHCRAFT, Ph.D., M.D.
Professor and Head of Department of Urology
Ph.D., Dickinson College, 1887; M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1890; Pi Upsilon Rho

DEPARTMENT STAFF: J. M. Kenworthy; E. W. Campbell; W. C. Hunsicker; C. F. Leonard; L. P. Tori; H. G. Blessing; H. L. Weinstock; W. Ellis; R. E. Morgan.

Urology

Our class has not had the pleasure of meeting the head of this very competent department. Indeed, our knowledge of Dr. Ashcraft is limited to the stories of his clinics passed on to us by the upperclassmen who preceded us. We regret that we, too, could not benefit from his teachings. In his stead the fully attended clinics conducted by Dr. Campbell were a tribute to the fine teaching ability and the surgical dexterity displayed by this member of the Urology department. We are grateful to him for going out of his way to make sure that every student could see more than the white-coated backs of his assistants in the amphitheater, and for the clear-cut presentations of the practical aspects of each case.

Every phase of genito-urinary disease was covered in the excellent lectures given by the members of this department. Dr. Kenworthy carefully reviewed the clinical aspects and treatment of gonorrhea and syphilis, making sure that everyone understood by frequently interjecting a questioning "See?". We almost paged Ripley when Dr. Hunsicker told us about the prostate "the size of your head." Dr. Weinstock amusingly related advantages of the circumcised over the non-circumcised to everyone's delight.

Eulogy Of The Doctor

By Robert Louis Stevenson

There are men and classes of men that stand above the common herd the soldier, the sailor, the shepherd not infrequently, the artist rarely, rarelier still the clergyman, the physician almost as a rule. He is the flower of our civilization and when that stage of man is done with, only to be marvelled at in history he will be thought to have shared but little in the defects of the period and to have most notably exhibited the virtues of the race. Generosity he has, such as is possible only to those who practice an art and never to those who drive a trade: discretion, tested by a hundred secrets; tact, tried in a thousand embarassments; and what are more important, Herculean cheerfulness and courage. So it is that he brings air and cheer into the sick room and often enough, though not so often as he desires, brings healing.

Seniors

Eugene Jo Agnone

Manuel F. Alsina, Jr.

Frank T. Anderko

Richard A. Baddour

Americo Barreiro

José M. Berio - Sua

Thomas P. Bevan

Karl R. Beutner

Raymond G. Blood, Jr.

Alfred O. Boettger

Paul F. Boyd

Robert S. Boyer

Charles W. Brodyn

Joseph J. F. Bryza

Benjamin Calesnick

Nicholas A. Calvanese

Armand Castagna

Julius Chepko

Albert A. Cohen

Fred W. Cook, Jr.

Albert F. Cooper

V. Woodard Corder

Robert D. Coye

Paul J. Cressman, Jr.

Thomas M. D'Auria

Edgar C. Davis, Jr.

Carlo P. De Antonio

Julio M. De Cruz

Nicholas A. Perrico

Alfred T. DeVito

John P. Dirr

Robert E. Drewery

John O. Duey

Richard N. Eckroth

Jess Edward

Walter C. Engel

Philip Esgro

Joseph B. Evans

Anthony Jo Fedullo

Sidney Fine

Leonard Flinkman

Ronald E. Fortner

Morris Foulk, Jr.

Peter Galamaga

Joseph M. D. Gambescia

Victor E. Gambone

Edwin A. Gleason

Joseph R. Goldstein

Luisa M. Gonzalez-Quiñones

Milton Graul

John A. Griffen

George W. Groth

Francis J. Quito

Vincent G. Hammond

Charles J. Ingersoll

James A. Kane

Gerald B. Kara

William A. Kase

Vito J. Kemezis

Leslie Y. Lee

John F. Leedom, Jr.

Russell Lewis

Irving L. Lichtenstein

Harry P. Makel

Angelo J. Maniglia

John J. Martucci

Wilford E. Martyn

Horace D. Marucci

Daniel Mason

Charles. T. Mc Cutcheon

John J. McDonald, Jr.

John R. McNeill

Anthony Merk

Kenneth J. Michaile

Frederick E. Milkie

Peter Minck, Jr.

Benjamin G. Musser

Alexander K. Niemiera

Anna T. Onorato

Harold P. Parisen

Edward A. Parker, III

William N. Pigozzi

Bertram Poludniak

Carmen A. Prunetti

Joseph L. Raffa

Thomas C. Rommer

Allan J. Rosenberg

Gladys Rosenstein

Stanley J. Rozanski

Dominic J. Salines

Joseph G. Samolis

Alphonse Vo Scudese

John E. S. Shuttleworth

Alvin Siegel

Francis R. Souder

George P. Thomas, Jr.

John L. Tomlinson

Luis J. Torres-Oliver

Beatrice P. Troyan

Harry Troyer

Carl W. Trutter, Jr.

Seymour P. Weinberg

Laura E. H. Winner

H. John Witman, Jr.

Stanley J. Yamula

Thomas J. Zaydon

As You Were

A PARTIAL RECORD OF THE CLASS OF 1944

Matriculation is generally a bore. At Hahnemann, however, it was a fantastic and amusing game played in the shadow of the now vanished cabinet of homeopathic herbs which probably this very minute are being turned into tablet triturates at Boericke & Tafel. It was with a mixture of emotions that during your first fifteen minutes at Hahnemann you were dragged by a feminine arm of surprising strength into an office called "Miss Fisher's", and there confronted with facts of your past which you thought only your mother knew. After five minutes of fast talking you succeeded in convincing her that you really had enough credits for medical school and shakily made your way to the door. You were just about to step out for a short beer when a voice with all the unction of a cement mixer said, "Hey, you come back here. You owe me $500." That was Mr. Kratz. "Do you have a microscope? No? That will be $15 more, ha, ha, plus tax."

As you placed your trembling checkbook back in your pocket and were once more about to make your way out the door, John Paul Dirr tapped you timidly on the shoulder and with the awe-struck voice of Bernadette said, "Quick, turn around. There goes the Dean." You turned but saw only the tail of a very large lab coat disappearing through a door. Your first glimpse of Dr. Pearson! More about him later. Dirr took your name and address for his column in the Hahnemannian and left in a cloud of undried ink.

As a matter of fact you probably didn't have an address yet, unless like Edwards and Boyd, you were at the YMCA. The only objection to living there was that you had a bedroom the size of a bed, and if you had claustrophobic tendencies you, like Hammond, Shuttleworth, McNeill and about twenty others, sought the more spacious quarters of the Luther Hospice, breakfast and dinner included, or a room in one of the Race Street chateaux. The only objection to the latter being the necessity of looking at the landlady before breakfast. But by the time the first day of classes had started you probably had found a room with or without roommate, rats and running water and had already arranged that desk at which you were destined to spend so much time during the next few months.

The less said about the invocation the better. Dr. Ricketts played the organ. Dr. Pearson made a speech as did others. Amen.

And after a sleepless night of fitful tossing, your first day in medical school had arrived. Those cherished infant dreams, those years of hopes and plans were at last fulfilled. Even Agnone and Cooper were excited.

After a hasty breakfast of orange juice, Wheatsworth, scrambled eggs, white toast and coffee at you know where, it was eight-fifteen and time to run like mad to get to school. And it was at least two weeks before anybody had the audacity to arrive as late as five minutes of nine.

But then as now, a convocation of the Class of '44 could be anticipated three blocks away by the polite hum of conversation. "Geez, it's hot." . . . Eckroth: "So I sez to her, I sez—" . . . Michaile: "The Geneva system standardizes—" . . . Harry Troyen: "Over thirty per cent flunk out the first year, but I'm not worried." Our class like all Gaul was already divided into three parts, those who spread rumors, those who spread rumors, and those who spread rumors. Mercogliano: "Don't bother with notes, use a text." . . . Tomlinson: "Don't waste money on books."

The first day was soon over. The only department that had had the crust actually to give a lecture was Chemistry, and we were soon to be further acquainted with their unorthodoxies.

The biggest shock came at 2 P. M. when Dr. Snyder told us all to go home and forget this insane idea of becoming a doctor. He said that if he didn't flunk us somebody else would, and that if we didn't flunk we'd wish we had. Medicine was a maker of coronary artery disease, hypertension and flat feet. Go home, raise fat children and die of old age. Groth got up to leave but Engel managed to restrain him. And many a bleak pre-examination morning we harked back to those words of wisdom and wished we'd taken them with something beside salt.

Dr. Snyder was also the first to put the girls in the front row where we, including Dr. Snyder, could look at them, especially Laura. It was said that because of the female members of the class we were to be denied his famous after-lecture jokes. The "My what a long clitoris you have" story scotched that rumor in a hurry, and for the next six months every lecture ended with "Joke, Joke" and other wolf-like cries from the back of Room A.

Along with a quick review of Organic Chemistry by "So Little Time" Chandler, we were getting five pages of notes a week from Dr. Snyder which we were supposed to know well enough to write for mirror reading. Don Fortner can still spell "reticulo-endothelial system" backwards.

We had been given a bag of bones including an innominate about which naturally many and varied coarse jokes were made, especially the one by Joe Goldstein about the pubic Arch of Triumph. The left bones looked like the right bones and the right bones looked entirely wrong. Some were greasy, some were still bloody, and some were broken in half. But we pencilled in all the origins and insertions and memorized the bumps and hollows, and when Dr. Geckeler gave us our fracture course two years later, we all fell back on the wealth of osteologic knowledge obtained during those first few weeks of school. (Somebody pick me up.)

And it was hot. For about three weeks Philadelphia was fighting it out with the earth's core to see which could be hotter. Some studied on roofs, some in cellars, others in bathtubs while a few, and we wonder where they are now, sought refuge at the movies and air-conditioned bars.

But the hardy survived and before you could say ninety-eight in the shade it was the middle of October, much cooler, and time for the first chemistry exam. The Drs. Chandler and Pearson who had been buzzing in our ears for the past four weeks about Organic Chemistry, Quantitative Analysis and Lipins, were about to put us to our first written test in medical school. And the rumors flew. A quarter of the class would flunk. (Marucci). Half the class would flunk. (Griffin). The whole class would flunk. (Egad, we wonder who started that one). Only an iron will and the thought of our parents at home kept us in school. The night before the exam, Milkie could be seen in H. & H. with P. & H., not daring to lose a minute. Some outlined the book, some reviewed notes. Torres-Oliver lit a candle. It was a sad, bleary-eyed crew that wandered into school the following morning. The last minute studiers could be seen weaving up Fifteenth Street, their faces buried in notes. Only good brakes and the Dear Lord saved Bill Pigozzi as he made his way across Race, oblivious to all but his lecithins and fatty acids.

In three hours we were finished, and for the sixty odd who failed, "finished" was the word. But fly or fall, the first barrier in medical school had been surmounted. The future now could hold no fear. (Ha!—Ed.)

Reeling in kaleidoscope fashion the first semester passed. Dr. Snyder gave the annual Christmas cheese party at which Bud Davis kept everybody else from playing with the electric trains, and Smokey Bert Poludniak saw fit to leave no room for supper. By mid-years we had achieved that blasé attitude characteristic of all good medical students. Frogs were pithed with only a momentary shudder except by Bea Troyan who never did pith one of her own. Nurses dressing across from Room E brought only stifled yawns from even Scudese and Siegel who at the beginning of the year would hardly leave the balcony long enough to eat lunch. Homeopathy was cut, unknowns were compared, and enough water was boiled away in chemistry lab to supply the Mexican Army.

Our insouciance, however, was dealt a mortal blow by the orals. For most of us it was our first experience with such an examination, and it can only be explained to those who have never taken one as a combination of Parkinson's aphonia, and irreversible shock.

Dr. Pearson lifted the first axe. As you entered, he turned over his little hour glass as if he were about to boil an egg and began. "What do you understand by 10th normal equivalent?" You were prepared for that, but not for what followed. "Define something or other." "How much carbohydrate in a mouthful of potatoes?" etc., etc. Not more than two hours later the sand had made its way into the bottom and you were finished. "Next man."

Dr. Chandler was the next man with his list of 500 questions, each the product of a warped mind. His "Have a smoke?" was calculated to put you at ease, but who can be at ease with a benzene ring and Philadelphia's King of Chemical warfare? Dr. "Take a Card" Maas was

next and finally Dr. Hepburn. With chemistry passed and only physiology left, the rest of exam week was spent in comparative frivolity (three hours of sleep a night instead of two).

Niemiera still doesn't believe Dr. Scott even gave an oral. From the time he entered his office to the time he left, all was a purple haze. But those who do remember, recall from seared minds that ice-like voice, that question from McLeod's, and the fact that not once during the interview did they see anything but Dr. Scott's shoulder and a cold one at that.

Some stood, some fell, But with mid-years over like a Dali dream our career as medical students really began. At last we were given cadavers. In eager groups of six we clustered about the tables wishing we had been given fatter or thinner ones, depending on which we hadn't. Rommer in gown and gloves could be heard hissing at his partner, "Scalpel" "Probe" "Cunningham's". Other more rugged individuals went in bare-handed, but the end result was the same —a hopeless, twisted mass of anomalies. By the time we were finished not even Dr. Phillips could tell where anything was coming from or going to unless possibly to New York for the week-end.

"Put your finger on—" . . . "What lies anterior to—" . . . "Give me the course of—" were familiar phrases heard in the weekly quiz sections. And if all the brachial and lumbar plexuses that were drawn on the blackboards during those five months were laid end to end, they would wrap up Dr. Warren like a coccoon. As the year wore on the crowd thinned out until one eventful afternoon only twenty-six students arrived, and these could be seen by their covered cadavers, grimly studying Milk and Water.

Afternoons, from one to two, Dr. Sylvis went up and down the brain stem like an elevator operator with repeated stops at all floors. Your writer got out at the pons, but some made it all the way up. Between Ranson and Dr. Snyder's histology notes most were prepared for the final. But few were prepared for the fifty minute marathon that Dr. Sylvis called an exam. Twelve people were needed at the door of his office. Six to catch the examinee as he stumbled out, and six to push the next man in. The result, however, was a class well grounded in neuro-anatomy. Ask any Senior about the sulcus cinguli; ask him, that is, if you want a bust on the nose.

During the second half year, Dr. Chandler in those odd moments he could tear himself out of his gas mask, lectured on blood and introduced us to the colorimeter and Folin Wu. Some pun should here be made on Raymond Gregg Blood but we won't bother. In Food Chemistry, Beutner got around to doing a Kjeldahl at last, and the class evinced its variegated, cosmopolitan taste in the variety of foods that were chosen. Everything, if fact, from canned anchovies to a banana split was analyzed, and much of the first morning was spent eating each others' specimens.

It was just about the time that the Dean was asking us to put on our last caboose that the tension of the oncoming orals was temporarily allayed by the Freshman Hop. Gaiety reigned supreme. Louisa led the conga, and ethanol which had been studied in the labs was given the acid (dilute HCl) test.

With bigger but no wiser heads we tore into the finals. The shreds that reassembled some six weeks later showed that forty odd had missed the S. S. Sophomore, so it was a depleted but nevertheless doughty crew that set sail on Annum II.

Pages, in fact volumes, could be written on Dr. Sappington who, like some wizened elf, dwelt in that first floor labyrinth marked STUDENTS KEEP OUT (as if they'd wander in of their own accord.) With a wit like a Bard-Parker blade, he cunningly dissected delinquents without benefit of anesthesia, and walking into his lecture late was like tweaking a leopard's nose. Before you had gone half way up the room, eight or ten words of acid sarcasm reduced you to the size of a hydrogen atom which you remained for at least two days. His sense of humor evolved chiefly out of the moribund aspects of life, and his voice would strike a note of near joy as he gaily described the downward course of a patient to the autopsy table.

Pathologists the world over have a fascination for the weight and size of tumors. But nothing the Pathology department could produce in the way of ovarian cysts could compare with the man we were taught of in Chemistry who had a fifty pound evacuation in twenty-four hours. Those pathology labs come back to mind with pain. Hips spread, spines curved and Lee made more of those beautiful technicolor drawings.

Oral time meant a scramble for side notes. Ben Musser didn't realize how popular he was

(*Continued on page 226*)

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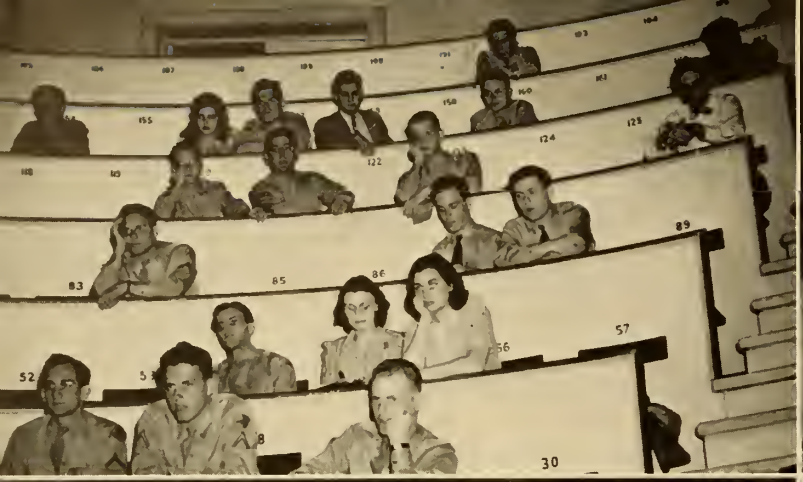


Undergrads & Organizations

First Row (Left to Right): Dauphin, Capobiano. Second Row: Doncaster, Grancey, Hathaway, Ryan, Plaver, Laird, Fischer. Third Row: Greco, London, Linsey, Aymar, Birmingham, Jaksch, Morganbesser, Giannini, Dorsen. Fourth Row: Steinberg Spielman, Brecker, Epstein, Caporale, Brignola, Jeffers, Heck, Jehl, Dugan, Kelley. Fifth Row: Heyl, Cretella, Masucci, Hahn, Miller, Benford, Kistler, Metcalf, Conwell, Bacron, Knowles, Kunan. Sixth Row: Preis, Svedberg, Smith, Burak, Walters, Orloff, Greenberg, Hickey, Klingbeil, Dietz, Visalli, Buhrman, Arnold, Ball, Phillips. Seventh Row: Walkers, Colombo, Scronavacchi, Wagner, Acosta-Acosta, Mintz, Friedman, Torney, Schepard, Rotundi, Olson, Robinson, Obanesian, Erba, Ballien. Absentees: Arsuaga, Bolster, Brown, Bietrich, Duncan, Dunsmore, Ellis, Elwell, Fineman, Fornasier, Freed, Gettings, Giocondo, Greene, Haaco, Higgins, Hobbs, Hutchison, Kazanjian, King, Labowskie, Lapinsohn, La Salvia, Lindon, Mandarrino, Manno, H. Matthews, E. Matthews, Mayer, McCarty, Miller, Mullen, Nagle, Ostrum, Penly, Pickering, Podkul, Powell, Patkoski, Rates, Sommer, Squillace, Stone, Storer, Steinhilber, Terzian, Trout, Turner, Vlachos, Ward, Warden, Wildblood, Williams.

The Junior

Officers

LAWRENCE W. F. RYAN ..... *President*
CHARLES K. PLANER ..... *Vice-President*
ALBERT E. HATHAWAY ..... *Secretary*
HARRY M. WILDBLOOD ..... *Treasurer*

So now you're a Junior—so what! So you're a bunch of big deals. You have a stethoscope in your back pocket and you think you're smarter than Osler. Incidentally, that's a good place to hear râles. We're no different from the hundreds of other Junior classes that have preceded us. We have our good guys and we have our jerks, but why do we have so many jerks? Well, what's the use of complaining? We have our Army and we have our Navy and we have our CADre. We're a happy little group—in a gruesome sort of way.

Class

Volumes could be written if we were to write a blow-by-blow description of each member. By the way, who the hell is this Bolster guy? He looks like a well kept grave. Speaking of graves, take a good look at "Tombstone" Gettings, he smiled last week. As a contrast, we have Bucky Walters, there is a happy guy. He'll make a good doctor, too, even if he will have his office in a coal mine. Ryan was that kind of a guy until he got power crazy and too efficient.

For class activities, let's take a look into the clinics. Ah, there's Stone, he has just come out of his trance and finished dreaming about a sulphur mine when he accidentally cauterized a wart with an electric eel, but we all make mistakes. And then there's Sheppard, a direct descent of the Mayo Bros., practicing his ultra-superior look on a patient six months old. But let us look still farther and see poor Jeffers, who was tied in bed and given pituitary before they found out he was a student and not an acromegalic. 'Twas sad, but not half as bad as those haircuts Robinson gets—and without ether, too. Speaking of haircuts, read Mullen's new book, "How to Be a Hairman," put out by a clip joint publisher. Now, it would be criminal to omit Putzkowski when hair is mentioned. Confidentially, Putz, why don't you turn that hair pomade of yours into the scrap drive for grease?

Will events of importance never cease in our midst? There are new marriages and new births by the millions—well, a couple anyway. In the first mob we find King, Matthews, Walters, Svedberg so far, and in the latter group Al Freed, "Jumping Joe" Scornavacchi, "Hush Hush" Williams, Tom Gettings and "Muscles" Mandarino, who, besides being a father, does a beautiful job without a sigmoidoscope.

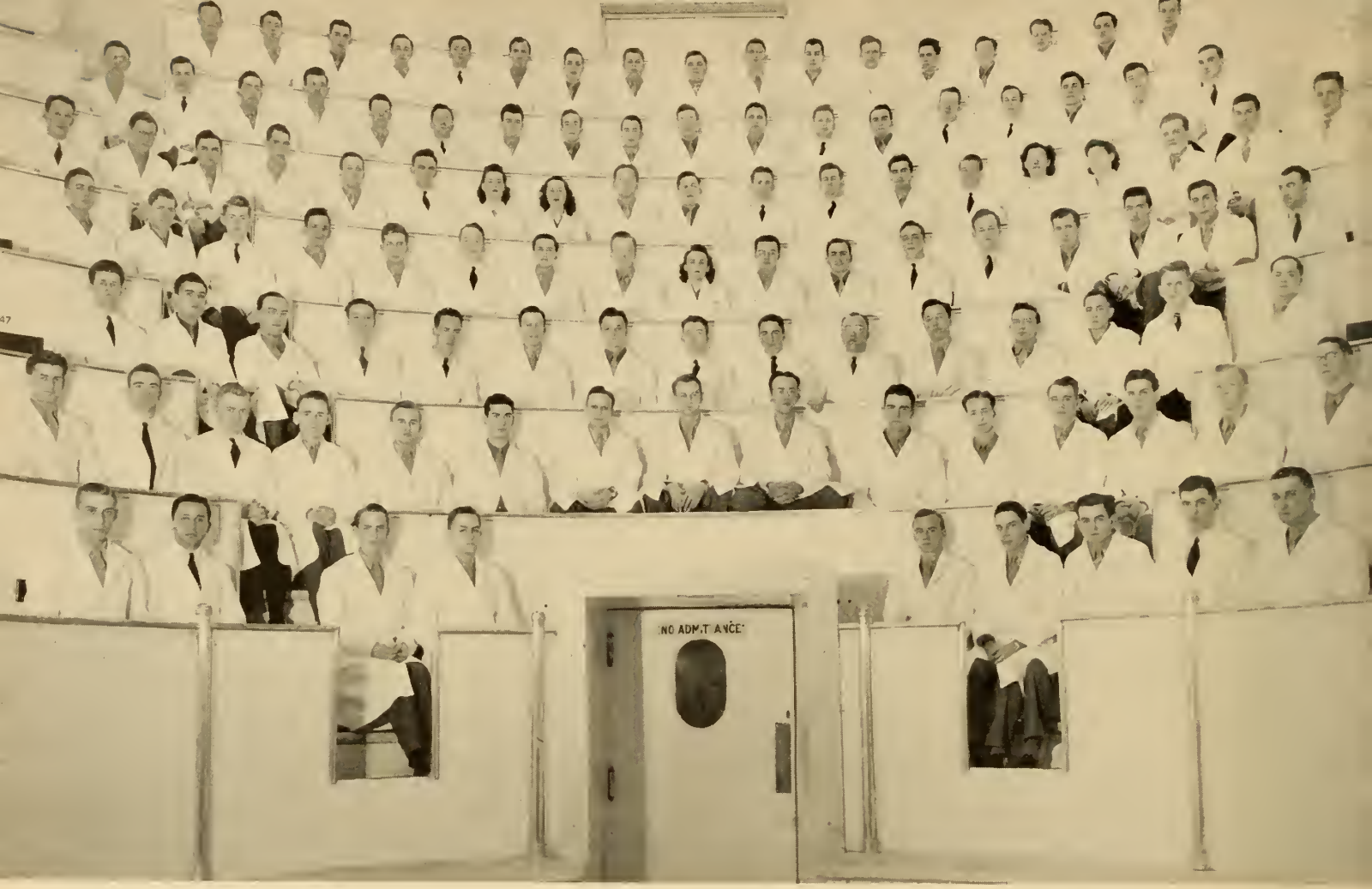
Gossip is more fun, so let's get back to the dirty stuff. "Cutie" Steinhilber finally broke down and has decided to let the nurses in on his own particular brand of charm and personality, while Trout, the onlooker, picks up the leftovers. It's the uniform, no doubt. What about Klingbeil? He got so many waivers he looks like a circuit court. But let's not be catty, because the Army will have to explain Dorsen, and what does the Army know about split personalities and dramatics? Don't let anyone kid you, Dorsen, old man, you gave up singing and dramatics in preference to medicine and we appreciate it. Just be a good doctor—like your uncle.

This year is really the best we have had so far. Boy, you really get to know everybody and you learn a lot, too. Three guys cleared up their own GC already with great success except for a little cordee, which in itself is a novelty and will come in very handy when the parties get dull. We all know about heart disease now; in fact, it may be summed up into two words, "Slub Dub." However, to get the inside facts on heart disease and its effect, take an auto ride with Torney, the human Imhof tank.

To look around you would never think that a lot of these guys would become internes and doctors. Most of the class have accepted internships already. Some of the boys had it tough, though. Fineman spent so much of his time around City Hall that he got a job as a professional witness for auto accidents. Walker isn't going to take any chances, he's going to interne at Arlington Cemetery.

One could go on indefinitely telling you about student wise cracks and Ward, who is slowly becoming an institution (a mental institution), or Squillace, who (where the hell did he get to this time), or about the time when a small riot broke loose between Steinberg and Spielman. Funnier still is the time Dr. McKenna said, "a little please," and Terzian snapped back, "O.K., two short beers." There are many more incidents that we could write about, as we have really had a mint full, but unfortunately I have twelve games on the pin ball machine waiting for me and they must be played. So, in parting, let me repeat what Dr. Favorite once said while I was sitting in the back row of the lecture room, ".....," and remember that.

HAHNEMANN
MEDICAL COLLEGE



First Row (Left to Right): Schantz, Levenson, Beck, Mekanik, Mutch, Fettig, Mancusi-Ungaro, Koehmstedt, Keeter. Second Row: Jasionowski, Hunt, A. Jensen, Egan, Davidson, Socket, Lester, Winkler, Bucciarelli, Kuhn, Beardsley, Woodmansee, Linder, Green, Melody. Third Row: Pennypacker, Maniglia, Scalia, G. Miller, Johnson, Hiss, Sewell, Williams, Foulk, Boykiw, Carpousis, Posner, Seda-Morales, Steele, Southwick. Fourth Row: Milburn, Jacobs, Reed, Walter, Schiffort, Weaver, Wright, Christman, Di Media, Paul D'Allesandro, F. Jensen, Lanford, Sakson, Reardon, Gilbert, Minasian. Fifth Row: Wiegand, Stuart, Dinlay, Carpenter, Honan, Bradt, Van Dyke, Melanik, Borton, Bradlow, Cowling, Cate, Teluff, Hoegerman, Cooper, Conrad, Uhrich, Adams, Lyman. Sixth Row: Rohland, Sederstrom, Block, Broman, Cambell, Gipson, Etra, Bovard, Corbet, Hill, Thornton, Warren, O'Shea, Rowney, Swendiman, Sarno, Vomen, Reinhold. Seventh Row: Doman, Holtelner, F. Rosenberg, Soffe, Tornetta, Treichel, Roberts, Pfeffer, Southard, Hartman, Reilhohl, Martin, Mosch, Brady, Loux, Santiago, Ortiz, Kurz. Missing: Arentzen, Carnecchia, Chepko, Consolo, Cozyarelli, Curcio, Curry, Denman, Detrick, Detoro, Fittipoldi, Giknis, Groverman, Hayes, Heath, T. Miller, Reinhold, P. Rosenberg, Shinn, Sivulick, Skyer, Szezepaniak, Tesman, Wellhausen, Weslock, Young, Zeller.

The Sophomore

Officers

JAMES P. WINKLER ..... *President*
JACK S. CAMPBELL ..... *Vice-President*
PAUL A. BRADLOW ..... *Secretary*
RAYMOND L. REINBOLD ..... *Treasurer*
ROBERT D. WOODMANSEE ..... *Student Council*

Hut—tension!—and one hundred odd medical students of the Sophomore class came to attention. The date was January, 1944. The members of the newly organized Sophomore class were as yet somewhat anaesthetically euphoric over that slip of paper from the Dean's office. For on that slip we read, "Well done, enter thou into the more confounding realms of the Sophomore year."

Nor can we forget the more gentle sex—a vast minority precipitating a vast majority of attention upon their late classroom entrances when, in those

rare days of June, the blood stream concentration level of the male hormones was floating high.

During the first two weeks of the Sophomore year we reflected upon the maze of that freshman year. Pistol-Packin', two-gun Dr. Snyder and his hot summer afternoon lantern slide demonstrations. It was impossible to sleep, as the man on either side of you alternately crescendoed their stertorous Cheyne-Stokes respiration in the CO_2 filled room. Then to the laboratory, peering through the microscope, appearing intelligent, observing little, knowing less, and drawing least.

Physiology was unanimously voted the most interesting course in our freshman year under Dr. Scott, the gentleman who resisted 150 smudge-faced freshmen as they canulated carotids. Jasionowski's newly invented apparatus correlating prostatic hyperemia, spring fever, and love, deserves a niche among the annals of Rube Goldberg. The Embryonic Dr. Vollmer was accidentally pithed by Fred Jensen during the excitement when Gilkries administered 5 c.c. of adrenalin intravenously and blew the top off the monometer.

Man is worth just 97¢, and after our course in Anatomy under the able and patient Dr. Phillips, we all concluded our knowledge of the course was worth appreciably less than 97 percentum. Bravely we set sail from the Port Cardiacus in the good S. S. Leukocyte, sailed blindly through the Subclavian Way, gathered speed down the Musculo Spiral groove and heaved a sigh of relief as the slopes of the Epicondylar ridge hove into view.

Chemistry proved to be an obstacle which threw terror into the bravest of Herculean Hearts. Not unstrangely, the female members of the class were "hepped" to the situation during the laboratory sessions.

Let us forget the past, anticipate the future and enjoy today, for "sufficient to the day is the evil thereof." Staphlococcus Aureus did not turn out to be a beautiful blonde but mutual qualities of the two were noted—the insiousness of infection. Proteus Vulgaris' proliferativeness was a close second to the vulgarity of rabbit proliferation. We thought we knew something about bacteriology, as a matter of fact we were gram positive we did—then came the orals. Now gram negative.

Amidst the confusion of the Sophomore year the pathology department ungently beckoned us on. Who will ever forget those orals? Is there any longer a question concerning the etiology of non-specific diarrhea, insomnia and incontinency? However, in this course we really laid the foundation of our medical work under the most able guidance and supervision of a long experienced and learned professor.

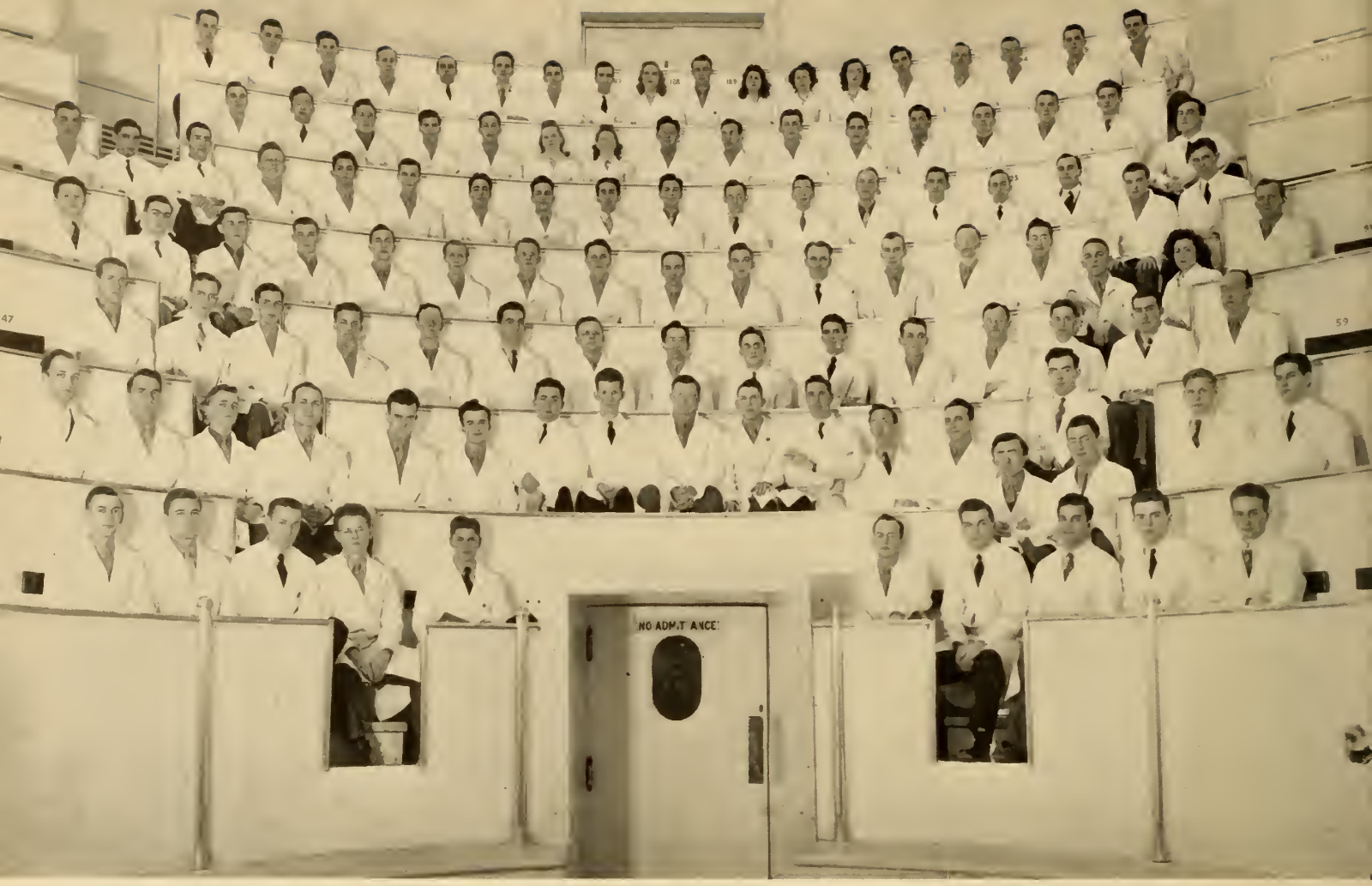
Class

In Pharmacology we "sitzed" on our "numpers" as we thoroughly enjoyed "our shining hour" amidst the swishing of the stick. "Today we study the sympathetic-para Sympathetic nervous system. It is a helluvamess! What did you say, Carnecchia? Huh! Well, then, out!!! Now, Cobefrine, spelled C-O—C-O-B-E—frine—look it up in the notes! You must know the dose of morphine —that's how you get your license to practice medicine."

At times the going is tough, but we have completed the first lap of our academic course. We now know that we can learn. We now find that subjects which heretofore were seeming stumbling blocks have now become our climbing steps. Earnestly we look forward to our degree in medicine.

"Climb on! Climb over! Ne'er despond.
Though from each summit gained
There stretch forth ever heights beyond—
Ideals to be attained.
Life's rescript simply is to climb,
Unheeding toil and tire.
Failure hath no attaint of crime
If we but still aspire."

NEUMANN
COLLEGE



First Row (Left to Right): Rhoads, Cummings, Beck, Gaary, Castillo-Amy, Bickell, Goodall, Shamai, Skinner, Bullock. Second Row: Nazfiger, Ehly, Van Ess, Pike, Kennedy, Nowak, Dewar, Clark, Holland, Pratt, Ayars, Garlock, Dandrea, Donaldy, Samaha, West, McDade, Martin. Third Row: Whitman, Snyder, Torrey, Krusen, Fedor, Hanford, Guyer, Case, Coons, Barbary, Reilly, Beukenkamp, Schlabach, McDonald, Long. Fourth Row: Grasse, Phillips, Tomashefski, Nowinski, Kistler, Seager, Hutcheson, Lebischak, Liberi, Reiner, Orlob, Meineke, Billman, Houghton, Seiler, Robbins, Parker. Fifth Row: Calabrese, Bax, Shapiro, Hengeveld, Weisman, Helfer, Coda, Capute, Cappuccio, Alosi, Simon, Lyon, Shaffer, Edds, Shea, Shevlin, Mintz, Lyall. Sixth Row: Cissel, Thuma, Silk, Schneeberg, Wolgin, Erickson, Lorentz, Koiwai, Kenmore, Last, Barrist, Barnett, Chroniak, Chastain, Schuyler, Higgins. Seventh Row: Trout, Whalen, Mattson, Bell, Armaiz-Garcia, Szal, Teets, Daurelle, Cooper, Ziegler, Benford, Eken, Mary A. H. Thomas, Royal M. Thomas, Walls, Owensby, McGeary, O'Connor. Absentees: Bachman, Bamberger, Blase, Cassaro, Curran, Cytowic, Dolphin, Eby, Economou, Eichelmann, Furey, Gerent, Glah, Gollings, Henry, Kaupe, Keely, Klimkevich, Knapp, Mandel, May, Myers, Naramore, Norley, Pakonis, Rank, Edward P. Reese, Joseph E. Reese, Ralph A. Reilly, William D. Reilly, Richards, Rosenberg, Schwalm, Sheets, Strock, Stroud, Studybaker, Swift, Wachs, Waydenman, Wells, Wesolowski, Woodward, Zukel.

The Freshman

Officers

JOHN W. J. HOLLAND ..... *President*
PAUL K. AYERS ..... *Vice-President*
WILLIAM R. DEWAR ..... *Secretary*
STEPHEN H. CLARK ..... *Treasurer*
CHARLES I. PRATT, JR. ..... *Student Institute*
JOSEPH E. TURNER, JR. ..... *Student Council*

January 3, 1944, ushered in the ninety-seventh session at the Hahnemann Medical College and brought with it, as usual, a new Freshman Class. Dr. Ricketts delivered the opening address, one which is certain to leave a lasting impression in our minds. This was a preview of the coming Neuroanatomy lectures which were scheduled to follow—every word seemed like a sentence.

After many warnings were issued to begin work early, we returned to our beds—scared stiff. This would have turned into complete rigor after Dr. Chandler's early lectures in which he covered our entire college chemistry course had it not been for Dr. Snyder's hour which followed. The tenseness gradually subsided and in time a smile gave way to laughter. Dr. Scott gathered us into his little room E, where he said he was amazed at our pietness, and wondered how long it would be before he would have to pound the table for order—it wasn't long, either! Thus the first day of a new life began and homeward we tottered that night wondering how, if possible, we would ever master the course—still we wonder.

A goodly number of the class reported in either "blues" or "khaki," but soon after the first week a number more gave up their "zoot suits" for the more conservative OD's. Ours is a thoroughly cosmopolitan class. We have some rebels from the south of the Mason-Dixon line, others from our island possessions, and some from the wilds of the west and mid-west.

Shortly after our arrival Dr. Pearson retired as Dean of the College to devote more time to his favorite Chemistry Department—Dr. Schmidt taking over the duties of Dean.

The class proved to be no exception to the age old rule that at least fifty percent of the class would flunk the first Chemistry test, in fact, we boosted it to sixty percent. We did succeed in getting a "swivel chair" knowledge of Proteins and Carbohydrates, so that we proved we really weren't quite so "abominable" as one at first might suppose!

Osteology proved to be our line and the class, with the aid of Dr. Phillips' repetition, repetition, soon learned that a hole which didn't go completely through a bone might be called fossa, and if it went completely through, a foramen. Dr. Warren proved a true friend to all of us and was a big help in getting us through both Anatomy and Histology. Dr. Maas worked hard with us in Chemistry. "Heppie's Happy Hour" was the most popular program of the Chemistry department.

The Interfraternity Council had pretty well protected us from the usual fraternity "rushing," but with all the other things which came along, it aided in keeping us completely on the go. We thoroughly enjoyed the dinners and the opportunity of meeting the upperclassmen.

Fraternity politics did not get much of an opportunity to affect our class elections and the class as a whole selected capable officers. There was really little time for class discussions, but the President was successful most of the time in getting our exams to fall at a suitable time.

September, 1946, will roll around all too fast and we realize it is our duty in the intervening months to absorb sufficient knowledge to go forth into the world a credit to the Medical Profession and to our alma mater, Hahnemann.

Class

Do not be too hasty in your judgment of us. We appreciate the privilege of studying medicine and will in time accept the full responsibilities of the profession. Superficially we may prove insincere, but one need only to strip the veneer from most of the Freshman to find a deep desire to serve humanity. Let us not be so idealistic as to think that there are none among us whose sole desire is pecuniary remuneration, but they compose a small minority. We hope that the desire to serve will triumph.

Fame will come to very few of us, not because of the lack of ability, but because the majority will be content with the pleasant satisfaction that comes from helping his fellowman. We hope that our work will be of the caliber to be a credit to Hahnemann and help to win for her the deserving place in the world.

At the proper time we will all depart to our individual stations, but for the present we have many months of hard work ahead and our present task is that of becoming members of the Sophomore Class this September.

ALFRED T. DeVITO
President

HARRY P. MAKEL
Student Council

CARMEN PRUNETTI
Vice-President

JOHN J. MARTUCCI
Secretary

ARMAND CASTAGNA
Treasurer

Officers of the Class of September '44

Fellow Classmates:

Today we are embarking upon a career of usefulness and kindness to our fellow man—to many this may appear as a duty, one which he must perform to be successful in his life's work. Rather than this, please let it be an expression of the good will which arises from within, a deep felt desire to ease the ill-health which so frequently makes its presence known.

Please be forever kind to one in his misfortunes and be always tolerant to your patient's complaints. Let this be especially true in the next few years, as often will be the demands placed upon you for just such actions.

Together, let us express our appreciation to our teachers at Hahnemann for their aid, so willingly granted, in our becoming disciples of Hippocrates. Not merely for the information of fact they limitlessly passed on, but for the spirit they conveyed with their teachings. We can best express our appreciation not by a promise of accomplishment, but by one of an honest and sincere effort to do always our best to prove worthy of the responsibilities placed upon us as men of Medicine and of Hahnemann.

May I wish you all a very bright and happy future.

Very sincerely,

ALFRED THOMAS DeVITO.

Interfrat Ball

The Builders of
THIS MEDIC

To the Staff and cooperative members of the Faculty and student body—I say "Thank you." You made work a pleasure for what we trust is one of Hahnemann's finest Year Books.

I hope sincerely that you will agree the end has more than justified the means.

May the book serve faithfully the purpose for which it was created.

IRVING L. LICHTENSTEIN,

Editor-in-Chief

Editor-in-Chief

IRVING LESTER LICHTENSTEIN

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VITO J. KEMEZIS

Business Manager

JOSEPH G. SAMOLIS

Assistant Editors

Carl William Truter, Jr.

Harry Troyen

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Jerry Klingbeil

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Woodward Corder (Mgr.)
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Arthur G. Denman
Joseph L. Curry
Arthur Schneeberg (Mgr.)
John Kennedy
Thomas Eby
Charles Samaha
Edward J. Ward
Margaret Wellhausen

AMERICO L. BARREIRO
President

The Student

To the Student Body:

In serving you as your President, I have endeavored to maintain and carry out the trust that you placed in me last year. Thus, the aim and object of the Student Institute throughout the year has been to establish better understanding of the students, complaints and suggestions by the faculty and military authorities.

Therefore, to the members of the Student Institute and of the student body, as well as the faculty, who have manifested throughout the year a grand, wholehearted spirit of cooperation, I want to proffer my sincere personal appreciation.

A. L. BARREIRO.

★ ★ ★

This year the Student Institute, although not too ostentatious, attained and maintained its place as the pace setter of student affairs at Hahnemann. It did this very well by doing away with much of the political stigma which has for many years been controlled with vise-like tenacity by certain groups. Thus, in the past the policies, functions, and purpose of the organization were of little concern to many, both student and faculty.

Under the capable, stimulating leadership of its President it has become a practical working model of student government. For the most part the various representatives were elected on their merits, and, to maintain their positions, attendance and interest at the Institute's meetings has been made obligatory.

With the proper coordinated cooperation of the members of the Student Institute and student body, as well as the fac-

ulty, many constructive projects have been accomplished during the past year. Undoubtedly, the outstanding achievement was the revision and ratification of the constitution. It, thus, did away with much of the political red tape and favoritism exhibited by certain cliques as alluded above. It, thus, permitted freshman and sophomores to work on the Medic staff and Blue and Gold dance committee without appointment. Furthermore, it relinquished some of its control over Medic Staff appointments to the Senior class, but maintained an over-all control to a sure coordination. An attempt was also made to make the Medic part of every student by requiring each and every one to purchase it with his caution fee.

Another laudable feat was the founding of the Curtis Fritz memorial lounge adjacent to the amphitheatre. This not only perpetuated the name of one of our beloved deceased

Institute

college mates, who was to be graduated with us this year, but also provides a much needed lounge. Monthly dances were held to augment the Curtis Fritz memorial fund established last year.

There are many other interesting innovations, but since they are too numerous, only a few will be mentioned; such as, founding of a standard Medic cover, purchasing of a bull fiddle and maintaining a modern dance orchestra.

As in the past, this level-headed, aggressive group allocated funds for game room and athletic equipment, traveling and other expenses were granted to the basketball team, glee club and orchestra.

Alfred T. De Vito

Harry P. Makel

Jess Edward

Joseph E. Turner, Jr.

Robert D. Woodmansee

Charles I. Pratt, Jr.

John R. McNeill

H. John Witman, Jr.

Lawrence W. F. Ryan

James P. Winkler

John W. J. Holland

Elizabeth Brown

First Row (Left to Right): James Kissler, William Jehl, James Kane, Nicholas Calvanese, Albert Cohen, Charles Brobyn.
Second Row (Left to Right): Marvin Greenberg, Lawrence Ryan, Daniel Mason, Irving Lichtenstein, Albert Cooper, Victor E. Gambone.

Interfraternity

Officers

NICHOLAS CALVANESE ..... *President*

JAMES KANE ..... *Secretary*

Council

In January 1944, a group of men representing the various fraternities at Hahnemann and feeling the need for an organization to bind more closely the fraternal spirit of the six active fraternities, founded the Interfraternity Council. The motive behind the organization is to foster fellowship, bring about better understanding and promote a harmonious relationship among all fraternities at the school.

The Council is composed of twelve men, two from each fraternity, one a member of the Senior and the other a member of the Junior class. The officers of the Council are a chairman and a secretary-treasurer.

In the short time the Council has been in existence it has successfully achieved most of its aims. It was under the auspices of the Council that, for the first time in the history of Hahnemann, a friendly and workable agreement was reached by the various fraternities regarding the rushing of pledges. In the future it is planned that this program will be further improved by the issuing of pamphlets to the members of the Freshman class. They will contain a brief history and statement of ideals, aims, and accomplishments of each fraternity. It is felt these will be a valuable aid to the Freshman in selecting the fraternity of his choice.

On March 18, the Council sponsored the first Interfraternity Ball, at the Ritz-Carlton. It was one of the most successful social events of the year. It is planned to make this an annual affair to be held in the first semester of each school year.

The Senior members of the Council are leaving with full confidence that their labors in formulating an organization of this type will not have been in vain. The Council is something new and still has a hard road ahead of it; but it is firmly believed that the men who will take their places will have the foresight to see beyond any petty differences that might arise and go on to make the Interfraternity Council the most outstanding organization at Hahnemann.

The Blue
and Gold

First Row (Left to Right)—
Leonard Flinkman, Alvin Siegel, Irving L. Lichtenstein, Harry Troyen, Albert A. Cohen, Sidney Fine, Benjamin Calesnick, Seymour P. Weinberg

Second Row (Left to Right)—
Lester Steinberg, Earl H. Rates, Clifford Gilbert, Theodore L. Orloff, Francis Rosenberg, Ralph M. Linsen, Alvin Soffe, Nathan Epstein, David B. Lester.

Third Row (Left to Right)—
Lester J. Groverman, Philip Rosenberg, Marvin Barnett, Bertram L. Tesman, William Wolgin, Arthur D. Silk, Bernard Etra, Arthur L. Schneeberg

Phi Delta

Officers

ALBERT A. COHEN ..... *Consul*

NATHAN EPSTEIN ..... *Vice Consul*

HARRY TROYAN ..... *Senior Senator*

THEODORE L. ORLOFF ..... *Scribe*

HERBERT MAYER ..... *Chancellor*

PAUL A. BRADLOW ..... *Historian*

BERNARD ETRA ..... *Marshal*

IRVING L. LICHTENSTEIN... *Inter-frat. Council Representative*

The Phi Delta Epsilon Medical Fraternity was founded October 13, 1904, at the Cornell University School of Medicine. Its aim, then as now, was to bring about a greater solidarity among medical men by promoting social and scientific endeavor while at school and after graduation. As time went on, more and more chapters were founded at the various medical schools throughout this country and Canada and the fraternity grew in strength, both in numbers and spirit.

The Hahnemann Chapter (Beta Zeta) of the Phi Delta Epsilon Fraternity, when organized March 8, 1929, consisted of only ten men. In selecting new members, a high scholastic record and personal attributes play a leading role. Meetings are held every month and invariably include a discussion of some phase of medical science. In short, medicine and its mastery is one of the foremost goals of our endeavors.

Among the outstanding men who participated in our scientific meetings are: Dr. Michael Scott, Acting Professor of Neurosurgery, Temple Medical School; Dr. Bernard Alper, Resident Jewish Hospital, Philadelphia, etc. In addition to these, many symposia and clinico-pathological conferences have been conducted at frequent intervals by members of the faculties of all our Philadelphia Medical Schools.

Yet there is time for revelry, too, in the form of dances, dinners and informal "get togethers." These affairs are often planned in conjunction with the other three Philadelphia chapters and the Graduate Club.

Epsilon

Phi Delta Epsilon has grown so that its chapters in the various medical schools now number fifty-nine. In addition, there are twenty graduate clubs scattered throughout the nation, which serve to perpetuate the bonds of friendship and medical effort started in student days.

Of our graduates, 2,465—the largest group of men from any graduate medical fraternity—are serving in all branches of the armed forces of the United States. On the home front Phi Delta Epsilon has purchased War Bonds in sufficient quantity to have seven bombers named for our organization.

The future is bright. Our nation will succeed. To all members of the Fraternity, let us be guided by our motto: FACTA NON VERBA (Deeds, not words).

First Row (Left to Right)—
R. O. Edds, T. P. Shea, J. W. Holland, R. A. Parker, A. S. Roberts, H. P. Pariser, J. P. Dirr, E. A. Parker, H. M. Wildblood, J. A. Kane, L. W. Ryan, G. P. Thomas, J. S. Campbell, R. Dauphin, R. E. Kunan, D. E. Fortner, C. G. Samaha, W. B. Schuyler

Second Row (Left to Right)—
A. J. Linder, S. C. Cissel, E. A. Bickell, E. G. Kina, V. F. Pakonis, B. T. Lanford, N. A. Kazanjian, E. A. Hahn, W. J. Elwell, R. T. Whalen, J. A. Stroud, G. W. Klem, A. B. Giknis, W. P. Arentzen, L. S. Helter, J. D. Melody, H. B. Waydemam, P. J. Sacket

Third Row (Left to Right)—
P. I. Kenmore, J. D. McGeary, L. J. Van Ess, L, , L. J. Rotondi, D. H. Robinson, E. J. Ward, E. C. Heath, J. B. Hartman, J. J. O'Shea, G. W. Sewell, F. E. Heyl, J. A. Broman, M. A. Pike

Fourth Row (Left to Right)—
T. F. O'Connor, T. M. Eby, H. C. McDade, E. A. Jasionowski

Alpha

Officers

N. CALVANESE ..... *Chairman*

JAMES KANE ..... *President*

LARRY RYAN ..... *Vice President*

JOHN LEEDAM ..... *Treasurer*

HARRY WILDBLOOD ..... *Secretary*

GAIL KING ..... *Assistant Treasurer*

Sigma

The Beta Chapter of Alpha Sigma, organized forty-seven years ago at Hahnemann by a small group of men, has today grown to one of the largest fraternities at the school.

The organized group consisted of six men. Today the Fraternity has on its active roster seventy-five members. Alumni members are found in every department of the hospital and teaching staff of the college.

The principles and ideals set down in the Constitution by the founders have remained the same for nearly a half century, the only changes in the Constitution being of a minor business nature.

Alpha Sigma was founded to promote friendship, loyalty, and fidelity among men united in a common field of endeavor and to strive for the advancement of Hahnemann and the principles of Homeopathy.

The social activities of the Fraternity consist of monthly dinner meetings held at local restaurants and feature talks given by brother members on the staff of the hospital. Dances are held throughout the year, as well as other functions of a social nature.

During the past year, Alpha Sigma took an active part in the formation of the Interfraternity Council and other activities designed to better the relationships among the students of the college.

The banner of Alpha Sigma flies high today as brother after brother serves his country in the armed forces with the same faithfulness that made him a good Sig.

First Row: Samuel P. Studybaker, Wm. D. Reilly, John D. Milburn, Jr., Cornelius A. Last, Jr., H. John Witman, Jr., Carl W. Truter, John O. Duey, Peter Minck, Jr., John R. McNeill, Robert E. Drewery, Rolfe A. Heck, Edgar C. Davis, Jr., Charles T. McCutcheon, Francis R. Souder, John E. S. Shuttleworth, Robert D. Woodmansee, Louis E. Fettig, Robert J. Carpenter, Jr.
Second Row: Robert K. Rank, Daniel F. Paul, Jr., Robert H. Wright, David E. Krusen, Charles Walker, Jr., George A. Swendiman, Jr., Frank O. Nagle, Jr., Owens Weaver, Stephen H. Clark, Joseph A. Visalli, Joseph E. Reese, Richard M. Steinhilber, Charles I. Pratt, Jr., Walter Kistler, Bradford K. Strock, Henry H. Lyon.
Third Row: John M. Hiss, Jr., George M. Brady, Edward S. Beck, Roland H. Corbet, Wallace L. Davidson, Chaler H. Kistler, Jr., Joseph A. Furey, George W. Deitz, III, David M. Benford, Jr., Gurdon L. Bradt, Hoooey W. Reed, John A. Hunt, Carl R. Fischer, Jr., Robert Dugan, Charles Buhrman, John Storer, Charles Planer, Marck Whitman.
Fourth Row: Earle Keeter, David Young, John Shinn, Edwin Torrey, Fredrick Wiegand, John Koemstedt, Gordon D. Meyers, Richard Kuhn, Henry W. Evans, Loftus Hengeveld, Jr., George Ehly, Paul Honan, William Southwick.
Absent: John A. Griffin, Wm. Russell Levis, Jr., Wm. Stevenson Duncan, Richard A. Dunsmore, James B. Ellis, Richard G. Ellis, Albert S. Freed, Robert J. Grancey, Harry F. Hutchinson, Wilbur F. Jehl, Charles D. Kelley, Hugh T. Mathews, Richard L. Stone, John G. Torney, John F. Beardsley, Frederick G. Jensen, Robert S. Mutch, Marshall K. Steele, Theodore B. Bachman, Jack S. Bullock, Ritchie Coons, Joseph Norley, Robert G. Trout.

Phi Alpha

Officers

ROBERT E. DREWERY ..... *President*

EDGAR C. DAVIS, JR. ..... *Vice-President*

JOHN R. McNEILL ..... *Treasurer*

ROLFE A. HECK ..... *Secretary*

One of the oldest of existing national medical fraternities, Phi Alpha Gamma was founded March 25, 1894, at the New York Medical College. Three years later, in January, 1897, the Gamma chapter was chartered at Hahnemann Medical College by the national organization. Since then the organization has enjoyed forty-seven years of existence at Hahnemann, each year increasing in its strength. This scholastic year we have attained an active membership of ninety-three.

In addition to the active chapters, the fraternity is composed of several alumni groups in such cities as New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland and Rochester, New York. We also enjoy representation in the National Medical Interfraternity Council.

Gamma

Annual fraternal activities include an evening devoted to entertaining prospective members, acquainting them with fraternal life at Hahnemann. Social life also has its turn, for attendance at the First Annual Interfraternity Ball, together with the Annual Dinner Dance (Crystal Room, Adelphia Hotel), highlighted the season. Each month, a dinner meeting is held at one of the hotels in the city for the purpose of strengthening bonds of brotherhood and hearing timely medical topics discussed by the alumni. To complete a successful year, a combined Alumni-Undergraduate meeting was held at the Hotel Warwick, July 29, 1944, to honor the departing Seniors, who receive keys and shingles, and also those alumni returning to renew acquaintances.

First Row—Charles W. Brobyn, Julius Chepko, Joseph M. Gambescia, Joseph G. Samolis, Thomas J. Zaydo, Alfred O. Boettger, Frank T. Anderko, Albert F. Cooper, Eugene M. Labowskie, William A. Kase, John L. Tomlinson, Luis Torres-Oliver, Armand Castagna, Raymond Blood, Jr., Americo L. Barreiro. Second Row—Edward P. Putkoski, Robert B. Hutcheson, Edwin E. Preis, Peter H. Lebischak, Ercole J. Liberi, Robert N. Reiner, Paul K. Ayars, Joseph E. Turner, William R. Dewar, Ruben Senda-Morales, Pedro Santiago-Ortiz, Julio M. DeCruz, Edmundo Castillo-Amy, Guillermo R. Armaiz, William D. Dietrich, George W. Rowney, Willard W. Christman, Frank E. Riefkohl. Third Row—Floyd W. Seager, Edward C. Cummings, John J. Kennedy, Walter Gerent, Henry J. Hoegerman, Robert V. Miller, John L. Johnson, Alvin Mancusi-Ungaro, Stanley J. Yamula, Alexander K. Niemiera, Vincent A. Scudese, Eugene J. Agnone, Raymond L. Reinbold. Fourth Row—Keith W. West, Robert E. Bovard, Milan D. Chepko, Edwin A. Mekanik, John P. Schantz, Thomas S. Cretella, Edmond V. Minasian, Louis C. Zeller, Jr., John A. Sakson, Walter G. Vernon, Jr., Emile P. Nowak, Louis A. Wesolowski, Henry J. Glah, Jr., Joseph J. Brzoza, Thomas W. Phillips, Jr., Joseph F. Tomasahefski, Ralph S. Phillips, Quentin S. Conwell, Frank L. Lyman. Members Absent—Manual F. Alsina, Dominic J Salines, Robert F. Burak, Mario E. Fornasier, Albert E. Hathaway, Eugene R. Kutz, Robert A. Olson, Joseph C. Squillace, James R. Adams, Jr., Peter Ditoro, Theodore A. Beck, Edmund R. Cytowicz, John M. Dolphin, Charles A. Guyer, Joseph V. Higgins, Haroun A. Shamai, Joseph J. Szal, Hugh A. Wells.

Pi Upsilon Rho

Officers

ALBERT F. COOPER ..... *Encephalon*

FRANK T. ANDERKO ..... *Medulla Oblongata*

EUGENE M. LABOWSKIE ..... *Calamus Scriptorius*

ROBERT F. BURAK ..... *Optic Thalamus*

ALFRED O. BOETTGER ..... *Torcular Herophili*

Brother Rhos at Hahnemann may look with a feeling of pride upon the past record of the Rho Fraternity. The distinction of being the oldest National Medical Fraternity in the country, having one of the largest undergraduate groups at this institution, together with the high caliber of the men in the list of alumni, forms a background which can hardly be surpassed.

The oldest national medical fraternity in the United States or Europe, Pi Upsilon Rho had its beginning on the campus of the University of Chicago in 1876, promoted by Dr. F. A. Rocky as the Ustion Society. It quickly gained respect of the faculty of that institution and spread to eight leading medical colleges. The local chapter, Vertebra Quarta, was founded in 1902. Another chapter has recently been organized in Mexico City under the guidance of our own Dr. Ray Seidel.

All initiates take vows to devote their lives to medical science. Their prime interest is to serve humanity and it is from this desire that the name "Ustion," which means a flame or light, was evolved. This is still commemorated, as the name, "Ustion," appears on the official seal, as does the flame.

The present year marks the forty-third for the Vertebra Quarta at Hahnemann. During this time many men, famous in the medical world, have enjoyed their undergraduate days as active members of this fraternity. Some of them are well known to all Hahnemann men, and include such notables as Drs. Eberhard, Ashcraft, Mercer, Dickinson, Favorite, Hepburn, Schmidt, Ricketts, Snyder, Goldsmith, Tori, Phillips, Van Lennep, Wells, Seidel, Criswell, and many more.

Many of the doctors, busy as they are, still find time to accept our invitations to monthly dinner meetings and other social functions. Here, they give freely of their experiences as doctors and offer welcomed advice to all who seek guidance. Traditionally the alumni chapter reciprocates by giving the undergraduates a party near the end of each school year, which marks the end of the social functions of the fraternity for the year.

In addition to our local affairs the National Chapter conducts an annual social meeting. This year the event took place at the Hotel Chelsea, Atlantic City, commencing June 19th and extending to the 22nd. This Vertebra was, as in the past, an active participant; all undergraduates were invited.

The business of the organization is conducted in short weekly meetings held at the college. Among our numerous accomplishments during the past year was the strengthening of the bonds of fraternalism between our active alumni chapter and the undergraduate group. This has brought about a better understanding and closer relationship between alumnus and student—we shall endeavor in the future to continue in this direction.

At present, the undergraduate chapter has an active membership of approximately eighty-five brothers and is guided in its activities by the alumni chapter which has on its roll about forty-five faculty members. This year, with the disruption of the normal routine of activities as a result of the Army and Navy programs, special commendation is due to the staff of officers headed by Encephalon Albert F. Cooper for having successfully completed the planned functions.

Top Row: Matthew Cappuccio, Salvatore Scalia, Frank Capobianco, Elmo Musucci, Historian; Frank Tornetta, Joseph Greco, Corres. Sec'y; Thomas Colombo. Lower Row: Michael Brignola, Angelo Maniglia, Horace Marucci, Joseph Scornavacchi, Treas.; Russell Maniglia, Sec'y; Victor E. Gambone, Pres.; Thomas D'Auria, Vice-Pres.; John J. Martucci, Joseph Raffa, Nicholas Calvanese, Anthony Alosi, Peter Dandread. Members Not Present: Anthony Mercogliano, Philip Esgro, Carmen Prunetti, Frank Guitor, Coordinator; Fruno Manno, Baldo Carnecchia.

Lambda Phi

Officers

VICTOR E. GAMBONE ..... *President*

THOMAS D'AURIA ..... *Vice-President*

RUSSEL MANIGLIA ..... *Secretary*

JOSEPH GRECO ..... *Corresponding Secretary*

JOSEPH SCORNAVACCHI ..... *Treasurer*

ELMO MASUCCI ..... *Historian*

FRANCIS GUITO ..... *Co-ordinator*

NICHOLAS CALVANESE ANTHONY MERK

Representatives—Inter-fraternity Council

LAMBDA PHI MU MEDICAL FRATERNITY was founded at the Cornell University Medical College in the fall of 1920, the first organization meeting being held on Columbus Day. While the original plan of the founder was to have the membership composed of medical students and doctors of Latin origin or descent; i. e., of Italian, French, Spanish, South American, etc., it was soon realized that it would be impractical to attempt to bring such a heterogenous group together. The result was that the membership became limited to one type, Americans of Italian parentage or descent. Lambda Phi Mu was primarily founded, then, to promote good fellowship and scholarship among the medical students of Italian descent.

That the purpose of the fraternity has been realized can readily be seen by a glance at the scholastic and social records of Hahnemann. Lambda Phi Mu has done its job well, so well that it has decided to make available to any student of Hahnemann the privilege of joining the Fraternity. In order to do this, the present members of the "Mu's" are reorganizing and forming a new fraternity.

Mu

The new fraternity will have as its pre-requisites the qualifications that parallel those of the other non-discriminating medical fraternities of the college. A new name has been discussed and an appropriate title has been voted upon by the members. The organization which was formerly Lambda Phi Mu has been redraped and now is called THETA CHI ALPHA —Theta (Θ) symbolizing Truth; Chi (X) symbolizing Constancy; and Alpha (A) being the *First* Chapter of the New Fraternity.

Theta Chi Alpha will maintain the old standards of good scholarship and fellowship, but it will be a non-sectarian group. It is the fullest desire of the members to continue their thorough friendship and cooperation with the other organizations of the college and also to assist in making Hahnemann a greater Hahnemann.

First Row: Marvin S. Greenberg, Julius Mintz, Norman S. Posner, Joseph B. Evans, Daniel Mason, Milton Graub, Rubin Block, Carl B. London, Leonard Lapinsohn.

Second Row: Daniel D. Freidman, William Mandel, Ellis Barrist, Leonard Bortin, Edward Weisman, Eugene Brecher, Charles Mintz, Robert Levenson.
Absentees: Edwin J. Powell, Allen J. Rosenberg.

Phi Lambda Kappa

Officers

DANIEL MASON ..... *Superior*

ALLEN J. ROSENBERG ..... *Vice-Superior*

MILTON GRAUB ..... *Treasurer*

JULIUS MINTZ ..... *Corresponding Secretary*

MARVIN S. GREENBERG ..... *Recording Secretary*

Front Row (Left to Right): F. Souder, W. Kase, J. Edwards, J. Duey, Dr. Snyder, A. Barreiro, W. Brobyn, C. McCutcheon, J. McNeil.
Back Row (Left to Right): D. Bratt, D. Young, R. Green, F. Zeluff, G. Brady, T. Cretella, D. Fortner, R. Heck, J. Hiss, H. Jacobs, K. Fisher, F. Naegle.
Members Not Present: M. Brignola, A. Freed, M. Mandarino, H. Matthews, B. Warren.

Aesculapius Society

Officers

DR. THOMAS M. SNYDER ..... *Sponsor*

JOHN O. DUEY ..... *President*

THOMAS CRETELLA ..... *Vice-President*

FRANK SOUDER ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

First Row (Left to Right): E. Parker, J. Parriser, V. Hammond, R. Drewery, Dr. G. Boericke, P. Minck, I. Lichtenstein, A. Castagna, J. Gambescia.
Second Row (Left to Right): J. Scornavacchi, R. Hathaway, G. Jehl, R. Dietrich, P. Cressman, R. Heck, R. Phillips, R. Green, J. G. Torney.
Third Row (Left to Right): R. Coye, J. Pickering, D. Fortner, M. Mandarino, E. Davis, H. Marucci.

Boericke Therapeutic

Officers

GARTHE W. BOERICKE, M.D. ..... *Advisor*

ROBERT DREWERY ..... *Chairman*

PETER MINCK ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

The Boericke Therapeutic Society was organized in 1936 with the purpose of further evaluation of the systems of therapeusis outside of the didactic lectures and clinical material afforded by the college and hospital.

For the attainment of this purpose several methods are employed. A guest speaker may be invited to the monthly dinner meetings and an after-dinner presentation made of a subject. Again one of the members may be chosen to present an epitome of a subject of current interest and a guest speaker is invited who elaborates upon the subject and gives many interesting sidelights. The third, and usually the most appreciated, method is to have Dr. Garth W. Boericke amble into the myriad of by-paths of medical knowledge with which he is so extemporaneously and fluently familiar while the boys pick up the proverbial "nuggets of wisdom" which come so fast and furious at times that the boys are more than a little flabbergasted. This amazing faculty has earned for Dr. Boericke the name of "Nugget King."

Society . . . .

Some twenty members are chosen each year from the Junior class upon formal application. This consists of a paper written on any phase of therapeutics. The paper is then examined by the members of the society, the student questioned, and a motion for admission or rejection is passed by the entire society.

The big night of the year is sponsor-night. On this night Dr. Boericke invites the society out to his home for the last meeting of the year. Plenty of food and beer and what have you passes around and this is capped by the presentation of keys and diplomas, and Dr. Boericke giving us the dos and don'ts and general low-down on private practice.

First Row (Seated from Left to Right): Luis J. Torres-Oliver, Andres A. Acosta-Acosta, Manuel F. Alsina, Jr., Luisa M. Gonzalez Quinones, Ruben Seda Morales, Julio Medina deCruz.

From Left to Right (Standing): Jose M. Berio-Suarez, Rafael Arsuaga, Edward Riefkhol-Villodas, Pedro Santiago-Ortiz, Edmundo Castillo-Amy, Guillermo Armaiz.
Absent: Dr. William Y. Lee, Advisor.

El Circulo Hispano

Officers

WILLIAM Y. LEE ..... *Consejero*
MANUEL F. ALSINA, JR. ..... *Presidente*
A. ACOSTA-ACOSTA ..... *Vice-Presidente*
RUBEN SEDA-MORALES ..... *Secretario*
EDWARD RIEFKHOL ..... *Tesorero*
PEDRO SANTIAGO-ORTIZ, EDMUNDO CASTILLO-AMY ..... *Vocales*

Front Row: Julio Medina DeCruz, Paul Cressman, Thomas D'Auria, John Shuttleworth, Peter Minck, Edgar Davis, Robert Coye, John Duey, Nicholas Calvanese. Second Row (Left to Right): Theodore Ballien, Richard Ellis, George Thomas, John McNeill, Wm. Jehl, Wm. Duncan, Harry Makel, Wm. Elwell, Vincent Hammond. Third Row (Left to Right): Francis Souder, Charles Kistler, Rolfe Heck, Wm. Burmingham.
Members Not in Picture: Vernon Corder, Robert Green, Fredrick McCarty.

Fisher Clinico-Pathological Society

We wish to pay tribute to Lt. Comd'r Russel Fisher, Sponsor of the society, who is on active duty, and to Dr. Favorite, who has taken charge of the society in his absence.

Officers

JOHN SHUTTLEWORTH..
PETER MINCK..... } .....Co-chairmen

Bottom Row (Left to Right): Julio Medina de Cruz, Richard N. Eckroth, Lucy La Salvia, Dr. Hunter Cook, Robert B. Dorsen, Dr. Roland Ricketts, Jesse Edwards, Alfred O. Boettger, Kenneth Michaile.

Top Row (Left to Right): Edwin J. Powell, Rex Dauphin, Benjamin Musser, John Hartman, John Broman, Theodore Ballien, Joseph Samolis, John Campbell Floyd Seager.

Glee Club

Officers

ROBERT DORSEN ..... *Director*

DR.R. RICKETTS..
DR. H. COOK.... } ..... Sponsors

Seated (Left to Right): Edward Putkoski, Carl Truter, Robert Drewery, Jess Edward, Albert Cooper, Vincent Hammond, Americo Barreiro, H. John Witman, Ralph Phillips.

Standing (Left to Right): David Benford, Jr., Richard Stone, William Jeffers, Robert Greene, Rolfe Heck, Thomas Cretella.
Those Absent: Alfred De Vito.

Craig Gynecological Society

Officers

ALBERT F. COOPER ..... *President*

VINCENT G. HAMMOND ..... *Vice-President*

JESS EDWARD ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

First Row (Left to Right): Ingersol, Alsina, Neimera, Eckroth, Parker, Whitman, Casey, Musser, Kara.
Second Row (Left to Right): Groth, Phillips, Jr., Cook, Edwards, Barrario, Samolis, Castagna, Marrucci.
Third Row (Left to Right): Scudese, Yamula, Zaydan, Calvanese, Gambone.
Absent: Gambescia, Merk, Troyan, Derrico, Hathaway, Wagner, Benford, Hobbs, Ryan, Sommer.

Hollis Otolaryngological Society

Officers

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JULES DAY ..... *Vice-President*

JOHN WHITMAN ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

First Row (Left to Right): N. Derrico, J. Whitman, P. Minck, H. Marucci, L. Lane, M.D., C. McCutcheon, W. Kase, B. Calesnick, J. Chepko.

Second Row: A. Cooper, T. Zaydon, A. Cohen, D. Fortner, Wm. Brobyn, J. Shuttleworth, W. Truter, R. Levis, H. Troyan, R. Drewery, F. Souder. (Absent: J. Kane.)

Lane Medical Society

Officers

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CHARLES T. McCUTCHEON ..... *Chairman*

HORACE D. MARUCCI ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

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KATHERINE CAPORALE ..... *Secretary*

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Jos. Tomosheíski
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REV. JAMES C. McERLANE ..... *Chaplain*

THOMAS SNYDER, M.D. ..... Advisor

OMNIA AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM

Agnone, Eugene John
Alsina, Manuel F., Jr.
Anderko, Frank Thomas
Baddour, Richard Albert
Barreiro, Americo L.
Berio-Suarez, Jose Maria
Brzoza, Joseph J. F.
Calvanese, Nicholas A.
Castagna, Armand
Cooper, Albert Francis
D'Auria, Thomas Mario
De Cruz, Julio Medina
Derrico, Nicholas Angelo
De Vito, Alfred Thomas
Dirr, John Paul
Esgro, Philip
Fedullo, Anthony Joseph
Galamaga, Peter
Gambescia, Joseph M. D.
Gambone, Victor E.
Gleason, Edwin Arthur
Gonzalez-Quinones, Luisa
Griffin, John Alexander
Guito, Francis James
Ingersoll, Charles
Kane, James Aloysius
Kasinskas, William A.
Kemezis, Vito John
Leedom, John Francis, Jr.
Levis, William Russell, Jr.
Maniglia, Angelo John
Martucci, John James
Marucci, Horace Daniel
McDonald, John Joseph
Migliori, Angelo John
Milkie, Frederick
Niemiera, Alexander K.
Onorato, Anna Theresa
Prunetti, Carmen Anthony
Raffa, Joseph Leo
Rozanski, Stanley John
Salines, Dominic
Samolis, Joseph George
Scudese, Alphonse Vincent
Torres-Oliver, Luis Jose
Yamula, Stanley Joseph
Zaydon, Thomas John
Arnold, Raymond Charles
Arsuaga, Rafeal Enrique
Aymar, Dorothy
Brignola, Michael Peter
Burak, Robert Francis
Capobianco, Frank Michael
Caporale, Catherine J.
Colombo, Thomas Michael
Conwell, Quentin R.
Cozzarelli, James Joseph
Cretella, Thomas Serafino
Dugan, Robert Rutherford
Duncan, William S.
Elwell, Wm. Joseph
Erba, Salvatore Michael
Fornasier, Mario Eugene
Freed, Albert Sargent, Jr.
Gettings, Thomas Herman
Giannini, Margaret Joan
Giocondo, Jean Angela
Grancey, Robert John
Greco, Joseph Francis
Greene, Robert Francis
Hickey, Joseph Paul
Higgins, Donald Jack
Jaksch, Mary Gloria
Kutz, Eugene Robert
Labowskie, Eugene Melvin
La Salvia, Lucy Anne
Mandarino, Michael P.
Manno, Bruno Vincent
Masucci, Elmo F. R.
Mathews, Hugh T. J., Jr.
McCarty, Frederick H.
Morgenbesser, Lawrence J.
Planer, Charles Kirby
Scornavacchi, Joseph M.
Squillace, Joseph C.
Turner, Joseph Ellis, Jr.
Visalli, Joseph Anthony
Boykiw, Jaroslav Alexis
Brady, George Michael
Bucciarelli, Vincent A.
Consolo, Salvatore A.
Cooper, Helen Claire
Curcio, Michael
Curry, Joseph Lawrence
D'Allessandro, G. Louis
Di Medio, Mary Thomas
Finley, John Robert
Giknis, Albert Blaise
Gleeson, John W. J.
Hayes, James Clarke Paul
Holfelner, Edward Daniel
Jacobs, Herbert Jerome
Jasionowski, Edward A.
Koehmstedt, John P. L.
Kuhn, Richard E. A.
Maniglia, Rosario
McDonnell, James Michael
Mekanik, Edward August
Melody, John Dominic Leo
O'Shea, John Joseph
Reardon, Joseph Peter
Riefkohl, Frank Edward
Sacket, Peter Joseph
Sakson, John Andrew
Santiago-Ortiz
Sarno, John Andrew
Scalia, Samuel Peter
Seda-Morales, Ruben
Sivulich, Michael
Szczepaniak, Joseph John
Tornetta, Frank Joseph
Vollmer, Paul Joseph
Weslock, Viola Dorothea
Alosi, John A.
Amy, Edmunco C.
Bax, Massino A.
Calabrese, Angelo
Cappuccio, Matthew
Capute, John A.
Cummings, Edward C.
Curran, John
Cytowic, Edmund R.
Dandrea, Peter P.
Daurelle, George P.
Dolphin, John M.
Donaldy, Wm. D.
Eichelmann, Henry C.
Furey, Jos. A.
Garcia, Guiellemo R. A.
Gerent, Walter P.
Glah, Henry
Gaary, Alvin E.
Henry, Francis P.
Higgins, Jos. V.
Holland, John W.
Kennedy, John J.
Klimevich, Gabriel
Liberi, Ercole
McDonald, George B.
McGeary, Jos. D.
Nowinski, Thaddeus S.
Nowak, Emil P.
O'Connor, Thomas
Pakonis, Vito F.
Reese, Jos. E.
Reese, Edward
Reilly, Walter M.
Reilly, William D.
Robbins, Anne
Samaha, Charles G.
Seiler, Francis
Shea, Thomas P.
Shevlin, Thomas
Simon, Nicholas A.
Szal, Joseph J.
Tomashefski, Joseph F.
Wells, Hugh A.
Wesolowski, Louis A.
Whalen, Robert
Zukel, William J.

Rev. James C. McErlane

First Row (Left to Right): Gambescia, Groth, Souder, MacCutcheon, Dr. Hepburn, La Salvia, Spielman, Kara, Cohen.

Second Row (Left to Right): Calesnick, Engel, Boyd, Musser, Reed, Heck, Makel, McNeil, Marucci.

Medical Science Society

Officers

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J. R. McNEIL ..... *Vice-President*

ELIZABETH BROWN ..... *Secretary*

DR. JOSEPH HEPBURN ..... *Faculty Advisor*

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Modern Orchestra

Officers

DR. R. RICKETTS ..... *Faculty Advisor*

"WIFF" MARTYN ..... *Director*

First Row (Left to Right): Hammond, Prunetti, Minck, Migliori, Dr. Newlin Paxson, Parker, Drewery, Fortner, Michaile.

Second Row (Left to Right): Nagle, Scornavacchi, Flinkman, Kane, Levis, Leedom, McCutcheon, Cressman. Absent: A. Siegle, Rosenberg, Kunan.

Paxson Obstetrical Society

Officers

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ANGELO MIGLIORI ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

First Row (Left to Right): Castagna, Mason, Gleason, Musser, Graub, Dr. Phillips, Gambescia, Troyan, Weinberg, Marucci, Fine. Second Row: Campbell, Block, Masucci, Melody, Spielman, Tesman, Van Dyke, Broman, Milanick, Young, Caporale, Hiss, Weslock, Greco Shapiro, Barrist, Mandel, Phillips, Steinberg. Third Row: Capuccio, Bradlow, Kurz, Johnson, Hoegerman, Ayres, Bortin, Weisman, Zeloff, Mintz. Absent are: Capobianco, Brignola, Colombo, Dauphin, Doncaster, Greenberg, Labowskie, Lapinsohn, Mintz. Sommers.

Phillips Anatomical Society

"The 'sine que non' of all medical science is a proper, a full, a thorough knowledge of the anatomy of the human body."

Officers

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EUGENE LABOWSKIE, LESTER STEINBERG,
HENRY HOEGERMAN, JACK CAMPBELL,
Board of Governors

Second Row (Left to Right): Joseph M. Gambescia, George Groth, Milton Graub, Charles McCutcheon, Paul Cressman, John Dirr, Alexander Niemiera, Victor E. Gambone.
First Row (Left to Right): Vincent Scudese, Julius Chepko, Peter Minck, Edgar Davis, Pres.; John Redman, M.D., Sponsor; Thomas D'Auria, Harry Makel, Vice-Pres.; Charles Ingersoll, Jules deCruz.
Not Present: John Shuttleworth, Francis Souder, Thomas Zaydon.

Redman Pediatrics Society

Officers

EDGAR DAVIS ..... *President*

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Front Row: J. F. Leedom, J. Storer, C. W. Brobyn, W. C. Engel, Dr. S. P. Reimann, A. L. Barreiro, D. W. Metcalf, R. D. Coye, J. O. Duey.
Second Row: A. H. Svedberg, L. E. Fettig, H. Hoegerman, H. Kistler, J. P. L. Koehmstedt, J. E. Turner, P. Pennypacker, R. M. Steinhilber, E. E. Trout, N. A. Kazanjian, E. J. Ward, E. L. Keeter.
Absent: R. G. Blood, P. Mick, Wm. Pigozzo, W. J. Elwell, E. M. Labowskie.

Reimann Oncological Society

Officers

DR. STANLEY P. REIMANN ..... *Sponsor*

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D. W. METCALF ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

First Row (Left to Right): Kane, Cooper, Evans, Davis, Dr. William Martin, Yamula, Martucci, Minck, Gambescia.

Second Row (Left to Right): De Cruz, Marucci, Flinkman, Drewery, Derrico, Levis, Weinberg, Engel, De Antonio, Niemera, Parker.

Van Lennep Surgical Society

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GUSTAVA A. VAN LENNEP, M.D. ..... *Sponsor*

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STANLEY J. YAMULA ..... *President*

EDGAR C. DAVIS ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

Front Row (Left to Right): L. LaSalvia, W. Martyn, J. O. Duey, C. W. Brobyn, J. P. Dirr, D. E. Fortner.

Standing (Left to Right): J. Tomlinson, E. E. Trout, G. W. Deitz, L. Torres-Oliver.
Absent: T. Cretella.

Blue and Gold Committee

Officers

C. WILMER BROBYN .....*Chairman*

1941
1944 SEPTEMBER
Sun. Mon. Tue. Wed. Thu.
FULL MOON 2
LAST QUARTER 9
NEW MOON 17
FIRST QUARTER 25
1944 AUG
Sun. Mon. Tue. W
JUNE
Thursday
14
SEPTEMBER
1944
AUGUST
OCTOBER
9th MONTH
Made in U.S.A.
As we remember them...

EUGENE J. AGNONE "Gene"
Scranton, Pa. B.S., University of Scranton, '41
Pi Upsilon Rho; Newman Club. Internship: Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Anything but a speed demon, "Gene" works slowly but methodically, taking on one task at a time and conscientiously completing it. This plan has stood him in good stead and in the future guarantees his success.

He has a marvelous sense of humor, swell guy to tell jokes to—he roars at all your stories and doesn't insist on telling his.

All of us will remember Gene for his good naturedness, his characteristic laugh and his broad, beaming smile. He is game for anything that is within reason. To meet him was to like him. "A grand guy" would be a modest tribute.

MANUEL FERNANDO ALSINA, JR. "Manny"
Ponce, Puerto Rico. B.S., Villanova, '41
Spanish Club; Pi Upsilon Rho; Newman Club. Internship: Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Manny is the greatest exponent of the Conga and the Romantic Bolero to hit Hahnemann in two generations. But his hard work and indestructible good humor, not his dancing, have won him the friendship and respect of all his fellow classmates.

Into the reaches of recorded time will go the tale of his freshman anatomy oral. After Manny's fifteen minute dissertation on the anatomy and histology of the entire buccal cavity, the examiner, who had asked for a description of the vestibule of the mouth, repeated in an icy tone: "Now, my dear doctor, will you please describe the vestibule of the mouth?"

Those Saturday night runabouts and those famous parties in the Bohio with the rest of the Puerto Rican gang will be soon over. He is not only getting an M.D., he is getting a wife, and Hahnemann gets him as an interne.

FRANK T. ANDERKO "Andy," "Shorty"
Reading, Pa. A.B., Temple U., '41
Pi Upsilon Rho; Newman Club; Softball 3 and 4. Internship: St. Joseph's Hospital, Reading, Pa.

Reliable as the Rock of Ages, a dancer extraordinary, the life of any party—that's "Anderko of Reading, Pennsylvania." And he didn't write this himself. To a casserole of sincerity, put light heartedness and tenacity; a highly facile and receptive mind; cover lightly with a ready smile; garnish with a good joke; and you have a delicious point-saving meal called Anderko.

Perhaps the thing we, his classmates, will remember best is his suave bedside air, which in clinics won instant confidence of man, woman, and child alike. In medical dispensary, he spared no effort in arriving at the provisional diagnosis of each case. His patent interest in the patient at hand, his painstaking and intuitive approach to each medical problem served as a model for all.

One thing is certain. Whether he becomes a general practitioner, a specialist, or part of the medical armed forces, his continual good cheer and outstanding medical abilities will bring him respect and friendship wherever he goes.

RICHARD A. BADDOUR "Dick"
Long Beach, N. Y. A.B., Univ. of North Carolina, '39
Internship: Medical Center, Jersey City, N. J.

Men, such as Dick, cannot be described in a paragraph or a page. The grandson of two eminent physicians, the brother of a physician, the son of a physician, Dick regarded his medical studies at Hahnemann very seriously.

Conscientious and considerate of others when he first came to Hahnemann, Dick avoided the machinations of honor seekers and student politicians and maintained to the end of his course the same unaffected quiet dignity which characterized him at first.

Those, who knew Dick only as a classmate, will remember his unoffending quiet manner, his slow gait with the long steps, his peculiar cackling laughter when he was pleased, and his loyal, original and logical arguments for homeopathy and Hahnemann.

Those fortunate enough to have gained his personal friendship during the medical course will remember him as one gifted with a rare patience, a keen judgment, and an understanding heart.

AMERICO L. BARREIRO "Al"
Hanford, Calif. A.B., Univ. of California, '41
Jr. Class Officer; Medic Staff (3); President Student Institute; C.C. of Navy; Reimann Onc.; Pi Upsilon Rho; Newman Club; Aesculapian; Craig Gyn; Hollis Otolaryngology. Internship: Huron Road Hospital, Cleveland, Ohio.

Horace Greeley said, "Go West," so Al came East and we wonder how he ever managed to tear himself away from California, the garden spot of the world, to hear him tell it. There is rumor that his tuition is being paid by the California Chamber of Commerce, but it's unconfirmed. He arrived in Philadelphia with a few crumbs of knowledge gathered at U. of C. and a little black book with enough addresses to keep an average man happy into middle age bachelorhood. Wherever Al went, West Jersey, Allentown, or right at home in the G.I. dispensary, the female heart went a little bit faster, and increased its output and efficiency. For a woman patient, there's no better pyretic in the N.N.F. pharmacopoea.

Al was elected to the highest office at Hahnemann, President of the Student Council. He ruled it well and wisely. But he will be remembered longest for those knock-down drag-out discussions on what uniforms the navy boys were to wear for their *Medic* picture.

His keen mind and ready wit should take him far in the practice of medicine.

JOSE M. BERIO-SUAREZ "Joe"

Santurce, Puerto Rico. B.S., U. of Puerto Rico, '38

Spanish Club. Internship: Presbyterian Hospital, San Juan, P. R.

From down under, where warm breezes bathe a beautiful isle, came a fellow burning with an insatiable desire to become an M.D. Joe, as he is known to his American good neighbors, arrived in this country with a background of three years of teaching Chemistry and Physics at the University of Puerto Rico, a beautiful wife, and an heir.

Berio, Alsina and Torres-Oliver, always in this same order, and in the third row in every class for four years, made a happy trio. Joe always kept his friends posted on events before they occurred. If you wanted to know where a class was being held—you just saw Joe.

He is the second member of the Berio family to graduate from our institution. His brother, Paco, received his M.D. degree in 1940 and he, besides taking care of a successful practice, has been serving as mentor, confidant, and inspiration to Joe ever since.

Joe has spent many sleepless nights wondering when he will be back in Puerto Rico, dreaming of the idyllic weather there, and hoping never to see fog-bound, ice-ridden Philadelphia outside of a nightmare again. When he goes we will miss him. "El Conado Presbyterian Hospital" in San Juan is the selected place of internship.

THOMAS P. BERRY "Berry"

Rocky River, Ohio. Western Reserve U.

Internship: Huron Road Hospital, Cleveland, Ohio.

A congenial smile for everyone and not a worry in the world—that's the typical impression of our jovial and carefree Tom Berry. Tom has his serious moments, as some of his closest friends will relate. Although some may be of the opinion that his favorite pastime is bamboozling a few free games on Maxie's pin ball machine, this curly-headed senior will vouch that his greatest delight in life is to sit back in a comfortable soft chair and enjoy a good bull session.

Tom never had much love nor time for examinations. He would frequently astound us by finishing his quizzes with remarkable speed, get up and leave the room early. It once caused a professor to remark, "I couldn't write the questions that fast."

Huron Road Hospital will be Tom's next stopping post after G-Day. The Buck-eye State is in line for a good M.D.

KARL R. BEUTNER "Karl"

Philadelphia, Pa. B.S., Dickinson Coll., '41

Boericke Therapeutic; Orchestra. Internship: St. Luke's Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

The slow type; often seen easing in and out of strange places; never without a woman; seldom a place without a bar; rarely without that Lincoln Zephyr. Karl is the type that grows on you day by day until he becomes a true friend.

"Skinny" has taken the first two sections of the national board exams. This son of a great father's greatest interest lies in Pharmocology and in getting fat. It is hard to talk about "Blondie," for he is always wrapped up in himself, weighing the problems for the night. His humanism and integrity have taught us the great lesson that if you're right and sincere you need not fear.

RAYMOND G. BLOOD, JR. "Ray"

Philadelphia, Pa. B.S., Penn State '41

Reimann Onc; Phi Upsilon Rho; Photographic Ed. Medic. Internship: Episcopal Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

In the class of '44, Raymond G. Blood has quietly taken his place as a good fellow and an industrious student. Although serious in his work and responsibilities, Ray is always in a cheerful mood and possesses a keen sense of humor. Ray is one of the few who can study medicine and still have time for other fields of knowledge and other pursuits. His broad-minded outlook elevates him from the class of "little narrow-minded men" of which the world has so many.

The class will remember him as the boy with the camera whose brilliant flash of light startled many a professor and awoke many a student. We can still see him walking around the school and hospital, encumbered with a bewildering array of photographic apparatus, seeking to photograph some unusual scene or sleeping students.

For his internship Ray has chosen the Episcopal Hospital of Philadelphia. As a result of three years of close association with Raymond G. Blood, those of us who expect to practice in or near Philadelphia in the future, look forward to a long and pleasant acquaintance with Dr. Raymond G. Blood, Jr.

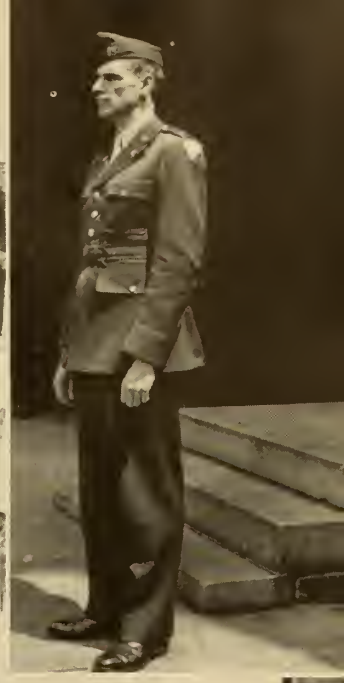
ALFRED O. BOETTGER "Red"

Hamden, Conn. Univ. of Alabama

Pi Upsilon Rho; Glee Club. Internship: Homeopathic Hospital of Rhode Island, Providence, R. I.

Big Red, the mainstay of the Glee Club, the pillar of the Rho's, doesn't seem to be noticed by many, but whenever we see his red hair we know that class will start. It is like a beacon. It is through the greater efforts of Red that the Glee Club is as good as it is. It was his job to get members to come to rehearsals. Obviously he was successful.

Red was married in his junior year and seems to thrive on it. Always happy, rarely any chips on his shoulder, he is a complete man, ready to carry on the traditions of good medicine.



PAUL F. BOYD *"Paul," "Boyd"*
Wilmington, Ohio B.S., Wilmington Coll. '41
Medical Science. Internship: Huron Road Hospital, East Cleveland, Ohio.

With a B.S. from Wilmington College, Wilmington, Ohio, his home town, this tall, quiet golden boy slipped unobstrusively into the Freshman class at Hahnemann. In the rush and madness that accompanied first year studies he went largely unnoticed, so quiet was his demesne. It was not long before his forthright manner of speech and earnest application to his work brought him to the attention of his classmates who took him right to heart.

His favorite topic of conversation is "My uncle in Cleveland who—" but he also talks on badminton, football, dancing, photography, and Superman. He likes his girls tall, exotic, and college bred, preferably from a fine family. His dates, however, were well spaced since his chief interest is medicine with accent on Urology.

Because of his close association with the boys from the land of sunshine and oranges, he has frequently been taken for a Californian. However, this loyal Buckeye seems to have held up remarkably under the barrage of western propaganda.

ROBERT S. BOYER *"Bob," "Champ"*
Philadelphia, Pa. A.B., Univ. of Penna. '41
Soft Ball; Tennis. Internship: Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Here is a man who hates to be hurried or worried. I doubt if any of us have seen "The Ace" flustered over anything. Come exams; come vacations; come girls; comes "the Champ" looking for Pool—again. Bob comes from the University of Penn., where his participation in sports has been carried on through his years at Hahnemann. He was the mainstay of the tennis team; the terror of the soft ball field; the bulwark on the basketball court; and an apple-getter on the pool-table. Bob has brought many picturesque phrases from his alma mater and here is one befitting Bob—"He's a character."

CHARLES W. BROBYN *"Willie," "Dimples"*
Philadelphia, Pa. Temple U.
Lane Med.; Phi Upsilon Rho; Aesculapian; Reimann Onc.; Chairman B. and G. Committee; Interfraternity Council; Medic Staff 2. Internship: Abington Memorial Hospital, Abington, Pa.

This likeable chap first saw light on December 30, 1919, in Philadelphia. He caused such a commotion on arrival that his parents thought at first it was Orson Welles. It wasn't so much Willie, but those big dimples that the grandmothers of the neighborhood fussed over. At present he is unmarried, but this is purely temporary, as there is a certain blonde sporting a diamond on the fatal finger.

At Hahnemann this solicitous lad won the respect of those who met him for his industry and effort. During his Freshman year he was an inconspicuous and conscientious student projecting slides for his former Sunday School instructor. Before the first semester had terminated, Willie found himself as well as his classmates in a Nation at war. Not to be outdone, he quickly applied for and was the first to obtain a commission in the Navy reserve.

Besides establishing and maintaining an excellent scholastic record, Willie found time to make friends and to take part in many school activities.

JOSEPH J. F. BRZOZA *"Joe," "Tito," "Broz"*
Philadelphia, Pa. A.B., Temple U. '41
Pi Upsilon Rho; Newman Club. Internship: Delaware Hospital, Wilmington, Del.

I like to spread good will everywhere, so I thought I'd point out for your benefit, at least one true man. Handsome in a dynamic sort of way, everyone likes him because he's real. He never gets angry except when irked by some practical joker; always ready to tell a joke that you have probably missed; always willing to check your notes against his; always willing to go to any social event if girls will be there; always willing to let you compare your figure to his to let you see how near perfect you are; always willing to be led by you if it will profit him. Joe is almost a myth at school. A politician who never ran for an office, an actor who never puts on. "He," as Bob Boyer says, "is terrific."

Joe is a strict advocate of practical medicine, always willing to watch an experienced doctor rather than try to do something he has not mastered. Joe bears watching and Wilmington's poor health system seems to be in for some revising.

BENJAMIN CALESNICK *"Benny"*
Philadelphia, Pa. B.S., St. Joseph's Coll. '38; A.M., Temple U. '41
Medical Science; Lane Medical; Medic Staff; Phi Delta Epsilon. Internship: Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ben came to Hahnemann with a B.S. from St. Josephs, an M.S. from Temple, and a year of research under the guidance of our own Dr. Beutner, under whose auspices Ben has published many articles on the pharmacological properties of the various local anesthetic drugs. It was the knowledge gained in that year that made Ben the "answer man" for the pharmacology course, and we remember well his fair but strict grading of our pharmacology lab. reports.

At medical conventions Ben was always seen with a host of classmates who were obviously envious of his talents, arguing with representatives of the drug houses about their pharmaceutical issues. Legend has it that he almost talked a detail man out of an iron lung; or into one.

Ben's affability and winning personality have made for him many friends who whole-heartedly admire his tenacity and drive, his boundless quest for knowledge, his unhesitating assistance to whoever was in need of scholastic aid, his great sense of humor, or his deep belly laugh.

NICHOLAS A. CALVANESE *"Nick," "Cal"*

New Castle, Pa. B.S., Geneva Coll. '37; Litt. M. Univ. of Pitt. '40

Interfraternity Council (President); Lambda Phi Mu; Fisher Pathologic; Medic Staff; Sports Director. Internship: The Western Pa. Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Some men are born great; others have greatness thrust upon them, and the rest have to achieve greatness. Lest us take Nick for example. He will have to achieve greatness. Why? I will let you decide. He came from a small town and immediately adjusted himself to the big town. He had the ability to make and hold friends; sometimes making adverse factions work harmoniously. This he has done by forming the Interfraternity Council and bringing the warring Frats together for their mutual benefit. This ability to work with people is not his greatest asset; his sincerity in any task he assumes, his honesty to himself, his knowledge of his capabilities and his personal decorum seem to stamp him as a candidate for greatness. Of course all great men are human, and Nick fits this bill, in his love for a party; his occasional cigar and glass of beer, a frequent gripe about the Army, and his interest in the opposite sex. You see he has what it takes and it won't be long before we hear of this true son of Hahnemann.

ARMAND CASTAGNA *"Arm," "Cas," "Stang"*

Philadelphia, Pa. B.S.,Villanova '41

Boericke Therapeutic; Pi Upsilon Rho; Hollis; Newman Club; Treasurer Class (4); Medic Staff (4). Internship: Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

A characteristic explosive outburst of laughter rocks the class room followed by a reverberation of mirthful chuckles as classmates respond to "Stang's" genuine jocularity. "Cas" hails from Villanova with a B.S. in Biology. His great hulk would have been a valuable adjunct to any team had not Mr. and Mrs. Stang stymied his athletic proclivities. Belying his physical stature, "Cas" is calm and retiring unless unnecessarily irritated by mental or physical torments. A member of the classic triumvirate, Castagna, Marucci and Gambescia, he became ripe for plucking last December and settled down to a life of domestic bliss with the former Mary Saccomandi, a most charming lady. Armand turned financier extraordinary when he capably collected the dues 100 per cent from the class in the capacity of treasurer. Next to medicine his chief interest with Brzoza and Calvanese is getting the money-ball in the side pocket.

JULIUS CHEPKO *"Chep"*

Greensburg, Pa. B.S., Univ. of Pitt. '39

Pi Upsilon Rho; Newman Club. Internship: Community General Hospital, Reading, Pa.

Jules, or "Chep", as we sometimes called him, was one of the quietest students of our class; yet he was always one of the most approachable.

Sincere in his friendships, quiet, modest, and practical in his relations with the members of the class, Jules slowly but steadily gained the esteem of those who knew him.

The trials over which this man triumphed in order to study medicine and obtain a degree from Hahnemann were known only by a few. Yet one may wonder how many of his classmates, even among the certain number who took pleasure in his discomfort, could have succeeded if they had themselves been similarly tested.

Jules will be a fine physician, one of whom Hahnemann in time will be proud.

ALBERT A. COHEN *"Quinn"*

Philadelphia, Pa. A.B., Univ. of Penn. '39

Phi Delta Epsilon; Medic; Medical Science. Internship: Mt. Sinai Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

It is not easy to describe good men. Adjectives are not sufficient, and unless one writes at length, an otherwise earnest description will be thought platitudinous by those unacquainted with the man.

Al worked quietly among us during his medical course. Serious in purpose, unselfish and cooperative in his method, soft-spoken and undemanding in his manner, our regard for him and respect for his ability and judgment steadily increased as time went on.

Al was one of the very few who was at the end of the medical course as unassuming and approachable as at the beginning. His dignity was not affected. His knowledge was not pedantically displayed. He imposed his opinions upon no one. Successful in his studies, he had no envy of his classmates' success and never was heard to utter a word designed to belittle or embarrass.

FRED WILLIAM COOK, JR. *"Cookie"*

Follanshee, W. Va. A.B., West Virginia Univ. '42; B.S., West Virginia '43

Hollis Society. Internship: South Side Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Out of the hills of West Virginia, in a cloud of Rum and Maple smoke and with a jug of corn squeezin's under his arm, F. William Cook transferred to Hahnemann to complete his medical studies. It was almost a week before the class noticed this quiet, diligent, wavy-haired stranger, sitting in the fourth row, carefully taking notes and vainly trying to explain that not all West Virginians are shoeless and carry feudin' rifles.

Bill took his pre-medical training and pre-clinical work at West Virginia University where "Montani Semper Liberi". When asked about his southern accent, he claims that he left it home. While in college, he played saxophone in the R.O.T.C. band, took a couple of years of military training and did tumbling and bar work as a member of the gym team.

During his senior year in medical school, this mountaineer became a Junior intern at Roxborough Memorial Hospital where he amazed the nurses with his imperturbability and skill, in the delivery room and accident ward. It was here, too, that he became acquainted with ambulance rides and some of the thrilling experiences that can occur in the early hours of the morning.

CLASS HISTORY

(*Continued from page 162*)

until a few days before the first Path exam, the morning of which found us assembled in our labs (the farthest we'd been from a bathroom in two hours) biting our fingernails down to the elbow. Leonard, like the keeper of the book of Doomsday, scrawled the numbers on the blackboard that sealed our fate. Those who drew Dr. Sappington were carried gently downstairs and laid outside his office.

An oral with Dr. Barthmaier was a gala event. Five or six gathered in a room while he proceeded to call everybody by the wrong name, ask questions Boyd himself would have to look up, and give your mark to somebody else. With excruciating logic he passed everybody from his own lab and let the others forage for themselves.

Dr. Fisher, that prince of pathologists, lectured to a packed house. His lectures were so good in fact that one day a radio station sent in a recording apparatus to put his voice on records. Rumor has it that he is now a Lt. Commander in the Navy but we personally believe that he has given up medicine for a more profitable career on stage, screen and radio.

In addition to Pathology, the first half year was primarily concerned with G.O.F. on Bacteriology. On Mondays he carefully explained the Ehrlich Side Chain theory and the difference between agglutinin, agglutinogen, agglutinogenigen, agglugenotin, agglu—well, at least we thought he did. In lab we gram stained everything from grape-like clusters of Staphlocooccus Aureus to grape-like clusters of ourselves, and at 3:55 we stuffed everything into the incubators including our lab partners and ran like hell. From time to time Weinberg or Baddour would inoculate a rabbit which would die before it had proved anything, but the year passed.

Somewhere out of those Tuesday and Thursday postprandial stupors known as Pharmacology comes to mind that genial German aristocrat, Dr. Reinhard Beutner. Obviously born with a nice appreciation for class distinction, he put the "C" students in the front of the room, the "A" students in the back of the room and, with a teutonic flair for symmetry, the girls in the middle. The latter as a result, bore the main brunt of the barrage that went up when Dr. Beutner turned his back to write on the board. Airplanes and shoes from the back of the class, spitballs and chalk from the front, all landed alike in the middle. At times before the beginning of the hour, the air was dark with the passage of missles.

Chief among the features of this course was the opportunity to smell and, if you liked, taste most of USP XII. Confusion reigned supreme as bottles passed up and down the rows accompanied with cries of disgust and delight as each drug was uncorked and inhaled. Somewhere in the middle of it all Dr. Beutner would shatter his pointer on the desk and shout, "Szilence! I giff you an hexam." And this would be immediately followed by screams for "nuggets" and the class, dismissed in tumult, would belch out into the hall.

The second half year of work had more variety if nothing else. Dr. Cook counted the food vacuoles in parameciums and Drewery counted the days until Christmas. Dr. Sylvis told of a bullet with which you are all familiar. Dr. Taggart received a five-minute ovation when he announced that we were going over to the hospital to take a case history, Anderko's first and last. Dr. Mattern concentrated on balls in rectums while Berry and Derrico concentrated on balls in side pockets. Dr. Viglione passed out notes with pictures of naked women in them to hold our interest and gave us a grade on our attendance record. Four honest individuals asked for "C's", and they'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din. Dr. Seidel gave us a new word for water—aqua distillata so Leedom and Mason decided to try some. And Dr. Frignito told us all about sex as if we didn't know. Ben Calesnick, nevertheless, took an awful lot of notes.

The boil which came to a head at the end of March, was lanced by Dr. Sappington with a dull tool, and after two weeks' vacation we were Juniors. Did we say Juniors? *Juniors!*

This royal throne of kings, this sceptered state,
This place of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This happy breed of men, this little world
This precious stone, this envy of less happier lads,
This blessed hope, this realm, this Junior year,

was not what it was cracked up to be.

If "the art of writing is the art of applying the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair," then the art of being a Junior is the art of bending the elbow down at the Jungle while some pal answers roll for you. And then copying his notes later. All told, some thirty men from the improbable reaches of Philadelphia lectured us red white and gangrenous for seven hours a day, five days a week and, insult on injury, until one o'clock on Saturdays, a full hour after

every other class, Boettger and Levis had gone home. The twelve to one hour on Saturday was so irritating that on one occasion only approximately forty per cent of the class appeared. Dr. Geckeler shook a fractured femur at the empty room, turned on his heel and went out, dragging his movies behind him. Whereupon those righteous folk present shattered all precedent and took their own roll call.

The Junior week began at nine on Mondays with Dr. Boericke in a pool of Hahnemann cocktails lecturing on Homeopathy. His tests consisted of the modalities and indications for a box of twenty-five cent cigars. All the crib notes that got into those exams couldn't have been carried on the backs of two mules.

Pelvic hypotonia and movable fixation, the cornerstones of the GYN department were laid like two great eggs every Tuesday morning. Dr. Craig with the precise enunciation of Paul Muni, Dr. Hessert in the tones of the late John Barrymore, both gave an actor's air to their subject. And they would have been far better off playing forty weeks on Broadway in "Charlie's Aunt" than spending forty weeks with the Hahnemann students in "Mabel's Vagina".

Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays were obstetrics days. Drs. Crowthers, Paxon and Lafferty took us through the birth canal so many times we felt like the Volga boatmen; Dr. Crowthers with matter of fact precision, Dr. Paxon with gem-like phrases, and Dr. Lafferty with more cynicism than anybody since Voltaire. (And this is going to be the only MEDIC in history which doesn't drop a bomb on Dr. Lafferty.)

Dr. Hunter and Dr. Evans showed us which blade went in first and whether one grasped the near or far foot. Yamula and Zaydon being left handed never did get it straight. We may not know whether to pull up or down on an aftercoming head but just watch us on a three-cushion billiard shot.

The week over at West Jersey—let's not go into that here. We've enough trouble without litigation for libel. Suffice to say if all the nurses at West Jersey and all the Hahnemann students were laid end to end we wouldn't be surprised.

The opening of Garden State Park created a lot of enthusiasm among the railbirds. Carlo De Antonio missed his thirty-to-one shots; Chepko didn't. Milt Graub usually managed to make expenses. Nick Calvanese concluded that even school politics was more on the up and up. Al Rosenberg sent his sugar ration coupons to a horse named Aonbarr (the animal was so good to him.)

Beside Garden State and Geckeler, Saturdays were variously occupied with Dr. Miley who was determined that we read Best and Taylor be it only during his exams. Dr. Ruth and his aviation minded associate, Dr. Tyler, managed to break away from their semi-closed systems about three times a month to give us a lecture on anesthesia. The chief almost turned Brzoza into a McKesson gas machine one day for studying Dr. Lane's notes in class. And while we're on the subject of Dr. Lane let's all pause for a short hurrah.

On the 25th of June the biggest rumor in our time proved to be fact and the Army boys marched off to New Cumberland and Meade. Some thought that being a part of the war effort was too good to be true. Lichtenstein and Cohen didn't believe it until they had peeled their two hundred and twenty-fifth potato. The interlude at camp might have been a pleasant holiday if it hadn't been punctuated with intervals of ditch digging, floor scrubbing and gastro-enteritis.

Lt. Ware met the group from New Cumberland at the station and marched them back to school via Broad Street. The performance was so bad it became necessary to stop traffic that was proceeding in both directions. Executing a smart column left, the medics two abreast made their way through the hospital drive and into Room C without the loss of a man, least of all Lt. Ware.

The Navy men soon were in uniform, too, but their only contact with the military life was the end of a needle of T. A. T. It might be well to stop here and state that Brobyn, a very swell guy, was in the Navy, a great organization. (Our share of the contract now fulfilled, C. W. B., we expect your check for the MEDIC by return mail.)

It wasn't until Souder's lecture notes had filled two washbaskets that we realized it was time for mid-years. No wildest flight of prose could describe the process of taking twenty-five exams in ten days. Sleep was something you had read about or seen at the movies. Lunch was limited to one of Jake's fast sandwiches with plenty of "moostard". Those who never knew they could raise a beard couldn't find time to avoid one. Despite repeated pleas the Dies Committee would not investigate but, like even De Rivas' lectures, the two weeks finally came to an end, and proud in our new uniforms we beat it for home.

The start of the second half year wasn't so

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ALBERT F. COOPER *"Al," "Coop"*
Wilkes-Barre, Pa. B.S., Univ. of Scranton '41
Pi Upsilon Rho (President); Newman Club. Internship: Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

This one will fool you. He looks quiet, unassuming, bashful. Hah! He's got a mind like a knife, a tongue like Bob Hope and a line that keeps them calling three months after he's forgotten their first name. And of all the people who have gone to medical school, none have ever taken examinations with more equanimity and aplomb. We lesser mortals rend the air and tear our hair when finals pop around while Al examines the current cinema bills and wonders if his average will be A plus or minus.

This past year Al has become active in school politics and a general all around man. He is head of Pi Upsilon Rho, and as President of the Gynecology Society, spent most of his time tracking Dr. Craig from uterus to uterus in an effort to get him to appear at one of the meetings.

A perennial smile, honest effort over three years, an intuitive approach to diagnosis, a shining future—That's Cooper.

V. WOODARD CORDER *"Woody"*
Louisville, Ky. A.B., Drury Coll. '34
Fisher Pathological; Medic Staff (4). Internship: Women's Homeopathic Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

If there ever was a person more determined to reach a goal, there was never one like Woody. He set his mind on a certain end and never let anything divert his energy from that end. First, he made up his mind to become a doctor, and through a murderous first and second year he worked doggedly. Then, when sure of his goal, he became human. The job, as Photographic Advisor to the Medic, was his naturally because Woody has worked most of his way through college and medical school in this field. Here again, his sights set, he defied the whole student institute and Navy personnel until he got his way. The funny thing about the whole thing is that Woody was right. We hope that in your work you will be just as successful.

ROBERT D. COYE *"Pedro"*
Pasadena, Calif. A.B., Univ. of California, Los Angeles '41
Reimann Onc.; Fisher Pathological; Boericke Therapeutic. Internship: Los Angeles County General Hospital, Los Angeles, Calif.

Rolling into town behind a sage bush and a cloud of California dust—this western Romeo dug into Philadelphia circles like an 1860 claimstaker. With a donkey, a gravel sieve, and a raven-haired wife, this passionate Pasadena lover roamed the streets of Philadelphia, making friends and gathering plenty of Medico nuggets for his return to the west.

Instilled with a genuine interest in people—it was natural enough that people should be interested in him. With this asset and a keen mind "Pedro" set to work, discovering for himself the Art of medicine and the hallowed ground a doctor treads in service of his fellow man. Not one to cut his classes, this genial fellow appeared at every lecture, determined to get out of his schooling all that his accomplished professors could teach him. It was a familiar sight to see this "word for word" note-taker borrowing paper before every lecture and then scribble throughout the hour at a furious pace—and this pace continued even amidst the smelly, but healthy sweated aroma of room C during July and August. Whether Bob's choice be general practice, surgery, or the puzzling problems of persons with perverted minds, there is no doubt that this Soothsayer with his deft diagnostic ability and keen insight will conquer heights where the less ambitious fear to tread.

PAUL G. CRESSMAN, JR. *"Paul"*
Lewistown, Pa. B.S., Muhlenberg '40
Paxson Obstetrical; Fisher Pathological; Boericke Therapeutic; Redman Pediatrics; Sub. C.C. of Navy. Internship: King's County Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

For the last two years Paul could be seen, dressed in old clothes hanging in front of Maxie's. This could be easily explained. He lived there and his girl friend, Betty, lived across the street. Then Betty became Mrs. Cressman and now Paul doesn't stand in front of Maxie's any more. Paul is the quiet type who does his work, studies industriously, and minds his own business. A lesson most of us have never learned. He should do well in later years; he has a good start.

THOMAS M. D'AURIA *"Tom"*
Uniontown, Pa. B.S., Washington & Jefferson '41
Lambda Phi Mu; Redman Pediatrics; Fisher Pathological; Newman Club; Class Secretary (2); Class Treasurer (3); Soft Ball. Internship: Shadyside Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Tom is on the large size, both in stature and in personality. With a pleasant smile and a facile disposition, he wanders through the corridors of the school and hospital passing out pleasantries and placidly stating that General Marshall is a typical product of Uniontown. Ah Uniontown, that pleasant little burg buried among the coal-bunkers. Many are the names in the news that come from that smoke-stained town or at least from the clean suburb, Pittsburgh.

Tom was a late addition to the freshman class but he lost no time in making all of his personality felt. By his sophomore year he was one of the class officers and then in his junior year guardian of the class gold. His senior year he retired from active class membership to take on the serious responsibility of guarding his roommate Harry Makel from the advances of numerous women.

Contentedly, he watched fellow students haplessly wander into the Lutheran Hospice, squirm under the dietary regime, and leave the establishment in a disgusted mood. With a gentle hand and a good-natured jibe he has guided faithfully the policy of the Hospice.

EDGAR C. DAVIS, JR. *"Pancho"*

Dover, Ohio A.B., Ohio Wesleyan Univ. '39

Internship: Huron Road Hospital, East Cleveland, Ohio.

This genial product of the Buckeye State entered Hahnemann after tasting of the higher knowledge of four different Universities. These institutions deserve credit for their tutelage in social conduct, as Pancho, the other half of the Pancho-Pedro combination, was soon to make himself conspicuous with his bow tie, big smile and blondish-red hair (what there is left of it) and his mastery of the art of "How to make friends and influence people". His uncomparable ability to discover and exploit the most recent idioms in the English language, such as "How's your love life?" and "Young 'n tender" will for many years recall his impression to the memories of his classmates. However, it was soon discovered that this side of his personality was not to surpass his ability to cope with any academic situation of perilous import, and incidentally to end up on top.

CARLO P. DE ANTONIO *"Carlo"*

Scranton, Pa. A.B., Johns Hopkins Univ. '41

Newman Club; Soft Ball. Internship: St. Luke's Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Fair complexioned, with baby skin and red bow-like lips, is a fair description of this, our classmate and colleague. His ability to grasp the subject with only a slight amount of study and his powers of retention are phenomenal. His capacity for varied and sundry curricular and extra-curricular activities, is amazing.

Among the more frivolous experiences of this "Healer of Illnesses", is his passion for fire trucks and what goes with them. Having watched many of the notorious conflagrations within the county, he is an authority on the efficiency of the P. F. D. He is also very fond of horses, caressing each one in an understanding and friendly manner. He has exhibited a desire to learn the geography and topography of this fair city, hence he knows plenty about the interesting "spots".

Being of an athletic character and build, he is a favorable teammate or opponent in darts, pool, "Stein races", and bouts of all varieties.

Our prediction for Carlo is a colorful career and an interesting future.

JULIO MEDINA DE CRUZ *"Cusi," "Pedro"*

Philadelphia, Pa. A.B., Defiance Coll.; Columbia Univ.

Member of American Association for the Advancement of Science; Member of American Society of Phys. Anthropologists; Fellow of Royal Institute of Anthropology; Van Lennep; Redman Pediatrics; Fisher Pathological; El Circulo Hispano; Pi Upsilon Rho; Orchestra; Glee Club.

This unassuming and quiet Caballero from the Tropics came to Hahnemann after some research studies in filterable viruses in the Welfare and Post-Graduate Hospitals, New York City.

He is the product of a good family, a well-balanced education, adventure and travel almost global in extent.

Humor has it that he causes the Dracontiasis in Africa and Persia (disease caused by the Dracunculus Medinensis) (Medina worm) and the South American sleeping sickness in Brazil (caused by Tryponosoma Cruzi).

This Wormy-Trypanosome is also smeared as a "great lover" and his dark and winning personality seem to gain the approval of the red-heads and the blondes.

NICHOLAS A. DERRICO *"Nick"*

Bronx, N. Y. A.B., Cornell Univ. '41

Newman Club; Lane Medical; Van Lennep Surgical. Internship: St. Francis Hospital, Trenton, N. J.

Our graduation day has finally come around and I'm sure many of our class have yet to know who this man Derrico really is. Others can say Nick was the man to see when you needed a five spot.

Quiet as he seemed to be, he had one asset which many of us have the least of—"common sense". He always did or said the right thing at the right time. His grades proved he wrote the right thing at the right time also. When you wanted to know something—"ask Derrico".

Nick's extra-curricular activities seemed more like "Peck's Bad Boy". He could make a cue ball speak any language you asked it. One day in his junior year his cue ball developed motor aphasia and a guy named Pigozzi beat him out—it is a shame such a memory should have to linger. The Yankees at Shibe Park caused many of his afternoon classes to go by unattended. Cornell playing anyone at anymany of his afternoon classes to go by unattended.

ALFRED T. DE VITO *"Al"*

Midland, Texas A.B., Univ. of Michigan '39

Newman Club; President Senior Class; B. and G. Committee; Student Institute; Craig Gynecological.

A personality deluxe and a countenance that is magnetic, may we present one who needs no introduction, versatile Al De Vito. A musician, traveler, student and above all a "regular fellow", is the consensus of opinion of those who have had the good fortune of meeting him. Whether in the classroom, in the hallway or across the street from the Americus Hotel, his radiating personality never failed to attract the attention of those about him. It is more than the neatly pressed blue uniform which has distinguished him in our group, for as early as the Freshman year, Al was given the job of putting the Freshman dance over. Student Institute representative and President of the Class have been other stations on Al's trip through medical school.

Shibe Park is one of his favorite summer resorts and don't fail to consult him if you have any questions concerning last year's World Series. As a President he has been "tops". Al has unearthed the greatest quantity of nuggets since the '49 Gold Rush. His suaveness and diplomacy have frequently served as a substitute for Aspirin tablets for many of the Seniors. When this war is settled, Texas is in line for a very prominent medico.

CLASS HISTORY

(Continued from Page 227)

bad for the finals were still four months away. Dr. Favorite took us to places of civic interest, showed us how to turn garbage into breakfast cereal and sewage into Vichy. Foulk and Cressman got a summons from Bartenders' Local No. 88 for their non-union work at Esslinger's.

Sometime during the Junior year almost everybody joined a society. Gladys Rosenstein who tried awfully hard for GYN, settled for OBS. The members of the Craig Society were determined to keep women out, for since Craig never came to the meetings, they were usually devoted to stag movies and risque jokes. Ed Parker belonged to so many societies a dog was purchased to carry around his keys.

Dr. Redman, who had a society, too, lectured on Wednesday afternoons on the six best ways to burp a baby.

Dr. Frank—

Before we drop off to sleep—Dr. Goldsmith gave among other things the leukemias and his Pabst Blue Ribbon cure. Dr. Vischer knows more about Cecil than Cecil.

After electing the Als—DeVito and Barreiro—president of the class and student council respectively (even Jim Kane had to admit everything was constitutional) we thought we'd better knock off for Christmas. When we came back two weeks later we were Seniors.

The term began with a five-day course in Psychiatry at the Circlon in Allentown. Pariser spent enough time there to psychoanalyze the bartender three times. Between hangovers we went out to the State Hospital and saw what could happen to us. A scientific place, it featured a lecture on Radar; and Migliori received two proposals of marriage, both, as you may have guessed, from nuts.

An excellent prescription for involutional melancholia that your writer picked up at the Ric Chien goes:

Lime Juice ..... 1 oz.
Gin ..... 1 oz.
Apple Jack ..... 1 oz.
Sugar to taste.

If six of these don't reestablish normal menstrual flow nothing ever will.

Saturday morning we were due back to school but work really didn't begin until Monday. We then discovered that the class was divided into three sections: Medicine, Obstetrics and Surgery, putting them in alphabetical order which is the only place to put them. It is said that one takes away from a course only what he puts into it. Most of us left with our match boxes stuffed to the brim.

The surgery section, for those who had it last at least, can most nearly be described as a combined turkish bath and floor show. Dr. Lee in his blue pajamas and Dr. Carpenter on his flying trapeze headed the bill. Despite the virtuosity on display in the amphitheater, most of the apathetic Seniors were more interested in the adventures of Dick Tracy, the third at Garden State or, stretched out over five seats, in the arms of Morpheus. Occasionally an unusually loud exclamation from Dr. Sylvis would cause Thomas to roll off onto the floor where he would remain until twelve o'clock or until Ann Ororato stepped on him in the process of stealing out for a coke.

Dr. Geary and Dr. Hunsiker were just as good as ever. And Dr. Geckeler whisked patients in and out with such rapidity as to create a vacuum. One morning when the name of the patient to be operated on was read off, two students (and we don't mean Salines or Samolis) got up and said, "This is our case. We did the history two days ago." Whereupon the resident, intern and surgeon uttered a cry of grim dismay and toppled into the wound.

Medicine was started with good faith and the best of intentions. We originally determined to work up our cases in a truly scientific fashion, but our earnest questions were too frequently met with, "No spikata eenglich" or, "You're the fourth person who has asked me all this. Go away." Sid Fine did and wasn't seen for two days. After giving up case taking for Lab work we gave that up, too. Boyer learned how to do a differential on paper. And one day while looking at the chart, Flinkman discovered he had done two micro-blood sugars on Sunday. The excellent lectures given between nine and ten almost got us out of bed. What am I saying!

According to a house-to-house survey made by Anthony J. Fedullo, there are more women in Philadelphia without uteris than any place in the world, and this is largely due to our own GYN department. Twice a week throughout the year, Drs. Craig, Hessert and McFaydon vied with each other to see who could do the most hysterectomies. On week Dr. Hessert fell a little behind but on the following Thursday reestablished his lead by doing four with a vaginal plastic for dessert. While tenaculums pulled and anomalous uterines spurted, Galamaga and the rest of the section for that matter, slept.

There was no sleeping in OBS. Wednesdays were devoted to Dr. Lafferty's humming bird's

eye view of Novak. Fridays featured a chummy little quiz section with chats on contraception. These were supplemented with a trip to the birth control clinic where we learned that the difference between a seventy-five and eighty is sometimes seven and one half pounds. The week in residence at the hospital was a pale shadow of the stay at West Jersey. It is actually reported that a student, who shall be nameless, delivered a baby. The foolhardy creature.

The Army was slowly turning us all into psychoneurotics. Early one chilly morning a new member of the cadre gained immortality by prefacing his remarks with: "Listen fellows, I'm a good Joe." A travelogue of the Philippines was given by a "laboratory man". And another hour was spent teaching us the latest in the treatment of "shocks". They tried, Lord luv 'em, how they tried.

You've all heard of the Punic Wars, of the War of the Roses, the Hundred Years' War. Well, our class had the War of the Gamma 8 Plan. Everybody was telling everybody else what to wear for his picture, and everything from a suit of mail to a turkish towel was suggested. On one side in staunch array stood the Navy men. On the other side in a condition more or less of unanimity stood the rest of the class and Corder. After forensics such as have not been heard since the days of Lincoln and Douglas, Dr. Schmidt settled the whole thing. By turning to the front of the book you yourself can decide what it was all about.

By the time summer came around, even the best dispensaries had become depressing. Outside the sun shone, the birds sang, and Coye went to the movies while we poor medical students spent the afternoons peering down people's noses and throats and listening to Dr. Boericke throw the calcium and phosphorous levels back and forth like the ball at a ping pong game. Friday afternoons, Dr. Steinhilber continued his Junior year blood bath with unannounced quizzes and semester exams that were calculated to flunk a quarter of the class and to act as a central emetic.

The OBS dispensary was fun for obvious reasons and at least provided enough patients to keep us all busy. Charlie Ingersoll didn't have to stoop to see. In contrast to obstetrics was the four fifths of an exam we did on the three eights of a neurological patient that each of us had per day. GYN dispensary was more of that hypotonia stuff. Dr. McFaydon came in twice and taught us more practical gynecology than we had learned in two years. Medical dispensary was the old Army game consisting of putting the new cases into somebody else's box. "See Here Private" Esgrow achieved fame by asking his patient if she had thrombo-angitis obliterans. Nobody laughed louder than Evans.

In Pediatrics we weighed the baby, pushed back its umbilical hernia and computed a formula. First take the weight times one and one half. This gives you the expected height in years. Next divide the number of feedings into the expected weight. Metric system, of course. Add three tablespoons of dextromaltose, a fifth of Calvert's and a dash of bitters. Let me see now, where were we? Never could do trigonometry.

As you all know, the MEDIC goes to press before graduation, we hope, so the record stops here. Looking back over three years of what Ed Gleason calls "Blood, sweat and beers", there was much laughter and there was much for tears. For laughing, think of Marucci, Rozanski, McCutcheon and Castagna fighting for three hours because somebody slipped an extra 13 into their game of money ball. And if you must have tears, well—think of Dr. Bernstein and his toy balloons.

JOHN P. DIRR

Richmond Hill, L. I., N. Y. A.B., New York Univ. '41

Alpha Sigma; Redman Pediatrics; Newman Club; Sect. B. and G. Committee (4). Internship: West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital, Camden, N. J.

Coming to Philly from Long Island, John often said that before he applied to Hahnemann for admission as a student, he never knew the City of Brotherly Love even existed. A true son of the Empire State, John attended St. John's Preparatory School in Brooklyn. After one year of college training at St. John's University, John transferred to N. Y. U. where he received his A.B. degree.

At school, this son of Hahnemann could always be found wherever a round table discussion was taking place and it was often rumored that he was taking up "law" in his spare time. "Constructive criticism is good for the soul" was John's explanation for his participation in these bouts.

John made many friends—both male and female. Among his classmates, John was a bosom pal of Al Barreiro, Wilmer Brobyn and that package of dynamite—Charlie Ingersoll.

ROBERT E. DREWERY *"Bob," "Drew"*

Kenmore, N. Y. Univ. of Alabama

Phi Alpha Gamma (President); Lane Medical; Boericke Therapeutic; Paxson Obstetrical; Craig Gynecological. Internship: Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

We know Bob as a smooth dresser, a polished gentleman and a "climber". He and his charming wife are to be seen at every "greater Hahnemann" function enjoying a well-mannered good time.

Scholastically he is to be classified under the heading of a conscientious, hard-working student. In spite of his numerous extra-curricular activities, Bob has managed a capable junior internship at the Broad Street Hospital.

We are sure that the same characteristics that may have endeared Bob to us will assure his success as a competent physician.

JOHN O. DUEY *"Duey"*

Beaver Falls, Pa. B.S., Geneva Coll. '41

Phi Alpha Gamma; Aesculapian (President). Internship: Huron Road Hospital, East Cleveland, Ohio.

A native of Beaver Falls, Pa., Jack typifies the resourcefullness one is apt to find west of Pittsburgh. This inheritable attribute was quickly recognized by the good Dr. Snyder, who lost no time in housecleaning his department, and nominating Jack to his staff. By the time his Sophomore year rolled around Jack determined that two could live as cheaply as one. Putting theory to practice he readily determined that such was the case. A less intrepid individual would have rested on his laurels, but not Jack; surely, three could do what two had done and thus we find a third member, brown-haired, blue-eyed Marjorie Ellen Duey augmenting the family tree in his junior year. Posterity will record the fact that this was the first bundle of cheer acquired by our class.

Academically, Jack was the eighth wonder of the world. His familiarity with the finer points of medicine oft-times caused professors to stand with their mouths agape while his classmates endeavored to entangle themselves from their muddled mentalities. Since his preference is surgery, it is only natural that this department reaped the benefits of his learning.

RICHARD N. ECKROTH *"Eckie"*

Elizabethtown, Pa. Elizabethtown Coll.

Hollis Otolaryngology; Medical Science; Glee Club. Internship: Harrisburg General Hospital, Harrisburg, Pa.

Dick, one of the quieter members of our class, hails from Elizabethtown, Pa. Where is Elizabethtown? To find out, please refer to "Eckie" for detailed information on that subject which on many an occasion has been a source of amusement to us, his fellow students. Eckie, to be sure, is far from quiet in expounding on the values of his home town. He graduated from Elizabethtown College with a B.S. in Science.

Here at Hahnemann, in spite of exams and hard work, Eckie has had fewer cares than many of us. The nonchalance which he manifests before an examination is unparalleled by the majority of students. This carefree attitude will be affirmed by his close friends who know that Eckie is to be found going to bed at 9:30 P. M. before an important examination scheduled for the following morning. However, Eckie has always managed to come out on top with each and every exam.

JESS EDWARD "Jess"

Freeport, N. Y. Wesleyan Univ.

President of Class (2). Internship: Huron Road Hospital, East Cleveland, Ohio.

Ah, sweet morpheus. Thou art here! And so into a profound sleep this man among us goes. But he is a quiet sleeper, so we do not arouse him.

One of our more ardent sport fans, Jess would often go to the "Y" for a swim, perhaps an afternoon of tennis, round of golf, and perchance a few days of skiing up in New England during vacation time.

After spending several summers aboard a New York harbor tug as fireman, Jess followed the spray of the salt air into the Navy—and looked right swanky in his new gob suit and shining black shoes.

During his Senior year, he served a junior internship at The Roxborough Memorial Hospital learning the practical knowledge of the operating room, accident ward, and ambulance calls.

Among other things, he dug holes in the hospital lawn practicing his mashie shots, plowed up the tennis court, practiced his guitar and cowboy songs, and built a boat as a sideline.

WALTER C. ENGEL *"Walt," "Celdo"*
Colton, Calif. A.B., Univ. of California '41
Van Lennep Surgical; Medical Science; Reimann Onc.; Symphony Orch. Internship: Los Angeles County General Hospital, Los Angeles, Calif.

In September, 1941, this young fellow, hailing from the Golden West, appeared in our midst, grinning absently and began spreading propaganda about his home state, if he could only find some poor listener.

It was not long until Walt was found to be an arduous worker and a good student, despite his habit of late arrival to classes. He could often be found working alone in the laboratories or wards long after every one else had left. It is still somewhat of a mystery as to whether it was his "terrific speed" or his industry and search of knowledge that kept him there. Although his work was characterized by change of mood, he always somehow managed to find time to decipher his voluminous pages of southpaw scrawl just in time to produce excellent effects.

PHILIP ESGRO *"See here, Pvt. Esgro"*
Glassboro, N. J. B.S., Rutgers Univ. '41
Newman Club. Internship: Paterson General Hospital, Paterson, N. J.

Alert, quick to ask sound medical questions, reserved, conscientious, and yet inwardly congenial, was "Phil of Neurologic clinic fame". He mixed soundness of thought with humor to the admiration of fellow students.

The "Jersey whizz" could delve into the deepest study and retrieve the subject matter with the ease of a spiritualist. Once at work, play and laugh would take second place unless it was of benefit to the work at hand. His diagnosis is never made at a snap, but the thorough, sound medical technique.

A philosopher in deed, and not in word, Phil believes that the greatest problem of life is the human equation and that is what he takes pride in trying to untangle.

Phil Esgro has experienced the roughness of a crooked road and not the purple smoothness of inherited riches. Despite this, he has stuck to the straight and narrow and is about to reach a glorious plateau.

JOSEPH B. EVANS *"Joe"*
Philadelphia, Pa. A.B., Univ. of Penn. '41
Van Lennep; Phi Lambda Kappa. Internship: Mt. Sinai Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Quick, turn around! That's the Evans I was talking about. He's the only one who can present a case in clinic like Cecil and hold the attention of the student body and professor alike."

Joe arrives each morning on time for reveille in a sleek white-walled Packard—hard to differentiate him from Col. Hitchens. He is one of Hahnemann's staunchest followers, has proved more drugs in the last four years of his "spastic colitis" than can be found in a repertory. Says he AND Bassler know more about that condition than Bassler alone.

He was often seen tagging along with Flinkman from whom he will admit he gained the finer points of a bedside manner. Once he had a patient in syphilis clinic who became to attached to him she wouldn't let anyone else jab her with the Bi.

ANTHONY J. FEDULLO *"Tony"*
Hazleton, Pa. B.S., Villanova '40
Newman Club. Internship: St. Joseph's Hospital, Reading, Pa.

Up to this time, Hazleton, Pa., was acclaimed for its basketball teams, but now we have our friend "Tony", who, we know, will at some future time add to the acclaim of the "Mountain City".

He came among us, a quiet, young gentleman. His down to earth honesty, extreme willingness to help others, and reliability soon endeared him to all his associates. Being quiet, he is not one to speak out of turn, but when he does venture an opinion you can be sure that his opinion is respected and held in high regard.

Though his early years were studded with many accomplishments, they were stepping stones to greater achievements during the latter years. These latter years brought out two great important qualities—a grand professional attitude and a philosophical mind. Indeed, his associates can well appreciate these attributes.

Being a true student of medicine, the ability to learn was inborn. His meticulousness and powers of concentration enabled him to apply what he learned to the practical problems encountered.

SIDNEY FINE *"Sid"*
Philadelphia, Pa. A.B., Univ. of Penn. '41
Phillips Anatomical; Phi Delta Epsilon. Internship: Mt. Sinai Hospital, Philadelphia.

It was quite apparent at a very early date that Sid would be the class philosopher. This was substantiated when this lad was overheard discussing the "Irreluctable Modalities of the Infinite", a subject worth discussing by anyone but a medical student on a date.

Doubtless his most admirable virtues are his sincerity of purpose, his comprehensiveness and his ability to work hard. Few are more thorough in their studies and have as keen an interest in medicine. Curiosity was his constant companion. Those around him were always stimulated by the pointed questions he put to them.

Skiing is his favorite sport and many was the week-end that Sid disappeared to the Poconos to ski without the Army ever suspecting. It was at one of those sojourns that our hero reached the climax of his artistic career when he recited "The Cremation of Sam Magee" while being cold sober.

RD M. ADDIS
& CO.

LEONARD FLINKMAN *"Len," "Flink"*
Philadelphia, Pa. B.S., Villanova '39
Paxson Obs.; Van Lennep Surgical; Phi Delta Epsilon. Internship: Memorial Hospital, Roxborough, Pa.

Here we have a lad who exemplifies all that is "real" in a fellow student. He has always loved the science of medicine and his zest to learn its intricacies and secrets has made him the conscientious student that he is.

We can all recall the time when "Flink" was asked to assist Dr. Roman at St. Luke's Hospital. The excitement of it all was so great that Flink refused to wash the talcum from his hands till he got home to show his parents the actual proof of his efforts.

"Flink's" loyalty to Hahnemann was unexcelled in that all his classmates were familiar with his famous cry—"Homeopathy? It's Voodoo! But those pills did cure my migraine".

His steadfastness was further exemplified by his repeated proposals to resign from the ASTP, but this threat was soon abolished by the company commander.

DONALD E. FORTNER *"Don"*
Lewisburg, Pa. B.S., Bucknell Univ. '40
Aesculapian; Paxson Obs.; Lane Medical; Boericke Therapeutic; Alpha Sigma; Manager Orchestra; B. and G. Committee; Medic Committee. Internship: Jackson Memorial Hospital, Miami, Fla.

"Dear Dr. Steinhilber"—these words to explain his neurology exam and his preparations for the nuptials certainly did not produce the desired effect upon the good doctor. However, Don did get married to that nice little nurse after letters, phone calls, etc., had paved the way.

Don is extremely interested in medicine and has gone so far that he has even moved a bit of Hahnemann to his apartment and does his own laboratory work and prescribing. Since he found himself the patient, the "sink test" is no longer adequate and more modern methods have been substituted.

Don likes to hear and tell good jokes. If you are ever banged on the head with an eraser and turn around quickly to find Don studying diligently and "Maury" sleeping—don't be fooled. Hit them both for good measure and you cannot miss.

MORRIS FOULK, JR. *"Morrie"*
Woodbury, N. J. B.S.,Dickinson Coll. '41
Boericke Therapeutic, Medic. Internship: Delaware Hospital, Wilmington, Del.

"What's your name?" roared Wild Bill Sylvis. "Foulk, F-O-U-L-K", replied our hero. "I'll remember you in the final oral," promised Wild Bill!

Thus, our boy Morrie launched himself on a career which has won for him the undisputed title of Class Character.

Many are the times he caused the near-wrath of a lecturer to hover threateningly over his oh-so-closely cropped head, but masterful handling of the situation by a tactful adoption of humble (?) courteousness saved the day—and no doubt, our boy Morrie!

King of the Back Row Boys, Unparalleled Peer of Side Remarkers, Inveterate Newspaper Peruser, this fellow is incapable of being out-bluffed, and can withstand almost any extreme of temperature, as evidenced by his ability to sit through lectures in an overheated room without removing his heavy Army overcoat.

Differing markedly from the usual Class Character, Morrie has a very decided amount of gray matter which has not gone undeveloped.

PETER GALAMAGA *"Sam," "Pete"*
Philadelphia, Pa. Temple Univ.
Newman Club. Internship: St. Luke's Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

As a Freshman Pete was quite a favorite with his fashion-plate clothes and his characteristic pompadour. This young fellow has won many friends with his smooth way and a personality always poised, refusing to be ruffled or disturbed in its equanimity. His favorite expression—and how we remember it—was "I beg your pardon".

Through the rapidly successive Freshman, Sophomore and Junior years Pete whirled, doing very well for himself. He was always a very since and capable student and did his work well.

Alas, then, the Army came along and fondly but sadly our young friend laid aside that terrific gray Homburg, the dashing gray suit, the last word in peg collars, and decked himself in kaki and sun-tan. We are forced to admit the transition was quite favorable. Pete will be remembered as Lady Morpheus' husband.

JOSEPH M. GAMBESCIA *"Gamby," "Yuss"*
Philadelphia, Pa. B.S., Phila. Coll. of Pharmacy and Science '39
Pi Upsilon Rho; Newman Club (President); Redman Pediatrics; Boericke Therapeutic; Van Lennep Surgery; Phillips Anatomical; Medical Science; Hahnemannian Monthly (Student Ed.); Medic; Orchestra. Internship: Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gambescia came to us by way of Villanova, and since his arrival has been an inspiration to us all. Rumor has it that this ex-druggist came to medical school because he couldn't keep triple decker sandwiches together with toothpicks.

When Joe came to Convocation he ran all the way from South Philly and was late. He has been running ever since, and still misses rolls, much to the Army's annoyance and his consequent private lessons in drilling.

If he isn't in conference with Graub plotting bigger and better Anatomical Dinners or looking through keyholes to write his nefarious "235 N. 15th Street" column; or boasting of his personal pride and joy—the Newman Club; then you can be sure he is in the company of his new and charming wife.

VICTOR E. GAMBONE *"Vic," "Little Man"*
Philadelphia, Pa. A.B., La Salle Coll. '41
Redman Pediatrics; Phillips Anatomical, Hollis Otolaryngology; (President) Lambda Phi Mu; Newman Club. Internship: Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

This little fellow is grand master of the "Scootch" Club. Never has there been a more characteristic height or a more typical laugh in the halls of fair Hahnemann. Effervescent personality, extreme friendliness, and good fellowship are his chief charms. All of us know Vic and his wise way of saying things, with his right hand poised in the air, describing in waving flourish what he means.

But, dear reader, please let me tell you of this young man's greatest charm for the fair sex. Blessed with a pair of deep brown eyes surrounded by lashes of more than usual length, this little man has precipitated many attacks of paroxysmal tachycardia in numerous fair hearts. Just what those long lashes do for those soft liquid brown eyes must be considerably destructive on the reserve of our fair damsels.

EDWIN A. GLEASON *"Ed"*
Camden, N. J. B.S., Muhlenberg Coll. '41
Phillips Anatomical; Newman Club; Medic. Internship: West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital, Camden, N. J.

From Camden via Muhlenberg came a young red-head medical aspirant whose presence was early accorded a welcome reception.

Ed maintained his cheerful wit throughout his entire stay at Hahnemann—no matter how trying or formidable the presenting obstacle appeared, he could always insert a quip that resulted drawing a smile from us all.

When the baseball season arrived one could always find out the latest sporting nuggets on the Philly front from Ed—and many times the games were replayed at the "Kettle"—that is, until the females arrived, when the old boy would display his talents as a jitterbug.

When "Garden State" opened up at Camden, Ed always had a sure bet in the fifth race—he is one of the few that has consistently bet on the nags and come out ahead; except for the time he played a deuce on the Pride of Camden in the final race of the season in '44—the old firehorse finished up last, 25 lengths out of sixth place; thus proving they still breed the best horses in "Kaintucky".

JOSEPH R. GOLDSTEIN *"Yussel," "Joe"*
Philadelphia, Pa. A.B., Penn. State '37
Phi Delta Epsilon.

Penn State contributed our Joe to enrich the medical profession as one of its most most conscientous and scholarly members. His versatility was far-reaching, but unknown to many, as he was so thorough and complete in his classwork that there remained little time for much else.

Oft times one could go go into the Academy of Fine Arts and discover Joe enraptured in the Oils hanging on the walls. Music also held its charms for Joe—many nights found him at the Academy of Music listening to Rubenstein, etc.—forgetting the woes of the classroom which on occasions became sheer drudgery for his mind.

While at Penn State Joe was awarded the Dean's cup for his ability in the ROTC drill field—but there was a turnabout when the army took over Hahnemann.

LUISA M. GONZALES-QUINONES *"Luiza"*
Gurabo, Puerto Rico Temple Univ.
Newman Club; Student Institute; Club Hispano; B. and G. Committee. Internship: Sacred Heart Hospital, Allentown, Pa.

Our first acquaintance with this fair senorita was via a cable read to us by Dean Pearson at our Freshman opening exercises. She was sorry to be absent, but had been delayed by a storm at sea. Luisa finally arrived from Puerto Rico only to find herself plunged into another storm here at Hahnemann, and the necessity of weathering waves of Chemistry and blood letting; Physiology and frogs; and worst of all Pathology!

As we came to know her better certain things were associated with Luisa—her sparkling eyes and flashing smile, her many pairs of exotic shoes, her famous Rhumba at the Interfraternity Ball, her successful term as first girl representative on the Student Institute, and her quaint pronunciation of American slang.

MILTON GRAUB *"Milt"*
Philadelphia, Pa. A.B., Temple Univ. '40
Redman Pediatrics; Phillips Anatomical (President); Phi Lambda Kappa. Internship: Mt. Sinai Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

A lad more diffident and shy than Milt was hard to find when he came to Hahnemann to try his hand at medicine, along with the rest of us. (But medicine and women do strange things to one.) Those of us who watched him grow and adjust to a new life saw him gradually abandon his shyness for something more befitting.

Although reserved and thoughtful he edged himself into our hearts by his good spirits and ever-cheerful grin.

Milt, next to his size, was big in all things pertaining to sports—baseball, basketball, football. Nothing else seemed important. But then, there were nurses at Hahnemann Hospital, pretty ones. We all noticed a new surge in Milt's interests when the clinical years began in the hospital.

Extra-curricular activities, planning meetings for the Phillips Anatomical Society, alternating Junior interning at Women's Homeopathic and Mt. Sinai or arranging ski trips (a new fad with him) at Lake Placid or the Poconos seemed to occupy most of his time. But they were worth it.

Prometheus Rebound
(AN ALLEGORY)

"Lette thoughts to aerie fancie flee,
Suspende, suspende realitie."
PEARSON AND HEPBURN

SCENE I

The curtain goes up revealing Mount Olympus surrounded by a large white cloud on which are seated various members of the Class of 1944. They are all dressed in satin scrub suits of assorted hue and are engaged in animated conversation. There is an air of tense expectancy. It is the year 2000 A. D.

DEVITO: Let's have a little quiet, please. *This remark is greeted with uproarious tumult and applause. He clears his throat and repeats in a somewhat louder voice:* Let's have a little quiet please. *The noise gradually subsides as attention is focused on the president. Finally, all is quiet save for a faint persistent buzzing coming from back stage.* Somebody read the minutes.

A LOUD VOICE (suspiciously like Beutner's): To hell with the minutes. Has he come yet?

CLASS IN UNISON: Yes, has he come yet?

DEVITO: *Stoops over, clears a hole in the cloud and peers through.* I don't see him, but he ought to be here by now. *There is a thunderous commotion off stage right. Everyone looks in that direction as the noise grows louder. Presently a large ball of fire rolls on stage and stops in front of DeVito. He opens the door.* Oh! *His smile fades. We thought it was somebody else.*

MISS FISHER: *Steps down from ball of fire clad only in loose veils and a spiral notebook.* Quiet! I want to make an announcement.

DEVITO: Quiet.

MISS FISHER: Where is everybody, anyway?

DEVITO: Wake up in back. Miss Fisher wants to make an announcement. *The pale, sleep ridden faces of Edwards and Galamaga peer out from the clouds on the side and look around.*

MISS FISHER: I want to see in my office all those who have been here more than twenty years but not more than twenty-five unless you were under thirty on your first birthday here, or had your birthday not after March first of that year. It that clear? I got a wire from Harrisburg, and if they don't have that information by 0930 you won't get your old age pension. *Furthermore,* if you don't all have your names on your lockers by tomorrow morning, I'm going to blow the whole damn place up, myself included. *With these words she steps back into her ball of fire and drives off in a cloud of smoke.*

DEVITO: *After the smoke has cleared.* As you know, we are gathered here to determine the exact cause of death of each member of the class so that it can be incorporated into our permanent class history. *Looks around for Martucci.* Hey, Martucci, come down and write the minutes of this meeting.

MARTUCCI: Me? Write? I haven't written a word since I got my third secretary.

DEVITO: Your *third* secretary?

MARTUCCI: Yea, she was a *secretary.*

DEVITO: *To Class.* Can't anybody take shorthand?

ANNA ONORATO: *From the fifth row.* I can. Where's a notebook? Let me at it. *A titter runs over the class as she makes her way down front.*

MARTUCCI: *Whispering to DeVito.* Now where do you suppose she learned to be a secretary?

DEVITO: I don't know but she sure looks as if she's been around.

ANN: *To Devito and Martucci in a very worldly and sarcastic tone.* Stow the gab. Let's get started.

DEVITO: *To Class.* Now when Ann calls your name, I want you to state in as few words as possible the essential details of your death. Ready? Agnone!

ZAYDON: That does it! *Hysterically seizes his silky hair and pulls it out by the roots. He shifts his convulsions from clonic to tonic and continues.* Ever since I was so high—*he indicates with his fingers the diameter of the female ovum*—I have been at the end of lines. All my life whereever there was a list—I was at the end of it. *Sobbing.* I can't stand it any longer, do you hear me? I-can-not-stand-it-any-longer. *Swoons.*

YAMULA: *Matter of Factly.* He passed out.

WITMAN: Who has some smelling salts?

DEVITO: *Shaking his head.* Let him sleep. He's better off, poor boy.

ANN: You're right. Let's start at the end. Okay, ready? Zaydon!

MARTUCCI: He's unconscious, stoop.

ANN: I'll "stoop" you. *Kicks Martucci viciously on his shins. Martucci stoops.*

DEVITO: Quit playing around. Let's get going.

ANN: Yamula, you're next. What caused your death?

YAMULA: *Succinctly.* Silicosis.

ANN: Whitman, what about you?

WITMAN: Do I have to say?

DEVITO: *With emphasis.* Stop being coy.

WITMAN: Well, if you must know, it was this way.

—Curtain—

SCENE II

The curtain rises revealing Max's Sandwich Emporium on a sunny fall afternoon in the year 1944. Gathered in back around the slot machine can be seen, Berry, Davis, Coye, Pariser and Witman. They are talking in loud tones of voices. Pariser is bending over the machine, his tongue clenched between his teeth.

COYE: I figure it this way. If the 7 and 8 bumpers light up and Harry can send the ball through, he will make the highest score ever made on a slot machine.

DAVIS: How many free games does he have now?

COYE: Four hundred and seventy-two.

BERRY: What will happen if he gets five hundred free games?

WITMAN: *Jokingly.* It will probably explode.

It does. Exeunt in pieces.

—Curtain—

SCENE III

As the curtain rises on Mount Olympus again, a chauffeur driven Buick is seen at the center of the stage. Drewery is peering out of the window with a somewhat bleary eye.

DREWERY: Is this the way to the Boericke Society Meeting?

DEVITO: That was yesterday.

BEUTNER: Get the heap out of here.

DREWERY: *Indicating Alice who is beside him on the seat.* Sir, you are speaking of the woman I love. *Makes imperious gesture to chauffeur and the limousine glides smoothly off stage left.*

ANN: *Looks at Roll Sheet.* Let me see, Winner, you're next.

LAURA: Well, I had the first six like rolling off a log. the seventh however was a transverse presentation, the membranes ruptured—

ANN: *Interrupting.* Okay, we get it.

DEVITO: Who's next?

ANN: Weinberg.

WEINBERG: *After a slight pause.* Bronchiolitis Fibrosa Obliterans. *There is a pregnant silence during which each man looks at his neighbor.*

ANN: Truter. Is he here?

CLASS: Navy.

TRUTER: I'm here.

CLASS: Cheers.

ANN: Well, what killed you?

TRUTER: It was at best a tragic end—

—Curtain—

SCENE IV

The entire action of this scene takes place in the main operating room of the newly commissioned 40,000 quart battleship "Polyuria". Brobyn, Barreiro, Cook, DeVito, Cressman, Duey, Edward, Migliori, Salines and Truter are standing about in gowns and gloves, engaged in earnest discussion, It is July 1945.

EDWARD: But I tell you, it's my turn to operate.

CRESSMAN: The hell you say, it's mine.

DUEY: You did it last time.

COOK: That didn't count.

DUEY: Why not?

COOK: Wrong leg.

MIGLIORI: Let's settle this fair and square, boys. I'll do it.

BROBYN: I've got a deck of cards.

TRUTER: *Interrupting.* Great. We have enough for two tables of bridge.

BROBYN: Can it. Everybody draw a card. *The figures huddle together in the weird opalescent light of the operating room and solemnly draw cards.*

BARRIERO: Hot spit! The king of diamonds.

DUEY: The ten of hearts.

COOK: The Little Casino.

MIGLIORI: There is no use going any farther boys. I give you the ace of spades. *Waves card triumphantly.*

EDWARD: Okay, but I'm going to scrub.

A corpsman wheels in the patient who, foolishly enough, looks about with some apprehension.

BROBYN: I'll give a spinal.

SALINES: *I* prefer ether.

BROBYN: They were my cards.

SALINES: If you think you and your cards are going to keep me from giving ether, you are very much mistaken. *Both eye each other warily for a moment and then rush simultaneously to the patient where each administers his own anesthesia. Before you can say "respiratory failure" they have him in fourth plane, third stage.*

In a corner, Barriero and Cressman acting as scrub nurses are having a vicious argument as to who should thread the needles. Edward and

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JOHN A. GRIFFIN *"Jack"*
Philadelphia, Pa. La Salle Coll.
Phi Alpha Gamma; Newman Club. Internship: Sacred Heart Hospital, Allentown, Pa.

A quiet fellow around school and well-liked by his classmates, easy going and not upset by trivialities, Jack excelled in all that medical school offered him.

Jack is one of the many of our class who is an alumni of La Salle College. He early impressed us as a confident student, not afraid of working hard. Jack would be prepared for any exam that was posted. After each exam he could be heard to say "I'll settle for a 'C' on that one. I'm not one of those 'A' or 'B' fellows."

When he would get back his final grade, Jack always seemed to be one of those fellows.

Outside of his medical education Jack went in for extra-curricular activities. Baseball was one of his great weaknesses, many a good evening's study went by the books whenever there was a night game at Shibe Park. But the greatest weakness he possessed came from Puerto Rico and Jack will not deny that to anyone.

GEORGE W. GROTH *"Georgie"*
Sierra Madre, Calif. A.B., Univ. of California '41
Medical Science; Redman Pediatrics; Hollis Otolaryngology; Junior Class Secretary. Internship: Collis P. and Howard Huntington Memorial Hospital, Pasadena, Cal.

George hails from Sierra (?) Madre, California. He came to Hahnemann for two reasons: one, to spread California propaganda; two, to study medicine. His pre-medical days were begun at Pasadena Junior College and completed at the University of California at Los Angeles where he graduated with his B.A. in Zoology. Those were serious days for George, and his only extra-curricular activities consisted of hiking in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and listening to concert music.

He arrived in Philadelphia young, eager, and innocent but ready to tackle the job and do it well. He met with many surprises in the beginning, the first thing being that of Miss Fischer greeting him by his first name the first time his shadow darkened the halls of Hahnemann. George worked hard and conscientously, and it wasn't long before his ability as a student was taken for granted by his fellow classmates. Just to prove that his good standing in the class was not just a matter of luck, he took and passed Part I of the National Board Examinations.

FRANCIS J. GUITO *"Geet"*
Lancaster, Pa. B.S., Franklin and Marshall Coll. '40
Lambda Phi Mu; Newman Club. Internship: Fitkin Memorial Hospital, Neptune, N. J.

It is rather difficult to describe our sentiments concerning the "Geet". No mere haphazard selection of words could ever do him justice. Rare charm, wit, and humor such as his must be known to be appreciated.

But we must not forget to mention "Franklin and Marshall", "Geet's" old Alma Mater where you will find some of the best wrestling teams in the country. "Geet" himself is far from being a wrestler but he can sure explode about them. And how much this Lancaster lad appreciated those trips back home where he could dig into an elaborate home-cooked table of anti-pasto, spaghetti, and chicken. Those were the days, eh, "Geet"?

Throughout his four years at Hahnemann "Geet" has made a fine record and one or two let-downs did not detract from this but rather encouraged it. But if anything at all his memory will linger as a truly square-shooter in the annals of Lambda Phi Mu Fraternity. It might be mentioned here that the "little" president of this latter group wishes him heartfelt success and endeavors which bespeak his personality.

VINCENT G. HAMMOND *"Vince," "Ham"*
New Berlin, N. Y. A.B., Syracuse Univ. '41
Fisher Pathological; Paxson Obstetrical; Boericke Therapeutic; Craig Gynecological (Vice President). Internship: Binghamton City Hospital, Binghamton, N. Y.

Vince hails from up New York State in a little town called New Berlin; probably you never heard of it, but to Vince it is the greatest little city to come from and to practice medicine in as a good old country doctor. Perhaps to you it sounds far from exciting, but to Vince it is the only kind of medical practice.

After graduating from Syracuse University, he enrolled at Hahnemann to start his medical career. The first two years at Hahnemann, which I am sure you will not forget, found Vince living at the goold old Hospice. He was a hard worker especially when it came to his not too great love, Chemistry. The lights were always on late in his room and as you opened his door you would see him sitting at his desk dressed as if he were going to a dance, necktie and all. "I can't get this stuff" would be his first words, but although not the brain of our class he was a good average student and has the stuff to become a good clinical physician.

Vince is well liked by all and always willing to help where possible.

CHARLES J. INGERSOLL *"Charlie," "Dollar Watch"*
Philadelphia, Pa. A.B., Temple Univ. '41
Redman Pediatric; Hollis Otolaryngological; Newman Club. Internship: Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Small of stature and short on hair are the only things this "little man" is shy on; his heart, loyalty and sincerity far out-stretch his anatomical domain. Arriving at Hahnemann from Temple, his receding hairline and area of cranial bareness were soon known to all of us as the trademark of one to be admired and respected for his ability and unfailing bashfulness.

A true student, his attendance at classes was as perfect as the painstaking notes he took; clear and legible, they stood many of the less ambitious in good stead at the zero hour. Never frivolous or boisterous, 'twas only on rare occasions he could be induced to spend an hour or two relaxing with his close friend, "The Sheriff".

JAMES A. KANE *"Jamie"*

Dunmore, Pa. B.S., Univ. of Scranton '41

Alpha Sigma (President); Inter-Fraternity Council (Secretary-Treasurer); Paxson Obstetrical; Lane Medical; Van Lennep Surgical; Newman Club. Internship: Scranton State Hospital, Scranton, Pa.

Jimmy is Dunmore's contribution to Hahnemann and is truly one of the friendliest of the Sons of St. Patrick. Early in his career Jimmy won the plaudits of Dean Pearson for his proper scientific technique on the difficult task of boiling a beaker of water and has been diligently and successfully upholding his laurels ever since.

Having a flair for political arguments and a peculiar quirk for digging dead skeletons out of the closet, James A.—A for Aloysius (pronounced Alehouseous), provided his classmates with the facts concerning the Constitution of Student Institute. "Unconstitutional Kane" they called him. Many times in the hectic days preceding a closely contested political campaign, our Jimmy could be seen in the background making big deals and adding up his volley sheets with a generous broad smile of victory upon his face. After the smoke of the election stogies had cleared away and the votes were duly counted, be it victory or otherwise a happy smile continued to grace his fair countenance. Such is the happy-go-lucky nature of this good Irishman.

GERALD B. KARA *"Gerry," "G.B."*

New York City, N. Y. A.B., New York Univ. '41

Hollis Otolaryngological; Medical Science. Internship: Medical Center, Jersey City, New Jersey.

Gerry started off in our Freshman year as a quiet and intelligent young fellow, and so does he end up in our Senior year. Gerry came to us from New York and soon established himself in our minds as a "brighty". Referred to many times as the "Dr. Favorite" of our class and impressing all by his quiet gentlemanly manner, Gerry soon made many friends among his classmates.

Gerry wants to make pathology his future life's work. He says, "Everybody dies from pathology".

Dr. Favorite's Seminars were nothing until brightened up by Gerry's "fluency". His satirical remarks to the flourishing note taker, "You know that, don't write it down" and "Quick, he coughed, put that down in your notes" always brought a smile to those around him. Never can we forget how the line formed on the right after dear Dr. Lafferty handed out his box of slides, and who can forget how Gerry would glibly say as you disapproved of his diagnosis: "Oh, the book is wrong".

Gerry was one of those in our class who took National Board exams and passed with flying colors.

WILLIAM A. KASE *"Bill," "Kasey"*

Philadelphia, Pa. A.B., Univ. of Penn. '41

Pi Upsilon Rho; Medical Science; Aesculapian; Lane Medical. Internship: Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Kasey" is one of our more venerable classmates which doesn't matter much since his sharp wit and colorful sarcasm puts many of us more youthful contenders at a disadvantage. Bill has traveled a longer, harder road than most of us to attain realization of his career. This is not meant to be interpreted as a deficiency in his ability to retain cortical impressions; since the most casual observer, in a mere conversation with him, would not help but notice his keenly developed scientific attitude and his illuminating insight into human behavior. Although his psychologic leanings enable him to favorably impress most any belle, he has not been known to exploit this asset—we wonder if a certain "one" in Jersey could be behind this?

In our memoirs hardly any of us will overlook his knack of injecting a humorous anecdote in the most trying of situations.

VITO J. KEMEZIS *"Veet," "Veto"*

Kearney, N. J. A.B., Seton Hall '39; A.M., Seton Hall, '40 L. S. U.

Newman Club; Hahnemannian Monthly; Glee Club; Medic (Managing Editor); Hollis Otolaryngological; Sports Director. Internship: St. Michael's, Newark, N. J.

Coming here with a literary background, "Veet", had an interesting task adjusting himself to the factual exacting study of medicine. Having the patient capability to work when working, play when playing, and pray when praying, paid off with surprising interest. In work, he always finished his tasks early so that he could help others later. At play he always wanted to win or entertain if needed. Together with McDonald, he made many early afternoons pass cheerfully; Mac at his piano, and "Veet" with his ditties and sayings. In prayer, he urged other Newmanites to the Cathedral on obligatory days.

Difficult to understand, he would tease professors with questions of the opposition to a point of obnoxiousness, then hearing their answers, he was happy for he was then prepared to repeat those answers to the real opposition when asked.

LESLIE YING LEE *"Ying"*

San Jose, Cal. A.B., Univ. of California '40

Hollis Society. Internship: Sacramento County Hospital, Sacramento, Cal.

If amidst clamorous chatter and distracting movements you came upon a student concentrating on his studies with incredible ease, you were gazing upon none other than "Ying". His rigid pedagogic training in China has proved of immense value to him throughout his four years here, for it developed in him a disciplinarian, sedulous, and systematic way of studying.

"Ying" was a quiet soft-spoken and reserved fellow, and thus, kept many of his ideas and thoughts to himself. Nevertheless, you never came across a more sincere and amiable person than Lee. He has taken many of us to Chinese restaurants where we discovered the existence of many delicious Chinese dishes other than chop suey and chow mein.

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Migliori face each other at opposite sides of the body.

MIGLIORI: Have my cigars come out of the autoclave yet?

DUEY: Yes, but the ash tray hasn't.

Suddenly a terrific explosion is felt which shakes the ship to its very perineum. A thin trickle of water can be seen coming under the door.

DUEY: We've been hit.

DEVITO: It's a lie.

VOICE FROM LOUD-SPEAKING SYSTEM: Abandon ship! Abandon ship!

MIGLIORI: They can't do this to me.

CRESSMAN: *Solemnly.* We can't leave this patient now.

SALINES: He's right. Remember your Navy oath.

DUEY: *Gently wiping away a tear with a sterile mop.* Yes men. We must go down with our patient.

MIGLIORI: Scalpel.

EDWARD: Hemostat.

The water rises. In the ethereal light of the sinking ship the faint sound of music is gradually heard. As if moved by the same spirit, the men begin to pick up the song. Slowly the chorus swells until the very walls reverberate with the sound of their voices. Sung to the tune of Loch Lomand: "Now you take the high road

And I'll take the low road,

And I'll be at the cecum before you."

As the scene closes, Edward and Migliori operate grimly on, the water swirling about their waists.

—Curtain—

SCENE V

Same as Scene I. As the curtain rises, the class is kneeling in silent prayer for the heroic Navy men.

DEVITO: Break it up. *Calvanese puts away the dice and everyone returns to his seat.*

ANN: Where were we?

DEVITO: At Troyen.

ANN: What about it, Harry?

TROYEN: *As if trying to convince himself.* It looked like a congenital anomaly to me.

DEVITO: What looked like a congenital anomaly?

TROYEN: The abdominal aorta.

DEVITO: What about it?

TROYEN: *With a shrug of his shoulders.* I incised it.

ANN: So—

TROYEN: First I put a hemostat on, but it didn't hold. And then my elbows, and then my teeth and then—and then—

DEVITO: And then?

TROYEN: *Weakly.* I drowned.

CLASS: *Considerable laughter.*

DEVITO: *To Ann.* Could it be?

TROYEN: By the way, I have an announcement.

CLASS: *Applause.*

TROYEN: Those of you who didn't get your favors for the Blue and Gold—*The rest of his words go unheard in the tremendous ovation which follows.*

DEVITO: Quiet. Who's next?

ANN: Beatrice Troyan. *There is no reply.* Beatrice Troyan!

GLADYS ROSENSTEIN: She'll be back in a minute.

CLASS: *Coarse laughter.*

ANN: Torres-Oliver.

TORRES-OLIVER: Fewema of wa wulwa.

DEVITO: It sounds improbable but go ahead.

ANN: Tomlinson, you're next.

TOMLINSON: *Slowly gets to his feet and in the manner of a man about to face death.* Well, somebody had to be first. *Takes a deep breath and blurts:* Post-operative collapse from a prostatic resection.

Class rises to a man and cheers.

ANN: Thomas?

THOMAS: Me too.

CLASS: *More cheers.*

Meanwhile, someone has set fire to Fortner's newspaper which is making a cheery blaze.

DEVITO: Let's knock off for lunch.

—Curtain—

SCENE VI

This scene takes place in the women's locker room of Mount Olympus. Bea Troyan and Laura Winner are talking.

LAURA: They called on you.

BEATRICE: So what? *There is a moment of silence.* Not to change the subject but how do you suppose Ann became a secretary?

LAURA: She took on C.C.F.'s job when she passed on.

BEATRICE: Who was dean, then?

LAURA: It was Rommer and I see what you mean.

BEATRICE: Where's Gladys?

LAURA: I don't know, she ought to be here by now.

There is a scratching at the door. As it opens, Gladys Rosenstein can be seen surveying the room with her cool grey eyes. She is dressed in tight fitting black satin and takes occasional puffs on a perfumed cigaret from an ivory holder.

BEATRICE: Why Gladys, how you've changed!

GLADYS: *Shedding her sophistication like a shell as she crosses down stage. Bea giggles.* It was my fourth husband who did it. The first three were like so much water over the dam. But the fourth—out of this world!

BEATRICE: Tell us more.

GLADYS: He was the Baron Charles von Edingerundwestpfhal. We met in Cannes. I was there getting a divorce from Theodore Divine.

BEATRICE: Not Theodore Divine, the famous star of stage, screen and radio!

GLADYS: Who else?

LAURA: I can name six other guys.

GLADYS: *Pulling her skirt down to her knees.* If you are referring to my sixth husband, I wish you wouldn't use that tone of voice. Poor Andrew—*looks dreamily off into space.* What a heavenly summer. We were motoring back to Paris from Nice—

LUISA GONZALES-QUINONES: For Christ's sake. Somebody help me in with this beer. *Enters with some difficulty carrying a case of quarts.*

BEATRICE: Thank God you've come. *Bites cap off bottle with her teeth.*

LOUISA: *Sits down.* What a relief. *The girls open the beer.*

LAURA: Well, this seems like old times.

GLADYS: Yes, the good old days.

BEATRICE: Laura, before I forget it, I want to congratulate you for your splendid work on earth.

LUISA: What was that?

BEATRICE: Don't tell me you haven't heard of the internationally famous Winner Foundation?

LUISA: *With a knowing smile.* Oh, foundation!

BEATRICE: Not that kind, stupid.

GLADYS: No, the Winner Foundation. *Thinks a minute.* The Winner International Foundation for the Prevention and Treatment of Dysparrheunia in Homeless Cats.

LAURA: It was really nothing at all.

BEATRICE: Nonsense. I remember a lovely angora I had once that I couldn't—

LAURA: Let's not go into that. Your books brought you considerable fame yourself, Bea.

GLADYS: *Shaking her golden curls.* And to think I missed them. Living abroad, you know.

LAURA: I'm still surprised you didn't hear of her last book. It sold 100,000 copies in England alone.

GLADYS: What was the title, for heaven's sake?

LAURA: *Thinking.* Let me see. Oh, yes. "Solving Your Left-Over Meat Problems."

GLADYS: I may vomit.

LUISA: *Menacingly.* Just because you and your eight husbands ate nothing but pate de foie gras and cold Vichysoisse is no reason to be so damned insulting.

GLADYS: *Menacingly right back.* I was not insulting.

BEATRICE: The hell you weren't.

LAURA: *To Beatrice.* Don't you speak to Gladys that way. *Punches Beatrice in the eye. Luisa kicks Laura where she sits as Gladys seizes Luisa by her hair with some force. The curtain descends midst the tumult of the struggle. . . . .*

—Curtain—

SCENE VII

The setting is the same as Scene I. As the curtain goes up Foulk can be seen giving himself a hot foot.

DEVITO: The meeting will please come to order. Quiet. Foulk, put out that fire. What's the idea, anyway?

FOULK: Anything for a laugh. *Laughs.*

DEVITO: Ann, who's next?

ANN: Souder.

SOUDER: Mr. President, Mr. President. Has he come yet?

DEVITO: Don't think so.

SOUDER: You know very well we shouldn't have started this meeting until we were all present. It shows a definite lack of delicacy to be going on as if he were going to die any minute.

DEVITO: But he is.

ANN: *Picking up roll sheet.* All right, Souder, cut the technicalities and tell us what finished you.

SOUDER: *With a wry face.* That jar of pickles. It wasn't exactly that jar of pickles so much as it was the quart of scotch I had before it.

ANN: Put in a word.

SOUDER: *Gulping a mouthful of his sippy diet.* Ulcer.

Suddenly, before a single wise crack can be made, there is the sound of tremendous thunder. Lightning flashes across the stage as the set is rocked with vibrations. Solemnly the members of the class group themselves in a circle. The noise gradually subsides into awesome silence.

Then, in the center of the circle a delicate lavender vapor appears accompanied by a faint hissing sound. Slowly the mist forms into the shape of a man which gradually solidifies, revealing — revealing — BERTRAM POLUDNIAK, nude to the ears and carrying a briefcase.

CLASS: Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! for Smoky Bert.

DEVITO: *Offering his hand.* As President of the

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JACK F. LEEDOM, JR. *"Sheriff"*
Philadelphia, Pa. A.B., Temple Univ. '40
Alpha Sigma; Reimann Oncological; Paxson Obstetrical; Newman Club. Internship: Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Sheriff," a name given to Jack in our Sophomore year, because some man named Leedom was the sheriff on a case presented. It is a good name for our hero for he has a heck of a job rounding up frat members of the "Sig's". I am sure Jack could have used a gun on many an occasion.

Jack came from Temple just to get away, saying, "Four years of Temple is more than any Irishman could stand; besides what's wrong with Hahnemann?" Jack's extra-curricular activities can be summed up by this word, "Preis". Jack's only ambition is to justify his father's faith in him.

WILLIAM R. LEVIS, JR. *"Russ"*
Media, Pa. Villanova
Phi Alpha Gamma; Newman Club; Lane; Van Lennep.

Russ, to his friends, was always found in among the back row boys either taking notes, throwing the bull between classes or hot-footing some sleeping slave. A natural left-handed hoister, Russ was a good frat man, never missing an after-meeting session nor any social event. His mental attitude was envied, always alert, pensive, placid, biting a well-smoked pipe. His wardrobe, his freedom from regimentation, his love for music and a lovable wife have blended themselves well in turning out a charming personality.

IRVING L. LICHTENSTEIN *"Irv," "Chief," "Lover"*
Philadelphia, Pa. A.B., Univ. of Penn. '41
Boericke Therapeutic Society; Phi Delta Epsilon Frat; Historian (2); V. Consul (3); Inter-Fraternity Council (4); National Board Applicant; Medic (Editor-in-Chief). Internship: Jewish Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Irv's" energy and efficiency manifested itself from the very beginning of our Freshman year. Despite his kidding in class, his prowess at money ball, his special seat in Freshman surgery; he was always ahead when it came time for examinations.

It was in our Sophomore year that "Irv's" capacity for work became evident; for in addition to the overwhelming host of Sophomore subjects, he undertook the additional burden of National Board Examinations. Of course, all of his endeavors were met with the high success that won for "Irv" the respect of the entire class. We could never quite understand "Irv's" uncanny ability to show up for roll calls.

"Irv" was chosen by the Senior Class and the Medical Council as Editor-in-Chief of the Year Book. It was a question how he managed time not only for this, National Boards, and a Junior Internship, but also for keeping so many girls happy. However, it is understandable in the light of his intense sincerity, his boundless energy, his genuine enthusiasm, and above all—his unquestioned ability.

HARRY P. MAKEL *"Harry"*
Moorestown, N. J. Johns Hopkins Univ.
Redman Pediatric; Fisher Pathological; Medical Science; Student Institute (4); B. & G. (3); Soft Ball. Internship: Jersey City Medical Center, Jersey City, N. J.

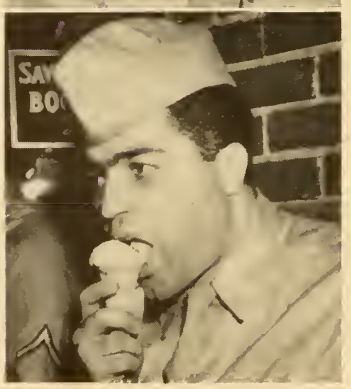
For two years Harry was a quiet, serious person concentrating almost exclusively on his studies while commuting from Moorestown. In his third year he moved to Philadelphia, took a look around, and decided he could stand the atmosphere.

So gradually he moved about and there followed the numerous expressions and stories in his wake. "Hopkins." "Did I tell you about the dance he had with T. D." "So we stood up in the Skyride taxi and rode down Broadway pretending it was a tank." "One time in Panama." Always these amusing stories were accompanied by gestures and wry comments.

Then came the Senior year, Allentown, the deluge. There Harry learned the vagaries of the human mind and displayed a remarkable practical knowledge of women.

Following a cold ride back from Allentown in Rus Levis' convertible, Harry decided a Junior Internship was the necessary touch he needed. But with the internship came "troubles, all my troubles". After two months Harry decided that work came first, spiced with an occasional date with an Irish nurse. "I put a half-nelson on her and she threw me." Then came the best dance at Hahnemann, the Inter-fraternity dance, which left an indelible mark in Harry's life.

Still Harry maintained his high scholastic record and also squeezed in a very creditable record in the National Boards.



ANGELO J. MANIGLIA *"Angie," "Wingy"*
Altoona, Pa. B.S., Juniata '39
Lambda Phi Mu; Newman Club. Internship: Altoona General Hospital, Altoona, Pa.

To say that Angelo is a conscientious, hard-working student would be a gross understatement of fact. Among the industrious students this Altoona lad takes the lead. Four years of hard and serious study in a two by four room on Summer Street which occasionally became stenched with coal gas, depicts his strong and persevering character. This sense of responsibility and work was not limited to Angelo alone for he often imposed such a sense of duty upon his classmates. The halls of Hahnemann will echo long after he has gone with the cry "Get those histories done, by gosh"—the so familiar verbal flailing given to his cohorts whether they desired it or not.

Perhaps the attitude described above can be better understood when we realize that Angie was not as fortunate as most of us. He had to work in the railroad yards at Altoona before coming to Hahnemann and he therefore more readily appreciated the opportunity of becoming a doctor.

JOHN J. MARTUCCI *"Spider"*
Philadelphia, Pa. A.B., Temple Univ. '41
Van Lennep Surgical; Phillips Anatomical; Senior Class Secretary (4); Medic (3 and 4); Newman Club; Lambda Phi Mu; Army Council. Internship: Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

What a character! He is one of the most unusual types we have ever had the odd-fortune of meeting. He is a personality which does not reveal itself on first examination; but we must know John in order to appreciate his overwhelming humor and dynamic wit. Here is a student who is able to combine both the interests of medicine and the joys of school-doings.

We are seriously considering Johnny as a charter-member of the "puss-out" club, otherwise known among our group as the "Lethargic League". You know, Johnny is definitely of the "insisting" variety. He grows on a person.

Regardless of all this, Johnny has grown to be very dear to us, and we wish whole-hearted success to him.

WILFORD E. MARTYN *"Wiff"*
Aberdeen, S. D. B.S., Univ. of South Dakota '41
Director Hahnemann Dance Band; B. & G. Committee (4). Internship: Mt. Carmel Mercy Hospital, Detroit, Mich.

"Wiff" hails from Aberdeen, South Dakota. Before migrating East his presence graced South Dakota University and Medical School. During this period he took time off to do several things—not least of which was a contract of marriage—consummated some five years ago, the outcome of which resulted in a male heir, Jackie. While all this was taking place, "Daddy Martin" was busily engaged in rendering piano recitals and composing his own selections.

Far from giving up his musical "forte"—"Wiff" became maestro for the "Stinky Five"—a solid quintette of musicians who supplied the music for the Curtis Fritz Foundation dances and kept student morale high by their noon hour jive sessions.

Between his music and study of medicine, "Wiff" spends his time arguing the virtues of the West over those of the East. The discussion is invariably short fired when "Wiff" haughtily asserts that any person who has never been over 100 miles from home is hardly in any position to argue the point.

HORACE D. MARUCCI *"Marucky"*
Orange, N. J. B.S., Rutgers Univ. '40
Lane Medical; Phillips Anatomical; Newman Club; Hollis Otolaryngological; Van Lennep Surgical; Medical Science; Boericke Therapeutic; Class President (3); Class Treasurer (1 and 2); Medic Staff; Lambda Phi Mu. Internship: Newark City Hospital, Newark, N. J.

"Marucki", who gave forth his first howl of protest in Orange, New Jersey, was shipped to us by Rutgers University via New York University.

His past personal history included the usual childhood diseases, a fellowship in physiology at N. Y. U., and a brief sojourn at Woods Hole, a taste for Chinese prints, a horrible mania for mystery stories, and an occasional date.

Horace came to the political fore early in his career and beginning as Treasurer in our Freshman year rose to office of Presidency in our Junior year, when he gave up politics to become a junior interne. Throughout our stay he has amazed us with his inexhaustibly unique and prolific vocabulary and fertile imagination.

DANIEL MASON *"Dan"*
Jersey City, N. J. A.B., Univ. of Penn. '40
Phillips Anatomical; Hollis Otolaryngological; Phi Lambda Kappa (President); Inter-Fraternity Council. Internship: Jersey City Medical Center, Jersey City, N. J.

A truly big man in size, ability, heart, and understanding, Dan has set his own pace. Unworried, quick, calmly, competently, and oblivious of latrine rumors that made our blood pressure curve look like a Kymographic record, he kept to simple principles. He is full of purpose and more so of determination. This, he exhibited, by being the first in the class to refuse to purchase "Bernie's" super-duper skin book despite "Our teachers" most incensed tirades. Among his many diversions we find a lover of the pure arts. His attendance at the Academy was a must. This love strangely enough coincided with his entrance into the Army. Dan, a slow man to get excited, is a cyclone when aroused—take any sport, it takes hours to coax him to a field, and then more to get him to quit.

His sincerity and beliefs in his fraternity, Phi Lambda Kappa, were rewarded by his election to the Presidency.

CHARLES T. McCUTCHEON *"Charlie," "Mac"*
Highland Park, Pa. A.B., Univ. of Penn. '41
Paxson Obstetrical; Medical Science (President); Phi Alpha Gamma; Lane Medical (President); Redman Pediatric; Aesculapian; Inter-Fraternity Council. Internship: Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

This is Chuck—suave, soft-spoken and slightly on the worrisome side when his rumors backfire. He came to us from the Univ. of Penn. Fun loving, genial and an eager student in the best sense of the word, Chuck rated high in the class.

His pursuit of happiness made him turn to a charming Wave, Mildred by name, who succeeds in occupying his week-ends very well.

Though a true friend of Frank Souder, this did not prevent him from attending the Benedict Hall 12-1 clinic where he claims to have beaten Marucci at money-ball countless times.

His main sport consists of picking up Eddie Parker, Cas Castagna and Marucci and making a break-neck dash for reveille and then getting there ten minutes early.

When not playing money-ball he can be found debating matters philosophic with Joe Gambescia.

(Continued from Page 243)

Class of 1944 I want to welcome you as the last member to arrive.

POLUDNIAK: *Deprecatingly.* Sorry to be late. *Glances down at his nakedness.* Oh, no! *Clapping his hand to his forehead, he sinks to the stage.*

DEVITO: Is there a doctor in the house?

MILKIE: *Looking up from his notes.* Will you repeat that, please?

"G. I. Gripe"

(Composed by a Senior on the basis of actual facts; all incidents mentioned are true.)

"It's so tough, this reveille at 8:30;
Makes me lose some sleep, you see.
Those guys are too tough on us,
What do they think we're gonna be?"

He was only a kid when he joined, my brother,
A fast-liver, tough as hell, a natural,
It was "Semper Fidelis" for him, that one,
And it wasn't long till over he had gone.

"Three days a week military class?
Jeez! That's too damn much, Joe!
Say, who does that C. O. think he is?
I'd like to tell that so and so."

He left some blood and sweat in the Hell
Of the Solomons; sand, jungle, fear,
All tasted the vitality of the young kid,
Jap bastard! You don't belong here!

"Drill—extra detail—articles of war!
Holy Joe, I'm sleepy, let's go, it's six;
Give me a break, Sarge, no more,
I gotta eat now, it's six."

He stayed in Aussie-land for awhile then,
Patching up the path of a Jap slug;
Nice hospital? Hell, no, open country there,
Good for a wounded guy, toughens 'em up for fair.

"It's so damn hot here in this room,
It's so cold out here in the yard,
Hurry up—call 'dismissed' quick,
Standing ten minutes is G. D. hard."

New Guinea now; rain, foul slime,
Crawling, hot jungle, and sun.
He marched and crawled for hours,
Feet blistered; but for awhile they'd won.

"What, no vacation? Well, look here!
He can't do that to us, and now,
I won't do this or that for spite.
By Jeez, I'll show him, and how."

Rest? Hell, no, boys, there's a little place
Called Tarawa, not too far away;
Seems some more yellow bellies
Figure on coming there to stay.

"Why, he can't put me out of here,
I came here to get an M.D.
Court-martial? What the hell is this?
Med school is too good for the Army."

Don't stop to wipe that bayonet, boys,
Your buddies are falling too fast.
Tarawa was real Hell, Blood and Noise,
"We gotta stay here to the last."

You lousy jerk! You've got it soft,
What've you to gripe for?
Shed some sweat! Save your blood!
And still you want more.
You make me sick,
Because you always kick,
And it's you I'm fighting for!!!

THE FACULTY

As Shakespeare Sees Them

RICKETTS: "I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate to closeness and bettering of my mind."
—*The Merchant of Venice.*

SAPPINGTON: "What! my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?"—*The Comedy of Errors.*

GRIFFITHS: "In the world I fill a place which may be better supplied when I have left it empty."—*As You Like It.*

STEINHILBER: "Here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever blotted paper."
—*The Merchant of Venice.*

PHILLIPS: "This is Ercle's vein."
—*A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

LANE: "Give me your hand and let me feel your pulse."—*Ibid.*

EBERHARDT: "Unquiet meals make ill digestions."—*The Comedy of Errors.*

CARPENTER: "I shall laugh myself to death."
—*The Tempest.*

GRATCH: "Contagious blastments are most imminent."—*Hamlet.*

CHANDLER: " 'Tis no time to talk."
—*King Henry VI, Part III*

SNYDER: "Stands it true or false?"
—*All's Well That Ends Well.*

WELLS: "Better three hours too soon than a minute late."—*The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

MUTCH: "What he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit."
—*The Comedy of Errors.*

CRAIG: "He draweth the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."
—*Love's Labour Lost.*

PAXSON: "He doth nothing but talk of his horse."—*The Merchant of Venice.*

GEARY: "With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover."—*A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

CROWTHERS: "Great with child and longing for stewed prunes."—*The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

REDMAN: "Man delights not me, nor our women neither."—*Hamlet.*

GOLDSMITH: "Thy blood runs hot and sweet."
—*King Lear.*

WEINSTOCK: "This is the unkindest cut of all."
—*Julius Caesar.*

ASHCRAFT: "Today will be a bloody day for somebody."—*King Lear.*

COOK: "He stopped not once to catch his breath."—*King Richard II.*

FISCHER: "I must be cruel only to be kind."
—*Hamlet.*

SCOTT: "For I am nothing if not critical."
—*Othello.*

MARTIN: "The hardest knife ill used doth lose his edge."—*Sonnet Ninety-five.*

BEUTNER: "Throw the physic to the dogs."
—*Macbeth.*

LAFFERTY:
"Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything."
—*Romeo and Juliet.*

VIGLIONI: "He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose."—*The Comedy of Errors.*

VISCHER: "And with my words weave sleep about you like a shawl."
—*Measure for Measure.*

FAVORITE: "I gathered fruit in ancient lands and tropic places.—*As You Like It.*

SCHOLLENBERGER: "Bind his wounds anew."
—*King Henry IV.*

CLAY: "Speak no further word lest hearing leave these ears."—*King Lear.*

BOERICKE: "I have yet room for six more scotches."—*Anthony and Cleopatra.*

WARREN: "How come this monster into being?"
—*Ibid.*

SCHMIDT: "He hath a daily beauty in his life."
—*Othello.*

SYLVIUS: "Dispense with trifles."
—*The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

PEARSON: "So sweet and voluble is his discourse."—*Love's Labour Lost.*

HAINES: "And when I open my lips; let no dog bark."—*The Merchant of Venice.*

CONWELL: "O, how full of briers is this working-day world!"—*As You Like It.*

TAGGART: "What a case am I in."—*Ibid.*

MATTERN: "A little pot and soon hot."
—*The Taming of the Shrew.*

HEPBURN: "Sits as one new risen from a dream."—*Ibid.*

LEE: "Laugh yourselves into stitches."
—*All's Well that Ends Well.*

HESSERT: "All the perfumes in Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."—*Macbeth.*

GECKLER: "Silence that dreadful bell."
—*Othello.*

JOHN J. McDONALD, JR. *"Mac"*
Nesquehoning, Pa. A.B., Univ. of Penn. '41
Medic; Newman Club. Internship: Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Coming to Hahnemann from the University of Penn., a tall blond, lanky and full of the devil guy was "Mac". Whenever things became a little stagnant John, being an adept pianist, could always be depended upon to render the old time songs, bar-room style.

In December, 1943, "Mac" married Genevieve Lockwood, a former classmate at the Univ. of Penn., and since then can be seen each morning running up 15th Street trying to make reveille on time. His batting average is about 50-50 and on Saturday afternoons he was often observed doing extra duty all decked out in his fatigues. In his other spare moments, John can be seen "tilting" the pin-ball machines at Maxie's.

"Mac's" greatest delight is to spin a tall yarn and get someone to believe it. However, Dr. Geckler didn't seem to enjoy John's humorous answer of "Buck's Extension" and treatment of fracture of the femur, or "Was it meant of be humorous, 'Mac'?"

As one of the Fort Meade Group "Mac's" wit was still undaunted. We'll never forget the night he gave an impromptu performance on the piano at the PX. Every Army lad there congregated round him and sang to their heart's content. The revelry was rudely interrupted by the proprietor who gave "Mac" hell for affording us a little diversion. John didn't say a word and when the tirade was finished, the melodious tunes of the "Funeral Dirge" burst forth as the berator walked off.

JOHN R. McNEILL *"Mac"*
Erie, Pa. B.S., Haverford College '41
Phi Alpha Gamma; Boericke Therapeutic; Fisher Pathological; Aesculapian; Medical Science; Student Institute (Treasurer); Soft Ball; Medic Staff. Internship: Medical Center, Jersey City, N. J.

This little man hails from Erie, Pa., where it is rumored that he was washed upon the rugged shore of Lake Erie. "Mac" not only mastered the basic sciences at Haverford College but also the science of light sports. According to well-informed sources Jack spent many happy hours on the Haverford cricket field and always after a strenuous game adjourned to the "local tea room".

To say the least he is a man of extremes, definitely a devotee of the Dixieland Jazz, still classical musical holds him spellbound; scientific books the more involved the better, yet on any Sunday, the comic sheet is scrutinized carefully. He enjoys a good noisy party, but a bottle of Scotch and soft music with all the comforts of home is his weakness. Small in stature but actually a mental giant; considered by some to be the "brain" of the class because of his ability to associate all former knowledge with the problem in question.

ANTHONY MERCOGLIANO *"Tony," "Merk"*
Newark, N. J. A.B., Upsala College '41
Lambda Phi Mu; Hollis Otolaryngological; Inter-Fraternity Council; Soft Ball. Internship: Newark City Hospital, Newark, N. J.

"If you think you are tough, I will tell you what I will do. When we get our checks from the Army the both of us will go into the elevator and leave our checks outside. The one who comes out first keeps both." None who had this dare took Tony up on this little venture. Having had four years of collegiate football under his belt at Upsala College, "Merk" was not the man on whom to risk your hard earned money from Uncle Sam.

Besides excelling in athletics Tony was an "A" student in most of his studies. To show he was never a book worm, "Merk" was quite active in extra-curricular activities, especially the movies.

Between the short vacations of his Sophomore and Junior year Tony found time to get married and take a short honeymoon, on 15th Street.

KENNETH I. MICHAILE *"Ken," "Izzy"*
Philadelphia, Pa. Villanova College
Paxson Obstetrical; Phi Delta Epsilon; Glee Club. Internship: Frankford Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Two loves had he" when only a Freshman, and although he still takes pride in his photographic abilities, his nights are now spent at home where he overwhelms his blonde heart-throbbing "Gladys" with his prowess in the "G" clinic.

"Izzy" always appears serene and nonchalant, yet his rapid-fire talk has won many an argument.

With the confidence of a well-groomed diplomat he is always ready to lend a helping hand—his girth being a measure of his eagerness to serve fellow classmates.

Strength of conviction and confidence beyond reproach in his own ability explains the ease with which he was able to so successfully pass the avalanche of exams.

A victim of acute narcoleptiform seizures during the first half of his stay at Hahnemann (before wedding bells) the latter half found "Izzy" on the front row jotting down every sound uttered by the lecturers.

ANGELO J. MIGLIORI *"Scrappy"*
TRENTON, N. J. Temple Univ.
Paxson Obstetrical. Internship: St. Francis Hospital, Trenton, N. J.

"Scrappy" is about the only name that could describe our hero. Tough, plenty clever, and very inquisitive. Scrappy is getting more out of his medical learning than most of the other members of the class. His kindly "Speak a little louder, Doctor" saved many boys the disgust of not taking notes because they couldn't hear. His many feuds with various class members kept us in stitches as he expounded and quoted from authors we never dreamed existed. Trenton will get a good man, one not to be quieted when he is right and the cause is good.

FREDERICK E. MILKIE *"Milkie"*
Washington, D. C. L. S. U.
Newman Club. Internship: Gallinger Municipal Hospital. Washington, D. C.

The study of Fred is the study of a man. Hahnemann has found another lasting friend in him.

Quite unimposing in stature, Fred was really mighty of purpose. His determined approach to the study of medicine finally gained for Fred the recognition and friendship of the best students of the class, although to the end it frightened and antagonized a certain obscure fraction less strongly drawn and less zealous.

It was Fred's nature always to return a favor with twice its worth. Really sensitive of nature and always reasonable in manner and kind of heart, Fred made many friends wherever he went. He never forgot a friend, and even in the hours of his best success he never assumed an affected manner.

A loyal and faithful friend. a determined student, and a stout defender of Hahnemann, Fred gained the esteem of those who knew him, and what is more, he kept it.

PETER MINCK, JR. *"Pete"*
North Bergen, N. J. Bucknell, Univ.
Phi Alpha Gamma; Boericke Therapeutic (President); Fisher Pathological (Co-chairman); Lane Medical; Van Lennep Surgical; Redman Pediatric; Reimann Oncological. Internship: Orange Memorial Hospital, East Orange, N. J.

North Bergen was good to Hahnemann, for it sent Peter there. Minck is a mild sort of a fellow who speaks only when necessary; then only, with words very particular, his opinion is expressed. A true fraternity man, he worked hard to give the Gamma members the greatest aid possible in the form of notes, lectures and various other means gathered from his own experience. Following the advice and example of his friends, he, too, married. His wife is a charming person he met at Bucknell. Pete has the makings of a good Doctor; a good head, an aggressive spirit, a very good decorum and a desire to do much for the advancement of medicine as taught at Hahnemann.

BENJAMIN G. MUSSER *"Ben," "Muss"*
Columbia, Pa. Elizabethtown, College
Glee Club; Hollis Otolaryngological; Phillips Anatomical; Medical Science. Internship: Lancaster General Hospital, Lancaster, Pa.

One of the features of the Glee Club concerts during the past three years was the tenor section—songbird with the soldierly gait and the totem pole posture. The peculiar vibrations of Ben's head, as he hit the high notes, was a source of great enjoyment to the audience, although it undoubtedly added to the vocal efficiency.

At Hahnemann, Ben became known for his quiet manner and his studiousness and leaving a job well done. He soon proved that he was an opportunist, and not nearly as retiring as we thought—for he was of the first in uniform to promptly desert the ranks of bachelorhood, in the middle of the Junior year.

ALEXANDER K. NIEMIERA *"Al," "Gus"*
Perth Amboy, N. J. B.S., Seton Hall '41
Redman Pediatric; Van Lennep Surgical; Hollis Otolaryngological; Pi Upsilon Rho; Newman Club. Internship: St. Michael's Hospital, Newark, N. J.

It was four years before his classmates got to know him. He was found out to be a rather quiet fellow around school, well liked, easy going, not upset by trivialities, and maintaining a beaming countenance.

With his arrival at Hahnemann, "Gus" was tabbed a regular fellow. Although he has been kidded about his nickname, no one will ever discover the story surrounding it.

Many were the times when "Gus" was seen with his roommate, "Scoot," for these two seemed inseparable. Regardless of when or where, they always sought one another.

The social world did not find him unconcerned for his time was well occupied with a date for all occasions. More than one discovering maiden has found him to be entertaining, amusing and somewhat confusing. He should do well with his female patients.

Not only was he a socialite, but indeed primarily a student, for when it came to school matters, he was never one to procrastinate for he was the type who would have his work done on time. Gus has shown great interest in Obstetrics.

ANNA T. ONORATO *"Ann"*
Lansdale, Pa. A.B., Temple Univ. '41
Newman Club. Internship: Montgomery Hospital, Norristown, Pa.

Annie, our large blue-eyed, brown-haired coed, is one of the first group of girls to ever attend Hahnemann. She received her A.B. degree from Temple University, where she began her career of being "just one of the boys".

Her views about how easy we had it at school were at times a point of antagonistic reproach. This is understandable, because at the time her husband was with the Armed Forces in England.

Annie's amusing anecdotes were a constant source of entertainment to us. Who can forget the times she would tap some upsuspecting friend on the shoulder and say, "Ask Dr. Craig where the Sacro-Uterine is attached," or "Call up and see if we have class." Her diagnosis in clinics were always startling—if unique!

Annie is our class "Dorothy Dix"—and is usually seen attentively listening to some sad story. She is very fond of children and perhaps some day will raise her own pediatric specimen.

ORCHIDS TO NEWLIN AND HUNTER AND HANK

Orchids to Newlin and Hunter and Hank,
Crowthers and Evans, we'd all like to thank.
Mock, Mutch and Gates, for that matter, too,
Orchids, blue orchids, oh, orchids to you.

For

You taught us breech extractions on those rubber mannekins.
We do them now as neat as lobster a la ramekins.
On a version that's podalic
Or with forceps placed cephalic
We are gentle, not like lions, but like lambekins.

We empty out the bladder when there seems some disproportion,
And mother's tears won't force us into doing an abortion.
If there's a chance of an infection,
We give Sanger a rejection.
To say our skills were small would be distortion.

We measure up the pelvis with an air and with a flourish,
And prescribe prenatal diets that taste good, as well as nourish.
If there's one spot we're at home in
It's the preg-e-nant abdomen.
Grateful mothers bring us frankincense and myrrhish!

Should the gravids start to vomit in accouchement's early days,
We rest them in bed or on, at least, a lounge that's chaise.
For the psychic shock that wrecked 'em
We give bromides by the rectum.
Angel accolades can't render us sufficient words of praise.

Though you have no intuition from the words of definition
Which are found above in this; the 1944 edition;
That though we're very classy
On a six months' pregnant chassis—
When it's time for the birth
We sag at the girth.
When she starts to unload
Our wits hit the road.
When the amnions burst,
Conditions are worst.
So we give up all commission and call in an obstetrician.

But

Orchids to Newlin and Hunter and Hank,
Crowthers and Evans, we'd all like to thank.
Mock, Mutch and Gates, for that matter, too,
Orchids, blue orchids, oh, orchids to you.

Memos of a Lastlooker

Things I Didn't Know Until Now About the Faculty.—Dr. C. L. Shollenberger, or "Brud" during his undergraduate years at Hahnemann, was twice president, thought he was going to specialize in Psychiatry and was known as the conscientious lover.—Dr. M. Viglione: "Mike" was a smoothie with the barber tools before he took to medicine.—Dr. L. Bower, the "Tiger," was the class quiz kid, 1927-1931 style.—Dr. H. S. Cook, as the "Ghost," wanted to be a Neurologist.—Dr. J. B. Conwell was elected in 1935 to the Vice-Presidency of the Pansy Club.—Dr. H. Lafferty: back in '29 "Hank" was the Big man at Hahnemann. As Editor-in-Chief of the Medic, an ex-phantom of the gridiron, a tycoon of extra-curricular activities, and, above all, an intellectual giant, his brilliant career was topped by membership in the "Pill Hill Trio."—Dr. W. Lee, "Wild Bill," was the faculty editor of the Medic and the outstanding verbal combat man in the school. His undergraduate obstetrical abilities were high-lighted by the delivery of a baby who wasn't there.—Dr. Crowthers and a fellow Hahnemannian in their tender year as freshmen interrupted in the process of making an addition to the school's supply of experimental animals by the gendarmerie; *Fine* $5.—Dr. R. Ricketts was voted the most original and wittiest of the 1928 class in spite of his distinction as its political individualist.—Dr. W. Klinman is reputed to be somewhat of a chess expert. Hahnemann's All Time Greats—Among those Faculty members who have seen their names in Who's Who in America are the Drs. Boericke, Ashcraft, Reiman, and Montague. In 1929, Dr. Lafferty was the only Irishman in the class not to wear a green tie on St. Patrick's Day.

HAROLD P. PARISER *"Harry"*

Bronx, N. Y. A.B., Alfred Univ. '41

Phi Alpha Gamma; Soft Ball. Internship: Medical Center, Jersey City, N. J.

Harry was a loyal member of the "Back Row Heckler's Club." His notebook was unique to say the least and only his most intimate friends ever got a peek inside of it. It consisted of approximately thirty two by four inch pages crammed with unintelligible hieroglyphics. However, the answer to any problem seemed to be in there.

His luck in drawing for the orals was phenomenal. He would obtain such men as Dr. Angulo for anatomy, Dr. Fisher for Pathology, Dr. Lafferty for Obstetrics, etc., and yet Harry always passed with much sweat.

He had great interest in every type of sport including the minor sports available near the College and was therefore variously dubbed—"Pool Shark," "Pin Ball Artist," etc.

Harry is a likeable, witty, easy to know chap, whom we will all miss.

EDWARD A. PARKER III *"Ed"*

Upper Darby, Pa. Princeton Univ.

Paxson Obstetrical (President); Hollis Otolaryngological (President); Van Lennep Surgical; Boericke Therapeutic; Alpha Sigma. Internship: Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Way back in the Freshman year when we noticed this energetic little guy running his head off answering his chemistry questions, buzzing through his dissection faster than the rest of the boys we tabbed him as a good student. When the rest of his buddies were sweating it out before an oral from the Great White Father and his crowd, our hero would astound the populace by eating a hearty breakfast, calling up Jean, buying a lawn mower, going through Pathology twice, losing the key to his car and then hit the exam cold the same morning. At this time we thought he was a wonder man.

During his Junior year Edward held the distinction of attending more dinner meetings, hearing more lectures, and eating more Broadwaad food than anyone in the class. In his Senior year he introduced these same speakers, but still risked the tranquillity of his gastric mucosa. If we have at all intimated that Eddie was a stooge we wish to state that while at Hahnemann he became an expert on the bank shot, a fearless, talented contender at money ball, and took time out to become a father.

WILLIAM N. PIGOZZI *"Bill"*

Greenock, Pa. B.S., Ohio Northern Univ. '39

Alpha Sigma; Reimann Oncological; Soft Ball. Internship: Shadyside Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.

From the wilds of Ohio came Bill Pigozzi. His determination soon made it certain—that he was a fellow, not to be denied. "I've just got to get through," said Bill, when blood chemistry rolled around. It was—"Just give me a 'C' in Path and I won't kick." His ability to come through for the big ones showed he had nothing to worry about.

It was not all work with Bill, however. He soon showed his ability to combine studies with a few extra-curricular activities. The latter included evenings at Maxie's at the school firehouse at noon with a few games of pool or at some of those all night stands at a friendly game of cards, how he drew a Royal Flush to take a $10 pot the boys will never figure out.

As far as the women were concerned, Pigozzi was solid. He sort of played the field for the first year but then became a one-girl man.

BERTRAM POLUDNIAK *"Bert," "Smokey"*

Philadelphia, Pa. A.B., Temple Univ. '41

Photography Medic. Internship: Frankford Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

As a result of his photography about medical school, Bertram Poludniak (or Bert to his friends) has become well known to everyone in the class of '44. Bert took his premedical education at Temple University, majoring in Biology.

From the very first, Bert attracted our interest because of his unique ideas and viewpoints together with his diverse interests. Bert believed that one who knows only a single field of knowledge is not fully educated. Although his chief interest was the practice of medicine, he still had time and ambition enough to have several other interests. Although little known to most, first and most prominent was his interest in microscopy, much of his time being spent in delving into the "mike". Lastly, but more known to his class members was his interest in photography. In spite of all these outside interests, Bert nevertheless was able to do justice to the scholastic requirements of Hahnemann Medical College.

CARMEN A. PRUNETTI *"Lefty"*

Trenton, N. J. A.B., College of Wooster '41

Paxson Obstetrical; Lambda Phi Mu; Class Vice President (4). Internship: McKinley Hospital, Trenton, N. J.

Lefty was not a great talker, but he always had enough words for the more important things. He can definitely be classed as one of the reserved and more conscientious workers of the class.

Lefty has a lighter side, though. He has a very sharp sense of humor, and who can forget the twinkle in those snapping black eyes, which, I understand,are now—"So much in love." Marie is a very sweet person, eh, Carmen? Never have we seen a pair so obviously in love, and they do look wonderful together.

Who will forget Lefty's dash at 4:55 daily for that Trenton Express? There was not a teacher who could hold our young man, when this zero hour approached each day. Perhaps that is why he so earnestly cultivated a friendship with each Doctor.

Remember the old Proverb—"Give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you?" Well then, Carmen should surely receive the best.

JOSEPH L. RAFFA *"Raff," "Rafferty"*
New York, N. Y. A.B., New York Univ. '41
Newman Club; Lambda Phi Mu. Internship: Fordham Hospital, New York City, N. Y.

You could tell Raffa even if he was among the fifty million Frenchmen. He has a personality that always was easily discernible. Gleaming teeth, a bushy head of hair, a ready question no matter what the subject might have been; he didn't care, all he wanted was to ask somebody something. He was a sincere type and believed whole heartedly all that he was told. Sputtering and crackling in nature, Joe would engage Dirr in heated arguments, only to cool when he thought that the loss of a friend might be at stake. Ever enthusiastic, he would take either side of any discussion, just as long as it was lively and provide room for disagreement and healthy mental exercise. It was his mind to take the opposite view and permit others to clarify the doubts he had. In an appraisal of himself, he doesn't believe he will get far; but it is here that his friends will disagree and not just for argument sake.

THOMAS C. ROMMER *"Tom"*
Newark, N. J. Upsala College
Internship: Beth Israel Hospital, Newark, N. J.

Tom—conservative and neat (even in those baggy sun-tans), smooth-haired, but can't be branded a smoothie. Confident in a modest sort of manner, capable and understanding, already an excellent clinician. One of those unusual personalities who can't be a good listener but can be a good talker. Possesses the rare and desirable faculty of making five or six hours sleep in class suffice for eight or ten hours a night. Constantly stuffing his ptotic stomach with candy—he has energetically served as personal physician for the past two years to the boys on the students' floor at the YMCA.

Medicine is his life—to the extent of diagnosing his leaky pen as a cystitis, or classifying women by their diagonal conjugates. Bizarre cases never fail to respond to Tommy's tincture of Babellarium, undiluted placebo, or other forms of psychotherapy, with 100 per cent oxygen anesthesia as his specialty. Dr. Hoffman at Allentown wanted to keep him on as a consultant, but he escaped from his shackles to return to Philly.

ALAN J. ROSENBERG *"Rosey," "Al"*
Berlin, N. J. A.B., Bucknell Univ. '41
Paxson Obstetrical; Orchestra; Phi Lambda Kappa (Vice President). Internship: West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital, Camden, N. J.

Through the years Allen has proved that the mixture of innate love for his work and barrels full of good humor can result in a more than adequately prepared medical practitioner. All of us will well remember his "whiskey tenor" harmonizing to the old tunes during those few minutes before lecture and his impromptu tap dancing routine to the accompanying whistling strains of "Sidewalks of New York".

To Allen the class owes many a crampless hand during the weary lecture hours of the Sophomore and Junior years. His familiar blue packages containing courses in a nutshell and exam nuggets dating back to the days when Rufus Weaver held sway at Hahnemann are today well thumbed and priceless treasures patiently awaiting state boards. Although known to few, Rosey's name rests today amongst Christopher, Gray, and Boyd in the Congressional Library for his contribution of a copyrighted edition of "Junior Notes Complete with Index".

Several of his interests outside of medicine are playing the clarinet, skiing in the Poconos, and raising racing pigeons, the latter noted for their stamina because it is rumored that one is still on its way back from Maryland.

Although one is well accustomed to Allen's sparkling side, underneath it all lies a steady, well informed medical background.

GLADYS ROSENSTEIN *"Happy Bottom"*
Philadelphia, Pa. A. B., Univ. of Penn. '39
Medical Science. Internship: Jewish Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gladys came to Hahnemann with an A.B. degree from the University of Pennsylvania, where she left a record of fine work. Among her accomplishments here are several publications on medical research.

Who will ever forget the multitude of notes she took during lectures, and the many times we had to ask if we might copy them. Her voluminous notes corresponded equally to her knowledge at exams.

Gladys was always ready and willing to help us in any way she could—a true friend to who you could tell your tales of woe.

Her attitude of forbearance and solicitousness in clinics won her many returning patients and friends. Her views and recommendations were always taken seriously.

STANLEY J. ROZANSKI *"Stan," "Rozie"*
Plymouth, Pa. B.S., Albright College '41
Newman Club. Internship: Community General Hospital, Reading, Pa.

Stan, always the same, a robust, rotund, retiring rogue, a remedy for gloom. Reticent in personality, stubborn of will, this reservoir of medical lore made his presence respected. His sides really ripple when he rationalizes on "Remodeling with Reducers" or "Refreshing with Repose". A ravenous reader, Rosy rambles with a gay repartee. "Old Faithful" is a real reveler when work is done, and realizing this he manages to get done early so that he might have more time to relax.

Aside from mere "R's", Stan's greatest virtue is a genuine sincerity in regards to his life's work. He has sacrificed much to attain his end. The greatest compliment that can be given to a student is the phrase, "If I were sick I'd take a chance with Stan."

ALLENTOWN ALLEYS, CIRCLON CIRCUS, OR

Much Ado About Nothing

According to the catalogue of the Hahnemann Medical College, the purpose of our visit to Allentown was to "study the psychopathologies, major and minor." There was no mention made of an evening extra-curricular course in "The Alcoholic Psychoses," in which the students themselves so unflinchingly participated in the interest of science. The exogenous poison, alcohol, was administered in various triturates ranging from the lowly beer to the mighty zombie and at the end of the week the noble experimenters were fully in accord with Dr. Edward Strecher in that "it (alcohol) has the quality of softly and rosily blurring, and even erasing, the hard outlines of the unsatisfactory, grim and forbidding realities of every-day life."

With a fine quality blizzard and a poor quality Toonerville trolley, nothing short of a miracle saw us in Allentown but four hours late. The city dwellers among us never saw so much snow and sleet at one time. After trudging through the snow on the hospital grounds for a week, Washington and the Continental Armies at Valley Forge had nothing on us! For those who had them, we never dreamed a bunch of guys could be so thankful for those good old high-top G.I. shoes!

Your author (with apologies to Dr. Bernstein) had to muster courage to write "Allentown Alleys." The pressure under which we have worked has been sensational—censorship and threats, as well as social excommunication, have been threatened, but the Medic must go on. Ask Irv Lichtenstein. A preacher might say that there are many incidents of which we cannot write, for they must remain seared only in the minds of the sinners—yeah, man, and hallelujah! Perhaps the following incidents will serve to bring back a few memories and a few laughs in years to come, for we shall need them. So, folks, no hard feelings, it's all in fun.

"Santa Claus"

Things started happening early when Truter (the Navy's gift to golf and bridge) came parading through the lobby with a Christmas tree in one hand and a (?) on the other.

"Poker Face"

Among the various games of chance offered for evening relaxation was poker—just ask the boys who played with Marucci, who, it is rumored, earned expenses for the week.

"Local Boy Makes Good"

We all know why Joe Raffa made such swell marks in steology. He turned out to be the best "bones roller" in the class.

"Sure Thing"

Frank Guito was never meant for gambling, because he likes to bet on a sure thing. (He brought his bride of two weeks along.)

"It's papa who pays, or positive Friedman." Armand Castagna did not bring his bride of two weeks along.

"Suivez-Moi"

One of the patients spied the attractive Laura walking down the corridor and thereupon arose from his bed and followed her with nothing but a "Ghandi drape" for vestments.

"V. K."

All of us are still wondering why "V. K." (not the unquote variety—we mean Kemesis) felt so much at home and passed out so many cigars in the hospital.

"Machiavellian Politician"

Yep, that's Nick Salvanese passing out model ballots and campaign promises (that out-did the pranoids) to all the unsuspecting inmates of the hospital. "Vote for me—it's a sure thing—I've got everybody lined up—ask Kemezis."

"Barrage Balloons"

After watching bad boy Baddour, Hippothyroid Poludniak, and Angie Maniglia walk by, who was the drunk who said, "When does the next blimp go up?"

"New Torture"

After being at Allentown for a week, Baddour found a new way to torture Johnny (the Summer Street Sniper) Dirr: by radio and radar.

"Never Took a Drink in My Life"

So says Milt Graub, but you just ask Dan Mason who went under first.

"Lotus Blossom"

Leslie Lee (not of the Virginia Lees) had to check in nightly by mail or phone to his little lotus blossom in New York, Yep, it took a Tong War, but she hooked him.

"Notorious Note"

Pulchritudinous Luisa Gonzalez, the Puerto Rican spitfire, was seen in that leather-tufted, modernistic den of iniquity—The Circlon. Yas,

yas, Jack Griffin was there, too, in spirits.

"Troc Trumps"

Wonder whether Al Rosenberg and Sid Fine ever found the room number of those two burlesque queens. My, Sidney, what the Army has done for you.

"I'd Rather Be Right"

Phil Esgro insisted that Milkie was right at all times—even in Allentown.

"Righteous"

Here's something that ain't immoral; Phil stayed in and studied every night. (Betcha pass the course when Dr. Steinhilber reads this, Phil —no charge, thanks.)

"Unilateral"

Ask Irv Lichtenstein why he refused to eat a piece of cake (early one morning) with both hands.

"Tuffy"

Bob Coye threatened the 250-pound bartender at the Circlon with a punch in the nose, called him a "4-F" and a dirty XX!! XOXX!! Result was that Coye collected the total cost of drinks for the evening and was promptly told to leave.

"Anonymous" (for obvious reasons)

Who was the married gent who remarked about every pair of legs that went by—"Go on, Harry—it's a sure thing!"? The Adam who was so frequently tempted is none other than Harry (I carry 'em in me change pocket) Makel.

What member of the Medic Staff was chasing a "big, fat mama" through the hotel lobby at 3 A. M. in the morning just begging for "one more kiss"?

What prominent member of our class took the afternoon off because he was so sick. Yet, rumor has it that he was doing a rhumba with a luscious blonde late that evening in the Circlon.

"Skater"

Folks must do a lot of skating in Aberdeen, South Dakota, because Wiff Martyn visited the skating rink too, too often.

"Homesteader"

Frank (Bambi) Anderko was roaming the slushy streets of Allentown with a heavy heart due to homesickness. This ailment was soon cured when he sighted a brilliant neon sign. He consumed twenty beers and one hamburger and do you know what made him sick? "The lousy hamburger" (unquote).

"Therapeutic Hot Pack"

After being away from his Philadelphia cortege of women, Vic (I'm in a lover's lethargy) Gambone began to get violent. Therefore, Maniglia decided to administer one of those soothing hot packs which he had seen demonstrated. While immersing Victor Emmanuel in the hotel tub, Bob Coye (returning from his recent triumph over the bartender) and Scrappy Migliori entered upon the scene. Before we knew it, Maniglia was also in the tub on top of Gambone, with the little fellow gasping for air. By Archimedes' principle, we had displaced a goodly portion of the water from the tub, much to the dismay of the management. Migliori promptly made a getaway, for, like all sailors, he feared the water. Total damage: Angelo ripped the seat of his "Sky Blue" pajamas.

"Sleeping Sickness"

Pete Galamaga postponed progress on this dreaded disease for a week in order to keep up with events at the Circlon.

"Baby, Beat Me with a Bass"

Why did Parker, McCutcheon, Kase and Souder frequent a local restaurant featuring a female organist? All the numbers which they requested had to have a bass accompanist who had bee-yoo-tiful legs. (Editor's note: The bass accompaniment on an organ is played with the lower extremities.) Do ya know, Charlie, I hear that the WAVES have pretty nice legs, too.

"Plug for Allentown"

Nick (I gotta see Jean) Salines must be a member of the Allentown Chamber of Commerce—all he did for a week was to refute arguments to the effect that Allentown was a burg. Nothing like the day in clinic when the pseudohermaphrodite ("queer" to you, Brobyn) said, "Oh gosh, kid, there's Nicky!"

"Groucho Marx"

Joe Raffa must have been "in heat" during the first week in January. He spent most of the time following girls all over the city.

"Trichophyton Interdigitale"

Too bad they didn't have sick call at Allentown for Fred (low center of gravity) Milkie. Can we ever forget the time he was voted the prize gold bricker of Fort Meade, thanks to his athlete's foot.

"Champion Miler"

If ex-Dean Pearson could make the distance from the hotel to the hospital in 20 minutes, he is the selection of the Senior Class to represent us in the next Olympic games.

"Scalp Treatment"

Rus (Tox) Levis drove his gang back to Philly with the car top down. Maybe the bay rum was too much for them, Rus—on his hair, I mean.

"Circlon Clan"

Most of this group received "C" as a grade for their work at Allentown. I doubt whether it was

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DOMINIC J. SALINES *"Nick"*
Allentown, Pa. B.S., Muhlenberg College '41
Pi Epsilon Rho; Newman Club. Internship: U. S. Public Health Service, Staten Island, New York.

From the very beginning Nick got into the spirit of our class. As early as the first few days in the Histology laboratory, Nick began holding bull sessions and stuffing papers into his neighbor's microscope in Tommy Snyder's outer domains. But without the fun and kidding around Nick was always there whenever we needed help with our drawings or whenever we were in doubt as to the proper diagnosis of our slides, especially those #*!/ salivary glands.

It was also in our freshman year that Nick made his mark as the class fashion plate (neck and neck with Seymour Weinberg). Who can forget (Gad what nightmares!!) his neckties of all sizes, shapes and colors.

However with the passing of time Nick was transformed from the dapper blithehearted prankster to the steady, quiet, friendly and capable fellow that he is today.

JOSEPH G. SAMOLIS *"Joe"*
Pottsville, Pa. Penn. State
Pi Upsilon Rho; Business Manager Medic; Newman Club. Internship: Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Joe's external appearance gives one little insight into his mental orientation. Each thought is well prepared, neatly presented and to the point. His unexpected quotations of literary excerpts pertinent to the subject at hand disarms the severest critics. His mild decorum leaves one with a glow of satisfaction in having talked to someone pleasant, thoughtful, and respectful.

Joe's more intimate side reveals a deep appreciation for outdoor life and English setters. His perplexion about affairs of the heart is disclosed by his interest in Dorothy Dix's column which he keenly reads whenever an opportunity avails itself. Joe (at the time of this writing) remains uninvolved with the feminine, although he is known to be an opportunist—he seems to be having trouble keeping his affections on ice. Music does not find him indifferent. This bathroom baritone takes great pleasure in bellowing various college songs; many a Saturday afternoon has found him in conflict between lending an ear to the Met broadcast and concentrating on a medical subject at hand.

VINCENT A. SCUDESE *"Scoot"*
Newark, N. J. B.S., Seton Hall College '41
Newman Club; Redman Pediatrics; Hollis Society; Pi Upsilon Rho. Internship: City Hospital, Newark, N. J.

At first, "Scoot" was the typical "Joe College"—still filled with the college atmosphere as shown by his plaids and a pair of dirty saddle shoes.

"Scoot", however, can definitely be classified as both a student and a socialite. Even though he was a staunch believer of studying at the right time he still maintained that the necessary recreation was in order. And, therefore, managed to have his share of fun at the different parties and dances with his friends.

The story concerning the pronunciation of "Scoot's" last name cannot go unmentioned since most professors seem to have a difficult time with it. This pronunciation has really befuddled quite a few of our teachers. It has been so bad at times that its recognition has been completely missed at times resulting in his unjustly being marked absent.

JOHN E. S. SHUTTLEWORTH *"Jack," "Shuttle"*
Avalon, N. J. Ursinus College
Fisher Pathological; Lane Medical; Redman Pediatric; Phi Alpha Gamma. Internship: Huron Road Hospital, East Cleveland, Ohio.

From Avalon-by-the-Sea, Jack or "Shuttle", as he is known to many of us, went to Ursinus for his premedical education prior to his entrance to Hahnemann. A rather easy going, conscientious, and hard working student with a definite individualistic tendency, he was well-liked by all. It was never difficult for him to display a big grin from ear to ear or to burst out with his characteristic and peculiar laugh, accompanied by various physical gyrations.

When he first came to Hahnemann he, like so many of us, wondered about the virtues of Homeopathy. However, as time went by, his insight into the mysteries of this subject became greater and more understandable, so that at the present time, he is an ardent Homeopath.

ALVIN SIEGEL *"Gobbler"*
Philadelphia, Pa. A.B., Temple Univ. '43
Paxson Obstetrical; Van Lennep Surgical; Phi Delta Epsilon. Internship: St. Luke's Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

As early as our Freshman year Al was outstanding—he could chew gum faster than anyone in or about school. The harder he chewed the more he was concentrating and if the going really became tough there was always that upper lip to pick—cancerogenic sort of habit. However, Al was learning medicine.

His only disappointment, during the Sophomore year, came with the discovery that the girls were not to be in his Physical Diagnosis section—quite a change from the shy lad we had met a year ago. Who can forget the many days we saw Al eating in H. & H. with his notes on his dish and his mad dashes to study while on OBS duty at Hahnemann.

The Junior year found the "gobbler" finalist in the annual pool tournament, unofficial champ of the "ping pongers" and at the same time coming in actual contact with his first love—Obstetrics. After his return from the week at West Jersey Homeopathic he was a new man with a manner. To climax this glorious year, the "gobbler" and the "gabbler" (see Al and Harry) had quite a time with Dr. Lee which was all in good fun.

FRANCIS R. SOUDER *"Franny"*

Souderton, Pa. Univ. of Penn.

Phi Alpha Gamma, Lane, Redman, Medical, Fisher, Aesculapian. Internship: Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Out of the heart of the Pennsylvania "Dutch Country", from the small metropolis of Souderton, came this little human dynamo. Frank is a sincere and hard worker and has continuously proven himself as a scholastic leader.

Frank is well liked and admired by all, not for his ability alone, but for his pleasing personality and friendliness. Few men may boast of the accomplishments that Frank has attained and still have time for a little foolishness with the boys. Frank worked hard in Medical College, but that hard work paid dividends and now he is coming into his own. Personality, competency, learning and sincerity are fitting firmly into the pattern that makes a successful physician.

Recently Frank has acquired an interest in the fairer sex. Many a pretty head turns toward him with the familiar "Hello Franny". It is said that he is known far and wide as a lover of no mean ability and his week-end jaunts to places near and far seem to confirm this reputation.

GEORGE P. THOMAS *"George," "Tom"*

Nesquehoning, Pa. B.S., Bucknell College '41

Fisher Pathological; Alpha Sigma.

This gift to the ladies is, by far, the easiest person in the world to get along with. Whether awake or a target for hot-footing fiends, he has the same gentleness. His true character blossomed in the last years of school. George always attends class and most of the time is a busy note-taker. When not studying, George spends a lot of time eating in H. and H. or making dates with the "Moses Boys" for a round of golf. George had to take up the game to find use for his time since his divorce from Fortner and since his posterior was beginning to spread. George has toed the mark at school and has a good start for medicine.

JOHN L. TOMLINSON *"Johnny," "Tom"*

Philadelphia, Pa. A.B., Western Maryland College, '41

Phi Upsilon Rho; Blue and Gold Committee; Softball. Internship: Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Johnnie, a native Philadelphian, received his B.A. degree from Western Maryland College. His stock of quips and jokes was as inexhaustible as the number of his classmates who comprised his audience. Johnnie always wondered when the Phillies were going to have a team that would finish in the first division.

Monday is usually Johnnie's hardest day at school. In the late afternoon, we can find him slumbering complacently at peace with the world. We believe the answer to this could be had if we would ask "Dottie" how much sleep he accumulates over the weekend. "Dottie" is his main interest, and he expects to do something about her in the near future.

LUIS J. TORRES-OLIVER *"Louie"*

San German, Puerto Rico. B.S., Univ. of Puerto Rico, '41

Pi Upsilon Rho; Medic; Blue and Gold Committee; Circulo Hispano; Newman Club. Internship: Fajardo District Hospital, Fajardo, P. R.

Eager to know about what he was going to find at Hahnemann, one day he consulted one of our graduates in Puerto Rico. Very seriously, "Luey" began to narrate his experiences at the San German City Hospital to Dr. Palmer. He said, "Doctor, I have helped the staff by giving injections, rebandaging the wounded and giving anesthesia under the supervision of one of the surgeons, and various other tasks. Do you think this is going to help me at Hahnemann?" Dr. Palmer replied in a very joking manner, "Luis, you have nothing to worry about, you are almost a doctor already."

Luis has made good use of the Student Health Service. During the freshman year he had an attack of acute appendicitis which required immediate operation. In the sophomore year he was a victim of the German Measles epidemic, and in the junior year he was disgusted because he missed the company of the beautiful nurses at the hospital. In his senior year, to keep up the tradition, as soon as he had mild symptoms of "flu" he managed to be admitted to the hospital immediately.

Our happy friend, Luis, has been consistently a good student with a remarkable ability to memorize lecture notes, whole pages of them, and to repeat them in his orals, word by word.

BEATRICE P. TROYAN *"Bea"*

Philadelphia, Pa. Univ. of Penna.

Phillips Anatomical; Hollis Society. Internship: St. Luke's Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Among the innovations starting with our class were "The Women," and "Bea" was among them. Her presence in the freshman class marked the beginning of the fall of the Super race—man, for Bea soon showed us, I might say startled us, with her ready knowledge.

In our sophomore year a subtle change was noticed in this conscientious, but reserved co-ed from Penn. She seemed to have that certain look about her which could not solely be attributed to medicine. The "Bloomery" became more understandable when Bea, though still Miss Troyan on the roll sheet, became Mrs. Al Kligman.

Comes the junior year and Dr. Craig adds insult to injury by complimenting a "certain young lady" on one of the finest exam papers it has been his pleasure to receive. So we have been reconciled with this fact, that to every rule there is an exception, and Bea, the exception, proving that women are the weaker sex.

There is, however, more to this reserved young lady than her brilliance as a medical student. Her interest in music, hikes through the woods (maybe Al's influence), her insatiable scientific curiosity, and her patient explanations are only a few of the facets adding to her pleasant and quiet charm.

for Psychiatry; probably "C" for Circlon.

"Rumor Mongers"

John (my wife says) McDonald and his right hand man, Wave McCutcheon, failed to get any good rumors started at Allentown.

"Massage"

By the time the Allentown trip was over Agnone no longer advocated massage as the treatment for cerebral apoplexy.

"Intimate Conversation"

Whenever indulging in such a procedure with Barrerio he would undoubtedly say, "Now my opinion of Baddour is *CENSORED.*" By the same token, we had to obliterate Baddour's heartfelt words about Barrerio as well. This thing goes on and on.

To outsiders who might venture to read this, let me explain: Many of these chuckles really belong to us alone, for we have come to know each other intimately in the hectic past three years.

Some might unjustly say that we learned little about psychiatry at Allentown. As for behavior, it was far above the standards set by previous classes, who hurled paper bags filled with liquids of varying specific gravities from the hotel windows, ran a street car backward down the track, derailed it and broke a store window, immersed the house detective in a tub of water and ice because he failed to agree with moral standards set by the students. As for our class, Allentown didn't even know we were there. In regard to our academic pursuits, the good grades achieved in the final exam speak for themselves.

In closing—let me leave with this message—"Join the ASTP and free a WAC for active duty!"

The Life of a Wife

Oh, what a life has the med-student's wife!
Let us tell you our tale of woe;
In three solid years of struggle and strife,
We've learned more than most women know.

First chemistry came and with Heppy to blame,
Our husbands would grind through the night.
We brewed black coffee on a Bunsen flame,
Can you think of a sorrier plight?

Ten o'clock, twelve o'clock, two o'clock, three
So bedraggled with knowledge were they,
That in spite of our coaxing, incessantly,
We ne'er found a moment for play.

The sophomore year was a wicked term,
With pathology always in mind.
We learned of the ovum and struggling sperm
And got aches in our little behind.

Then with medicine and physical diagnosis
Our husbands examined us well;
Upon which we feared we had all kinds of osis
And the thirty exams were hell.

At last when we thought they'd have time to spare,
Our husbands an internship took.
We found they practically gave us the air;
While we sat at home with a book.

This is our story, though the details most gory,
We've tactfully failed to remit,
For all of our patience, we do without glory,
By God, it had better be worth it!

Gynecologically and Obstetrically yours,
MRS. I. M. PSEUDOCYESIS.

HAHNEMANIACUS STUDENTIBUS

(Variety: Senior)

(A curious multiformed animal found in and about Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, and other parts of the United States and its possessions. Full grown males, females and neuters used after three years of careful confusing, brewing, mixing, scattering then gathered in room very hot and permitted to sweat and melt into the desired form.)

GENERALITIES . . . The type of person is either fat or thin, blond, brunette or hairless; various complexions; more male than female; (Navy and civilians included with females) disgusted with exams; easily fooled by rumors; always griping, very irritable; never agreeing with anybody; always wanting nuggets; scared of own shadow; most want to be left alone; few may try to stir up things; sweat in Room C; feel better after 6 P. M.; worse at 8:30 A. M. and through rest of day; try to out do each other; like to sit close together (shoulder to shoulder); worse in summer; worse in winter; periods of hard work; like no work better; not a polycrest nor a panacea; age group about 25 to 32; loves to bull.

A remedy of modern life; nervous; irritable; much mental work; lead sedentary life; found studying; in close application of work; with mental strain seeks escape with coffee, wine, beer, etc.; may use tobacco or benzedrine; eats in restaurants; picks rich and spicy foods; women help him forget worries of the day; late hours with subsequent big heads, dyspepsia, irritable temper; sometimes DTs; takes cathartics, Carter's little liver pills, vitamins, and castor oil, aspirins, mineral water or another drink.

AFFINITY . . . Hospital; college; old school; Maxie's; Brown's; Jungle; luncheonette; Room C; front steps; Benedict Hall.

MIND . . . Open for rumors; disorder, irritable, nuggets, women; disturbed with mention of Navy and exams; time passes slowly; ways to get out of things; thoughts of cramming; aggravated by lecturers who exceed fifty minutes; envious of intelligent women; prefers to be pushed about by every one rather than shift for himself; always asks silly questions; loves to see fellow member in trouble; confused; averse to mental and physical work; weak memory when needed most; hysterical; imagining he is graduating; suspicious, mistrustful, jealous, stubborn, stigmatized, giggles at anything, strong desire to give hot foot to sleepers; spreads rumors.

HEAD . . . Congested; feels big; bruised, battered, feeling of over flowing brain; hat constricts, mental weakness; one flat top, curious hair cuts; many bald; head held to one side as if one has looked over someone's shoulder for a long time; hair receding; sweaty scalp; tendency to pull hair out; feel as if brain was frozen at times; some thick; some square; some empty.

EYES . . . Bloodshot at exam time; shifting about; mostly both of same color; closed most of the day; wide open when girls pass; leering with an accommodating wink; vision sharpest in auditorium of Room C; one slanted.

NOSE . . . Thumb always in way; at times picked (especially after Sophomore year); always in some one's business; can't smell a good rumor; always threatened to be punched.

MOUTH . . . Exhales hot air; *words censored;* full of white teeth, rarely closed; drools when sees nuggets.

CHEST . . . Swollen after marks are posted, if good; few with bumps bilateral; some hairy; one flat chested.

HEART . . . big when need rises; beats rapidly before exams; and after girls; on left side; two or three murmurs.

BACK . . . Turned to be patted; some broad enough to obstruct view or read paper; some straight from lying on benches; some kinked from shaking that thing.

STOMACH . . . Hungry before noon; gains weight easily; better after beer, soda, milk, whiskey, bromo; eats anything imaginable in class; craves nuggets; chews ends of pencils; bites nails, aggravated at 4:50 if professor lectures after bell rings; heartburns; nauseated by brighter students and those who hide their marks and say they got "As"; vomits at some of the remarks; belts seem shorter; have chronic bellyache.

ABDOMEN . . . Rotund; full of gas; tender; ticklish; well tied down; rumblings; many creased from bending forward to sleep on seat ahead few with extras.

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HARRY TROYEN *"Harry," "Troy"*
Philadelphia, Pa. A.B., Temple University, '40
Medic; Lane Medical; Van Lennep Surgical; Phi Delta Epsilon; Blue and Gold Committee (3). Internship: Philadelphia General Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

It was quite a familiar sight to see a tall, well-built gentleman emerge from his convertible coupe and stroll leisurely up to the portals of our Alma Mater. And if there was any doubt as to his identity, that old familiar bellow dispelled it. For Harry really had a set of vocal cords to match his frame. But that wasn't all, for he had a heart to match. There was no jam too great in which Harry would refuse his help to his fellow students. And consequently his popularity never waned. His jovial attitude cheered up many of us especially during exam time.

And Harry also broke a few records at Hahnemann. He was undisputed "water-boiling" champion in freshman surgery. Consequently the Chemistry department never knew he was a member of our class until the final orals with the department.

Harry was also the champion of the "one-night standers." Yet his academic standing was high. In fact, there was nothing in print he could not memorize. So that Harry, even in the freshman year, had plenty of time to devote to extra-curricular activities. His efforts on the Blue and Gold committee and Medic Staff are a few examples of his continued efforts for our class.

CARL W. TRUTER, JR. *"Trute"*
Pittsburgh, Pa. Harvard College
Medic Staff. Internship: Medical Center, Jersey City, N. J.

Bill came to Hahnemann after three years at Harvard and started his medical career by studying furiously. Surprising even himself with the resultant excellent grades, served only as a spur to greater efforts. It was during those first terrifying months that Bill first learned to drink coffee of H. & H. blend.

Before the year ended he moved from the "Y" to an apartment with McCarthy, Drewery, and Witman. It was there that Bill unleashed his true self, sometimes with unexpected results. Those of us who have had a chance to hear Bill and Fred play a duet will never forget it. It was the only time the building shook without a trolley going by. After Drewery and Wit left to get married, Bill and Mac stayed on and the bachelor parties swung into high gear.

In his Senior year, Bill went to Roxborough with a Junior internship.

SEYMOUR P. WEINBERG *"Weiny," "Sey"*
Atlanta, Ga. A.B., Univ. of Penna., '38
Phillips Anatomical; Van Lennep Surgical; Phi Epsilon Delta. Internship: The Western Pa. Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Seymour is the "Gentleman from Georgia," long and lean, strong, serious, studious, but decidedly argumentative, as can be attested to by classmates who have witnessed those sessions between Dr. Carpenter and the "Cracker."

Although "Weiny" is well known for his punctuality, he has the noteworthy distinction of being the only man in the class who, by oversleeping, missed his final Gyn exam and came in about two hours late for the Blood and Urine exam in Freshman Chem, the former necessitating a dramatic return trip from Georgia via the airways. As an inveterate habitue of our billiard academy, his prowess with the cue has never been questioned, except on those occasions when Berry, Derrico, and "Quiny" were at hand to demonstrate the fine points of the game. At parties, our boy was a familiar figure—a woman on each arm and pockets bulging with those three and four ounce bottles.

LAURA E. WINNER *"Laurie"*
Morrisdale, Pa. Temple Univ.

Laura's presence in the first co-ed class at Hahnemann justified the faith our Board of Admission has in women students. For Laura has, contrary to the popular conception of females, both pulchritude and excellent cerebration.

In freshman histology lab. Laura was quick to win the respect and admiration of all her fellow students, male and female (mostly the men, to be sure). For here she showed that she could hold her own with the best of us, always being willing to give or to accept a helping hand, as the situation would arise. Few of us can forget her quick wit and good humor which she displayed so ostentatiously at the daily bull sessions held outside locker No. 97 in the Histology lab. Here we also first learned of Fred, who later was to break the hearts of at least half the freshmen (and a good bit of the upper classmen's hearts) by marrying our Laura.

H. JOHN WITMAN, JR. *"Wit"*
Freehold, N. J. B.S., Ursinus College, '41
Phi Alpha Gamma. Internship: St. Francis Hospital, Trenton, N. J.

John Whitman is one of the more reticent members of the class, consequently few of us really got to know him. Those who took the trouble, however, found it worth their while. With an almost alarming directness, his manner might superficially have been mistaken for intolerance. Close observation, however, revealed a complete and disarming sincerity.

As a freshman, while not an enthusiastic chemist, to prove he could run an experiment, he blew a Van Slyke upon his face and spent the next two days in the hospital while Dr. Chandler tore himself into shreds. At the end of his sophomore year, using lots of good taste, he married the former Betty Urich of Harrisburg. The junior year was uneventful, but as a senior, when things were getting a bit dull, Wit turned himself a beautiful shade of yellow and spent 10 days in the hospital with everything, according to his friends, from stone in the common duct to just plain old C.A.

Not one of the goody-goody students, Wit combines a really first rate intelligence with a fine flair for the practical.

STANLEY J. YAMULA "*Yam,*" "*Stan*"

Hazleton, Pa. A.B., Penn State, '41

Pi Upsilon Pho; Van Lennep Surgical; Hollis Society; Newman Club. Internship: Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

First Platoon, attention! At ease! Take roll! Where's Yamula and Zaydon? Absent again! Well, two more demerits! Stan got along fine until he and Zaydon began commuting between Chester and Philly daily in their arthritic Ford V-8. But in spite of their close calls for reveille, they always made it in time to class for lectures, surgery or clinics.

One cannot speak of Stan without including his partner, Zaydon. Their steadfast relationship has strong bonds. Both are Penn Staters, brother Rho's, junior interns, coal region men and both firmly adhered to the dictum, "When you work, work hard and when you play, play hard," and this they did well.

Stan throughout his three years at Hahnemann has been a firm non-believer in the use of the aged printed notes but rather placed all confidence in the lecture notes which he took and so carefully filed away.

Stan approaches internship with a youthful enthusiasm which refused to be dampened by the trials of medical school. So well does he appreciate Hahnemann with its unlimited facilities and "superb staff" men that Stan has signed up here for his internship.

THOMAS ZAYDON "*Tom*"

Peckville, Pa. B.S., Penn State, '41

Van Lennep Surgical; Hollis Society; Pi Upsilon Rho; Lane Medical; Newman Club. Internship: Scranton State Hospital, Scranton, Pa.

Tom has been dashing around Hahnemann for the past three years—where he rushed or why we never found out, but we may rest assured there was always a good reason. The acme was reached in his senior year when he continued rushing between Hahnemann and Chester "Rocket Fashion" in his newly acquired Ford-Jeep combination and just barely making it in time for reveille or just missing it. If Tom and his co-pilot, Yamula, should have coronary trouble or hypertension within the next year or so, we will know that those wild rides from Chester played a definite role in the etiology. Tommy was finally trapped by the "Eagle" for his reveille tardiness, with the result that he spent his four day pass over Memorial Day guarding Fort Hahnemann instead of his planned fishing trip up to the wilds of Canada.

Tommy would invariably be seen in his favorite front row seat taking notes "Beaver Fashion" and absorbing the golden nuggets from his professors. Though generally an easy going fellow and rather quiet, he had fixed ideas of his own on about everything, and when sure of his ground he would most stubbornly maintain his opinion.

In the course of our questioning as to his plans for the future, smiling whimsically, he nonchalantly replied, "Oh, I guess I'll do the best I can." Tom is returning back home to serve his internship at Scranton State Hospital.

CURTIS C. FRITZ

Curtis Fritz was born in Newcastle, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1918. He attended the public schools of Newcastle and received his B.S. degree from Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pennsylvania, from which he was graduated in 1941. Previous to this he had also attended Youngstown College. While there he majored in biology and chemistry, and he came to Hahnemann with the highest recommendations from his professors, both at Westminster and Youngstown.

Here, until his death in May, 1943, he was known for his extraordinary sympathy and interest in his fellow students. At all times anxious to lend assistance to less able friends, his unfailing cheer and optimism persisted up until the very time of his death. His certain courage, displayed in full knowledge of the outcome of his malady, showed a dignity and purpose of character that few achieve in a much longer life.

RECTUM . . . Some pain in; flatus when most embarrassing; diarrhea especially after Philly water and during exams; aggravated if Green room is filled; bothered by flies; some surrounded by fat.

SEXUAL . . . Restrained feeling; no discharge; inspected once a month slightly unseen; sweating palms; wringing hands; itching with new Army shorts; desire for circumcision; ameliorated by marriage or short trip; aggravated about 11 P. M. or at shore; varicoceles only in the Army; worse on getting up; better with motion (compare Cantharis).

EXTREMITIES . . . Hands always searching for pen, paper or buttocks; fingers always pointing, writer's cramp, terrible penmanship; nervous and trembling before cigarette; better after; wringing; heavy about 6 P. M.; better with stretching; feet hot and sweaty; varied gaits; toes turned in; toes turned out; shuffling; lumbering; stiff-legged, bowlegged; waddling; reflex is normal; hyper active when teased.

SKIN . . . sweaty, tanned, covered with hair, pale; aggravated by hot foot or horse hair in ear.

COMPARE . . . Jeffersoniensis, Pennsylvaniensis, Templensis and Womensibus.

DOSAGE . . . Jeffersoniensis, Pennsylvaniensis, Templensis with Womensibus thrown in. If don't work give Hahnemaniacus IX.

INCOMPATIBLES . . . 107X Hahnemanicus.

James Bryce—*Address at Dinner for Gen. W. C. Forgas* 3/23/14: Medicine—the only profession that labors incessantly to destroy the reason for its own existence.

★

Sir William Osler—*Life:* The desire to take medicine is perhaps the greatest feature which distinguishes man from animals.

★

Ibid—*Doctors:*

When one's all right, he's prone to spite
The doctor's peaceful mission;
But when he's sick, it's loud and quick
He bawls for a physician.

★

George Colman—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen:*

But when ill indeed
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed.

★

Francis Bacon—*Of Seditions:* The remedy is worse than the disease.

★

Plutarch—*Jaconic Apophthegms of Pausanias:* And when the physician said, "Sir, you are an old man," "That happens," replied Pausanias, "because you never were my doctor."

★

Jonathan Swift—*Polite Conversation, Dialogue 2:* The best doctors in the world are doctor diet, doctor quiet and doctor Merryman.

Thomas Mann—*The Magic Mt.:* All interest in disease and death is only another expression of interest in life.

Proverbs 17: A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.

★

Plato—*The Republic, Book I:* No physician in so far as he is a physician considers his own good in what he prescribes, but the good of his patient; for the true physician is also a ruler having the human body as a subject, and is not a mere money maker.

★

Michel de Montaigne—*Of friendship:* It can be of no importance to me of what religion my physician or my lawyer is; this consideration has nothing in common with the offices of friendship which they owe me.

★

Before 1853—*Apocryphyl:*

Physicians of the highest rank
(To pay their fees, we need a bank)
Combine all wisdom, art and skill,
Science and sense, in Calomel.

★

Oliver Wendell Holmes—*Rip Van Winkle, M.D.:*

Now when a Dr.'s patients are perplexed
A consultation comes in order neat.
You know what that is? In a certain place
Meet certain doctors to discuss a case
And other matters such as weather, crops,
Potatoes, pumpkins, lager-beer and hops.

OUR SENIORS *(Both Young and Old)*

Men are what women marry. They have two hands, two feet and sometimes two wives, but never more than one dollar or idea at a time (Rozanski). Like Turkish cigarettes (Coye), they are all alike, and the only difference is that some are better distinguished than others.

Generally speaking, our class may be divided into two groups: husbands (30 odd), bachelors (70 odd). A bachelor (Galamaga) is an eligible mess (Brzoza) of obstinacy entirely surrounded by suspicion (Dirr). Husbands are of three types: prizes (Parker, Castagna), surprises (Musser-Eckroth) and consolation prizes (we have some). Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest forms of plastic art known to civilization. It requires faith (Troyan), hope (Rosenstein) and charity (Onorato), mostly charity (Winner).

It is a psychological marvel that a sweet, small, tender, violet-scented thing (Gonzalez) should enjoy kissing a big (Samolis), awkward (Baddour), stubby-chinned (Goldstein), tobacco (McCutcheon) and bay rum (Rus Levis) scented thing like a man.

If you flatter a man you frighten him to death (Boyer). If you permit him to make love to you he tires of you in the end (Foulk); and if you don't he tires of you in the beginning (Calvanese).

If you believe him in everything, you cease to interest him. If you argue with him in everything, you cease to charm him (Kase). If you believe all he tells you he thinks you are a fool (McDonald); if you don't he thinks you are a cynic (Migliori).

If you wear gay colors (Onorato), rouge (Rosenstein) and startling hats (Winner), he hesitates to take you out, but if you wear a little brown beret (Troyan) and a tailored suit (Gonzales), he takes ou out and stares all evening at the woman in gay colors, rouge and startling hats (Makel).

If you join in the gaieties and approve of his drinking, he swears you are driving him to the devil (Kane). If you don't approve of his drinking and urge him to give up his gaieties, he vows you are a snob and "nice" (Carlo).

If you are the clinging vine type (Esgro), he doubts whether you have a brain (Milkie), if you are modern (Winner), well advanced (Onarato), intelligent woman (Troyan), he doubts whether you have a heart (Gambone). If you are silly he longs for a bright mate (Marucci). If you are brilliant and intelligent, he longs for a playmate (Pariser).

"Man's just a worm in the dust (Griffin). He comes along, wiggles around for a while and finally some chicken gets him" (Salinas). Women are the only things that make being poor bearable (Brzoza, Galamage, De Vito, Marucci). (Baddour and Esgro remark) If all the women were as fat as ruminating cows, men would still adore them just like they do now. (Castagna swears) A shapely ankle has turned more heads than any exam. (Most of the class vote) Never love a woman if there is something better to do. (Foulk from the back room wants to know) What the hell is better? Some in our class think that Candy is dandy (Groth, Souder). Others (Anderko, Berry, Carlo, Beutner and Boyer) think that liquor is quicker. Some (Niemera, Scudese) think that it is a cinch to hold a girl tight; but (Leedom, Kemezis) say the hard job is to get them that way. Some live alone (Baddour, Dirr, Raffa, Milkie, Esgro, Migliori, Barrerio, De Cruz, Gonzales, Kara, Minck, Souder, and Goldstein). Some men (Samolis, De Cruz) want girls whose hair is blonde (Laura); some, women whose shapes are lean (Carlo, Brzoza, Calvanese, Boyer, Mason, Troyen); (but not Yamula and Zaydon) they care for eyes of brown (Laura) or blue (Onorata) or green (Happybottom)—just give them women (Navy and civilians).

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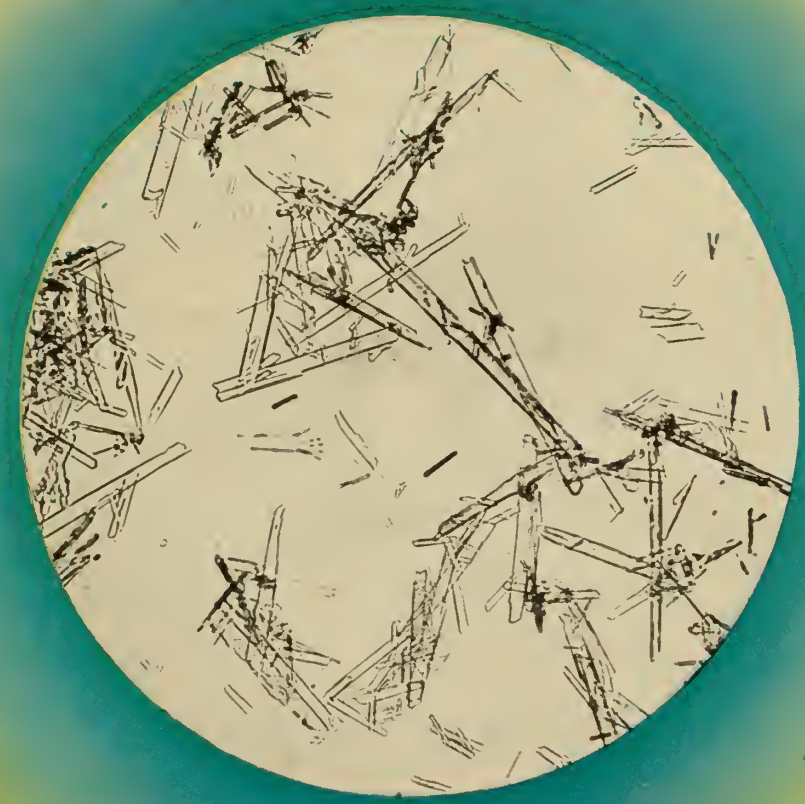

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PHONE HIM FIRST. Tell him as clearly as you can what's wrong. Let him decide whether he should come to see you, or you should go to him.

GO TO HIM whenever you are able. House visits take lots of his time—time when someone else may really need him urgently.

KEEP YOUR APPOINTMENT promptly, don't postpone it; make it at his convenience, so that he can plan his crowded hours better.

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